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LEOPOLD MOZART

From a portrait by an unknown artist
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

THE LETTERS OF MOZART



HIS FAMILY

*Chronologically Arranged, Translated and Edited
with an Introduction, Notes and Indices by*

EMILY ANDERSON

*With extracts from the letters of Constanze Mozart
to Johann Anton André translated and edited by*

C. B. OLDMAN

VOLUME I

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1938

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, EDINBURGH

Macmillan ref

399444

De 19 '38

PREFACE

It is impossible to acknowledge all the obligations I have incurred in the course of preparing this work, but I wish to thank in particular: Professor Ludwig Schiedermair of Bonn University, for allowing me to use his German edition of the Mozart family letters, for assisting me during the early stages of my undertaking, and for supplying me from time to time with additional material; Mr. C. B. Oldman of the British Museum, for generously consenting to the inclusion in my edition of large portions of the unpublished letters from Mozart's widow to Johann Anton André, which are in his possession and which he has translated and edited for this purpose, and for constantly contributing from his wealth of information upon all matters relating to Mozart; Dr. Alfred Einstein, for most unselfishly placing at my disposal his immense knowledge of eighteenth-century music and the results of his research work on Mozart's musical MSS., which have now been embodied in the third edition (1937) of Köchel's catalogue of Mozart's works; Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner, Director of the Mozarteum, Salzburg, for granting me free access to its collection of autographs; Dr. Georg Schünemann, Director of the Music Department of the Prussian State Library, Berlin, for permission to consult its large collection of transcripts; the Public Library of Boston (Massachusetts), Herr Braus-Riggenbach (Basel), Dr. A. Einstein, Herr H. Eisemann (London), Dr. Elmer of the Library of Prague University, Frau Floersheim-Koch (Florence), Herr Karl Geigy-Hagenbach (Basel), Dr. Karl Geiringer of the Bibliothek der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde (Vienna), Herr Paul Gottschalk (Berlin), Herr Otto Haas (London), Dr. Robert Haas of the Vienna

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National Library, Herr V. A. Heck (Vienna), Herr D. N. Heineman (Brussels), Herr Henri Hinrichsen (Leipzig), Mrs. Enid Lambart, Herr Rudolf Nydahl (Stockholm), Mr. C. B. Oldman, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Pierpont Morgan Library (New York City), Dr. A. Rosenthal (London), Herr Scheurleer of the Gemeentemuseum (The Hague), Dr. Richard Strauss, Mr. W. Oliver Strunk of the Library of Congress (Washington), Herr Paul Wittgenstein (Vienna), for photostats or transcripts of autographs in their possession. I wish also to express my gratitude to Herr Ernst Boucke of the Prussian State Library (Berlin), Miss Muriel Clayton of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Herr Otto Erich Deutsch (Vienna), Herr Alfred Heidl of the Mozarteum (Salzburg), Mr. R. N. Carew Hunt, Dr. Georg Kinsky (Cologne), Mr. T. O. Mabbott (New York City), Mrs. H. S. M. Stuart, Frau Eva Thurner (Salzburg), Herr Stefan Zweig, for valuable information and assistance most generously given; to Professor Ludwig Schiedermaier and Dr. Henry G. Farmer, for kindly lending me printers' blocks for illustrations; to the Podestà of Bologna, Herr Max Hinrichsen of C. F. Peters Musikverlag (Leipzig), Herr Paul Hirsch (Cambridge), M. le Chef des Services Techniques et Commerciaux du Palais du Louvre (Paris), Städtisches Schlossmuseum (Mannheim), Mr. C. B. Oldman, J. Pierpont Morgan (New York City), Internationale Stiftung, Mozart Museum (Salzburg), Stift St. Peter (Salzburg), Städtisches Museum (Salzburg), for allowing me to reproduce portraits and engravings; to Dr. Alfred Einstein, Mr. C. B. Oldman and Mr. James Turner, for assistance in reading the proofs; and finally to Mr. Harold Macmillan, for his unfailing help and interest in the production of my edition.

EMILY ANDERSON

LONDON, 1938

INTRODUCTION

It should not be necessary to offer any apology for an English edition of the letters of Mozart and his family. The only existing translations—and those almost exclusively of the composer's letters—are to be found in two collections, one by Lady Wallace¹ and the other by M. M. Bozman.² But since the appearance of the former, over seventy years ago, more than a hundred letters of Mozart alone have come to light; and during the last quarter of a century the even more numerous and lengthy letters of his father, Leopold Mozart, have nearly all been collected and published in the original language. The present work is based upon the standard German edition of the Mozart family correspondence by Professor Ludwig Schiedermair, who spent many years collecting and copying the existing documents, i.e. autographs and transcripts in museums, libraries and private collections.³ This *Gesamtausgabe*, a veritable boon to students of Mozart's life and works, completely superseded all previous texts, which apart from the one attempt of Nohl to produce a separate edition of Mozart's letters,⁴

¹ Ludwig Nohl, *Mozarts Briefe*, 1st edition, Leipzig, 1864, translated by Lady Wallace. Two volumes, London, 1865. This collection contains 268 letters of Mozart only.

² Hans Mersmann, *Mozarts Briefe in Auswahl*, Berlin, 1922, translated by M. M. Bozman. J. M. Dent and Sons, 1928. This selection contains only 141 letters of Mozart and a few extracts from those of his father.

³ Ludwig Schiedermair, *Die Briefe Mozarts und seiner Familie*. Four volumes, Munich and Leipzig, 1914. The first two volumes contain Mozart's letters, the third and fourth volumes those of his father, mother, sister, wife and cousin. The material covers the period from 1762 to 1791. A fifth volume contains reproductions of all the known portraits of Mozart and his family, of friends, statesmen, musicians and so forth, with whom he was associated, and of various places and documents of interest.

⁴ See n. 1. Nohl brought out in 1877 a second edition, which has 282 letters, an addition of 14.

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are to be found chiefly in the early biographies of the composer by Nissen,¹ Holmes,² Jahn,³ in a more recent work by Schurig,⁴ and in the miscellaneous compilations of Nottebohm,⁵ Nohl⁶ and Leitzmann.⁷ Here for the

¹ Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, *Biographie W. A. Mozarts*, Leipzig, 1828. This biography, upon which Nissen, Constanze Mozart's second husband, was engaged at the time of his death in 1826, and for which he had full access to all the family letters and documents, was brought out by his widow with the help of a certain Dr. Feuerstein of Pirna near Dresden.

² Edward Holmes, *Life of Mozart*, London, 1845, 2nd edition, 1878. (Reissued by J. M. Dent and Sons in Everyman's Library, 1912.) This excellent short biography which, however, is little more than a rearrangement of Nissen's material, gives full extracts in a readable translation from the letters quoted in his work.

³ Otto Jahn, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*. Four volumes, Leipzig, 1856-1859; 2nd edition in two volumes, 1867; 3rd edition by Hermann Deiters, 1889-1891; 4th edition, 1905-1907. Jahn consulted the autographs in the Mozarteum at Salzburg and made full use of the immense collection of letters which had been copied for Aloys Fuchs (1799-1853) and which was then in Vienna. The second edition was translated into English by Pauline D. Townsend. Three volumes, London, 1882.

⁴ Arthur Schurig, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*. Two volumes, Leipzig, 1913. Schurig went to the original sources, chiefly in Salzburg and Berlin, and although his work does not profess to be an edition of the Mozart family correspondence, he in some cases gives longer extracts from Leopold Mozart's early letters (including those to his Augsburg publisher, J. J. Lotter) than does Schiedermair, and in many cases fuller notes. On the other hand, the spelling and punctuation are modernised, whereas in this respect Schiedermair's edition aims at an exact reproduction of the original documents. A second edition of Schurig's biography, in a smaller format, appeared in 1923.

⁵ Gustav Nottebohm, *Mozartiana*, Leipzig, 1880. This little work is based upon unpublished material (not seen by Jahn) sent by Mozart's widow and sister in 1799 to the publishers Breitkopf and Härtel for a biography which was to have been written by Johann Friedrich Rochlitz (1769-1842), editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, who had met Mozart at Leipzig in 1789. It contains 42 new letters of Mozart, written chiefly during his last years in Vienna.

⁶ Ludwig Nohl, *Mozart nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen*, Leipzig, 1880. It contains one or two unpublished letters of Mozart and gives some long extracts from those of his father.

⁷ Albert Leitzmann, *Mozarts Briefe*, Leipzig, 1910, a selection, based entirely on Jahn's copies of the letters in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin. In 1926 Leitzmann brought out a work on Mozart (*Wolfgang Amadeus Mozarts Leben in seinen Briefen und Berichten der Zeitgenossen*, Leipzig, 1926), rather on the lines of Nohl's miscellany, for which he used Schiedermair's edition of the correspondence.

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first time the reader was provided with material which enabled him to trace the development of a great composer from his earliest years (the first letter of Leopold Mozart is dated October, 1762, when his son was six) through his apprenticeship abroad to his triumphs and struggles and premature death in Vienna (Mozart's last letter is dated October, 1791).

But invaluable as is this contribution of Schiedermair to musical literature, a careful study of the correspondence and more particularly of the autographs soon led to the conviction that the proper arrangement of the material was one which would conform as far as possible to the order in which the letters were originally written. The present edition, therefore, observes a strictly chronological method, beginning with the first letters of Leopold Mozart from Vienna in 1762 and continuing up to Mozart's death in 1791.¹ Such a rearrangement has the following advantages. In the first place, as there are very few gaps in the correspondence, which covers almost the whole of Mozart's life, and forms, as it were, a continuous journal, the reader is presented with the primary sources for a biographical study. Secondly, as the Mozart family were inveterate letter-writers and indulged in a very full interchange of information and ideas (indeed most of Leopold Mozart's letters and some of Mozart's extend almost to the length of pamphlets), certain letters cannot be properly understood unless they are read in close connection with those to which they are the replies. Thirdly,

¹ It should be added that, like Schiedermair's edition, the present work is limited to the period of Mozart's life, 1756-1791. Thus none of Leopold Mozart's letters to J. J. Lotter of Augsburg, 1755-1756, regarding the publication of his *Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule*, are included. For these the reader must be referred to the two editions of Schurig's biography (see p. viii, n. 4). On the other hand, as the title-page indicates, the present edition contains long extracts from letters written by Constanze Mozart to the Offenbach publisher, J. A. André, which are of special interest as dealing with the sale and publication of her late husband's musical manuscripts.

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as postage fees were at that time a heavy expense, Mozart, when travelling with his father or his mother, rarely troubled to write a separate letter, but either continued the letter which one of his parents had begun or added a postscript, or contented himself with scribbling a few lines inside the cover. Occasionally the reverse procedure was adopted; Mozart would begin the letter, and his father or his mother would finish it. Sometimes too, Mozart would take up the last words of the previous writer, use them as a theme for a variation¹ or even treat them as a peg on which to hang some comic remark.² In preparing this work one of the chief aims of the editor has been to present the letters as far as possible exactly as they were written.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the main purpose of this edition is to provide a complete collection of all the extant letters of Mozart himself, and that these have been treated with the same reverent care as one would treat the musical autographs of this great composer. The editor, therefore, has given every letter of Mozart in its entirety—in some cases for the first time.³ At this point it may be appropriate to mention that Mozart's singularly outspoken letters to his cousin, Maria Anna Thekla, the so-called "*Bäsebriefe*", now appear in an unexpurgated form. Even in Germany an excessive prudishness or possibly a certain unwillingness to admit that the writer, formerly regarded as the Raphael or the Watteau of music, should have been capable of expressing himself with such grossness, has hitherto prevented their publica-

¹ e.g. Letters 212, 212a; 232, 232a; 249, 249a.

² e.g. Letters 79, 79a; 271b, 271c.

³ For particulars of the hitherto unpublished letters or portions of letters see the List of Letters, p. xxi ff. In a few cases the only existing versions are those given by Nissen, whose ruthless manipulation of the autographs he used is well known to Mozart scholars. Fascimile no. 2 affords an example of this treatment. It is fortunate that the original documents handled by Nissen and showing the heavy strokes of his quill, are slowly coming to light.

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tion *in toto*. A study of the whole correspondence, however, shows clearly that it was not only when writing to his "*Bäsle*" that Mozart indulged in this particular kind of coarseness, but that on occasion he did so when writing to his mother¹ and to his sister; and that certainly his mother² and very probably the whole family and indeed many of their Salzburg friends were given to these indelicate jests.

In the case of Leopold Mozart's letters, however, a different method had to be adopted. Mozart's father was an indefatigable correspondent, a collector of information, a keeper of lists and diaries, who was forever exhorting his children to do likewise. Realising from the very first that his son was a genius and proposing some day to write his biography,³ he not only kept so-called "travel notes", most of which have been preserved,⁴ but sent off to his landlord and later to his wife full descriptions of the countries he visited, the eminent persons he met and, not least, the triumphs of his two prodigies and of Wolfgang in particular.⁵ It is possible, indeed, to trace four distinct periods in Leopold Mozart's correspondence. First of all, we have the very long letters to his landlord, Johann Lorenz Hagenauer, which give detailed accounts of his travels (1762-1768), of the courts at which his children performed, of the strange customs and habits of other

¹ e.g. Letter 278, which is now published in its entirety. The only extant version is a copy made by Nottebohm, who must have received the autograph or perhaps only a transcript of the letter from Breitkopf and Härtel. See p. viii, n. 5.

² See especially Letters 209a, 214a, 219c.

³ See Letter 51, p. 113.

⁴ They have been edited by Arthur Schurig: *Leopold Mozarts Reiseaufzeichnungen*, 1763-1771. Dresden, 1920. The entries, a few of which were made by Mozart himself, have been transcribed and annotated, several being reproduced in facsimile.

⁵ By order of Leopold Mozart all his letters were kept and numbered, doubtless with a view to their being used for the biography he intended to write. See Letter 77, p. 158.

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nations, but which, apart from an occasional allusion to the feats of his children, couched in the language of the exultant showman, contain little matter of musical interest. Next, we have the letters written to his wife during the three journeys to Italy (1769-1773), letters which, as they were addressed to someone who shared these interests, give a most vivid description of the musical atmosphere and the social conditions prevailing in Rome, Bologna, Naples and Milan. Then a third period opens with his letters to his son, who, accompanied by his mother, has left Salzburg and gone off to seek his fortune elsewhere. These letters, particularly when they are read together with the replies from Mozart and his mother, are of very great interest. The reader finds himself at once absorbed in the most fascinating problem of the relations between father and son. In the first letters from Mozart we can almost hear his sigh of relief at having escaped from the oppressive atmosphere of the Archbishop's court and the cramping influence of an over-methodical, rather pedantic and perhaps a little too inquisitive parent; and we note his delight in his newly found freedom and his disinclination to trouble about the future. Very soon we detect in his father's letters an anxiety, a certain suspicion almost amounting to distrust, which, when he hears of his son's friendship with the Weber family, suddenly flares up in a blaze of bitter indignation and exasperation. Mozart, whose moral emancipation from his father is by this time almost complete, conceals nothing and continues to write with perfect frankness. Yet we see that a link has been broken and that behind his reluctance to accept an appointment in the Archbishop's service after his mother's death and his lamentable failure to establish himself in Paris, there lurks a kind of horror at the prospect of returning to his father's home. At the same time their all-absorbing interest in music provided a bond which was never

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broken. However much Mozart might feel that in other respects he was being misunderstood, in all matters relating to his art his father for many years continued to be his guide, philosopher and friend. Thus we have the illuminating correspondence about the composition of "Idomeneo" (1780/81), which as a revelation of a composer's method of dealing with his text and adjusting his work to the shortcomings of his singers, is almost unique in musical literature. And that he still regarded his father as a friend to whom he could always unburden himself about his one passionate interest, is proved by his letters to him in regard to the composition of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (1781/82) and his struggles with Varesco's somewhat thankless libretto for "L'oca del Cairo" (1783).¹ We now come to the fourth period of Leopold Mozart's correspondence (1784-1787), that is, the letters written to his daughter after her marriage.² These letters, while they throw much light on the worthy and rather lovable character of the writer and tell us a good deal about life in Salzburg and the comings and goings of its strange Archbishop, are on the whole of little value to the student of Mozart's life and works. For after his final break with Salzburg and especially after his marriage to Constanze Weber in 1782, Mozart's relations with his father had become decidedly cool. The latter, it is true, still took an interest in his son's concerts, in the

¹ Leopold Mozart's letters to his son after the latter's removal to Vienna in March 1781 have not been preserved. Possibly they were lost during Mozart's many moves. It is highly improbable that, as has been frequently suggested, Constanze Mozart destroyed them on account of their supposed allusions to freemasonry. She carefully kept far more outspoken and compromising letters of Mozart, which she either bequeathed to her eldest son or sent to Breitkopf and Härtel. Moreover, the letters of Mozart's sister, who appears to have written to him pretty frequently during his first years in Vienna, have also not come down to us.

² These 125 letters, for the most part previously unpublished, have recently been edited by O. E. Deutsch and B. Paumgartner, *Leopold Mozarts Briefe an seine Tochter*. Salzburg and Leipzig, 1936.

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performances of his operas and above all in his latest compositions, some of which were duly sent off to Salzburg. But, partly on account of the estrangement which had arisen and partly owing to Mozart's own busy life which left him little time for letter-writing, Leopold Mozart, except when he encloses a letter or quotes a passage from one he has just received from Vienna, rarely refers to the doings of his son.

It soon became obvious to the editor that if Mozart was to form the centre of interest of this work and if the whole material was to be limited to three volumes, large portions of Leopold Mozart's letters, particularly of those belonging to the first and fourth periods, would have to be omitted.¹ At this point one important discovery in regard to the letters which Leopold Mozart wrote to his landlord while on his travels during the years 1762-1768, should be mentioned. As far as is known, the autographs of these letters have disappeared; but copies of them, apparently without any omissions, have been preserved in the Prussian State Library, Berlin. When checking these letters for the purpose of my edition, Herr E. Boucke, an assistant in the library, came upon the complete versions of long letters written by Leopold Mozart during the family's stay in Paris and London, 1763-1766, which appear to have been hitherto either unknown or entirely neglected. This is, to say the least, surprising, for the London letters especially contain a most vivid and entertaining description of London life at that period, rivalling in its personal note the contemporary accounts of such well-known travellers as Pastor Moritz, Wendeborn and Grosley. Needless to say, it was with considerable reluct-

¹ It will be seen that only extracts have been given of nearly all these letters. In performing this pruning operation, the principle followed has been that of removing all purely extraneous and irrelevant matter, such as local gossip, rather tiresome descriptions of illnesses, long lists of greetings and so forth.

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ance that the editor decided to 'cut' this new material.¹

In regard to the letters of Mozart's mother, all of which were written when she was accompanying him on his visits to Munich, Augsburg, Mannheim and Paris in search of work, it was thought advisable to give these in their entirety.² For, as will be seen, mother and son usually wrote on one sheet of paper; and hers are either hastily written postscripts or passages inserted in the body of Mozart's letters. Moreover, they are artless and often amusing; and their very outspokenness, verging occasionally on coarseness, throws fresh light on the home atmosphere in which Mozart grew up and explains to a certain extent a peculiar side of his nature which many readers of his letters have difficulty in connecting with the exquisite delicacy of his music.³ On the other hand, some portions of the letters of Mozart's sister have been omitted. In the matter of letter-writing Nannerl proved to be an apt pupil of her father and, judging by the few letters which have been preserved, must have adopted his methods,⁴ such as keeping a full diary of her own doings,

¹ It is proposed to publish these letters in full in a separate volume, which will contain other interesting matter relating to the Mozarts' visit to England.

² Apart from a few sentences quoted in Eric Blom's biography of Mozart (Dent's Master Musician Series, 1935) pp. 70, 84 and 85, none of these letters have so far been translated into English.

³ The following postscript (Letter 209a) is a specimen of Frau Mozart's grammar, spelling and punctuation: "Von Neuigkeiten hat mir der wolfgang nichts übriggelassen, ich hoffe von dir bald einen brief zu bekommen, und mit freuden zu vernehmen, das du dich gesund befindest. wür seind gott lob wohlauf, und winschen nichts andres als das du bey uns wehrest, welches mit der hilf gottes geschehen wird, sey nur indessen ohne sorge, und schlage dir alle verdrüsslichkeiten aus dem Sinn, es wird schon alles recht werden, wann die haffel daran Komen. wür führen ein charmantes leben, früh auf spath ins beth, den ganzen dag haben wür visiten adio ben mio leb gesund, Rick den arsch zum mund. ich wünsch ein guete nacht, scheiss ins beth das Kracht. es ist schon über einns. jezt kanst selber Reimen.

an meine liebe sallerl
Catherl, nanerl bimberl alles erdenkliches."

MARIA ANNA MOZARTIN

⁴ See Letter 222, p. 469.

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drawing up lists of Salzburg theatrical performances and so forth.¹

That Mozart wrote many more letters than we possess is evident from the leanness of certain years—notably the period from August 1784, the time of his sister's marriage and removal to St. Gilgen, to May 1787, the time of his father's death, for which many of the composer's letters are missing.² We know also, from references here and there, that other letters must have been written. For example, a letter sent to his wife from Berlin in May, 1789 (Letter 565) mentions eleven letters to her, four of which have been lost. Again, the bibliography of Nissen's *Life of Mozart* (Appendix, p. 217) contains the startling entry: *Mozarts Briefe an die Duschek, 1781*. It is extremely probable too that Mozart corresponded with the singer Anna Storace after her return to London in March 1787, the more so as at that time he was seriously contemplating a visit to England. Then there are the "two interesting letters to Frau von Trattner about music", which Constanze Mozart mentions in a letter to Breitkopf and Härtel of November 27th, 1799,³—truly an irreparable loss. Yet, as new letters of Mozart are slowly coming to light, there are grounds for hope that one day some of these hidden treasures may be recovered.

It should be mentioned that the present edition does

¹ See Letter 415, p. 1117, where Mozart describes his sister as "the living chronicle of Salzburg".

² It is difficult to account for the disappearance of these documents, some of which Leopold Mozart enclosed in his own letters to his daughter, who carefully kept all her father's letters (now in the Mozarteum, Salzburg). Possibly she returned them after 1787 to her brother, who may have mislaid or even destroyed them during one of his numerous moves. See Abert, vol. ii. p. 1035 f.

³ Quoted in Nottebohm, *Mozartiana*, p. 131. Frau von Trattner was Mozart's pupil on the piano. He dedicated to her his C minor Fantasia and Sonata (K. 475 and 457).

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not include two letters frequently ascribed to Mozart, which are of very doubtful authenticity.

(1) A letter written in 1789 to a certain Baron von P., the autograph of which is supposed to have been in the possession of Moscheles, and in which Mozart describes his method of composition. It was first published by Friedrich Rochlitz in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, xii. p. 561 ff. of 1815, and soon made its appearance in English and French reviews. From internal evidence the letter is obviously a forgery. Jahn (1st ed., vol. iii. p. 496 ff.) treats it as such; and Nohl, although he includes it in his edition of Mozart's letters (2nd ed., p. 441 ff.), confesses that it is spurious. Holmes, who reproduces it in his *Life of Mozart* (Everyman Edition, 1921, p. 254 ff.), does not question its authenticity, which probably explains why it has been quoted *ad nauseam* in English popular biographies. It is not included in Schiedermair's edition of the letters.¹

(2) A short letter in Italian which Mozart is supposed to have written in September 1791 to Lorenzo Da Ponte. It is included in Schiedermair's edition, vol. ii. p. 350.² But after careful consideration the editor decided to reject this letter on the following grounds: (a) the only extant version is a transcript in the Prussian State Library, Berlin, which has no signature and mentions no addressee³: (b) the internal evidence, namely, the indication of extreme depression at a time when Mozart, though in poor health, was feeling unusually stimulated and exhilarated, is a strong argument against its being a genuine document.

A few words may be necessary in regard to the treat-

¹ See Schiedermair, vol. ii. p. 378, n. 308.

² Nohl in his edition of Mozart's letters (2nd ed., p. 463 f.) prints it, undated, as being the last extant letter of the composer, adding that Ludwig von Köchel discovered it in London.

³ The transcript has the following remark in the same handwriting: In the possession of Mr Young in London.

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ment of the text of Mozart's letters. As has already been stated, it has been the editor's aim to reproduce these as faithfully as possible. Several letters, however, contain rhymed passages, either written out as verse or concealed in prose, which, if the rhyming is to be retained and the full flavour of the original preserved, defy a literal translation. Here some sort of compromise was inevitable. Again, Mozart, who was a very spontaneous letter-writer and nearly always wrote in a great hurry, frequently indulges in colloquialisms and slang, which the editor, while avoiding passing fashions of speech of the present day, has endeavoured to render into the equivalent English phraseology. Mozart's extreme liveliness and haste are reflected too in his punctuation. Very often whole letters are a series of sentences strung together by dashes. As a slavish adherence in this respect to the originals would have produced pages wearisome to the eye of the reader, the letters have been punctuated more normally and the dashes retained only when the sense demands it. The same remark applies to Mozart's lavish use of brackets, which in many cases have been replaced by commas.

Another textual peculiarity, which characterises almost the whole correspondence, requires some explanation. After the accession of Hieronymus Colloredo to the Archbishopric of Salzburg in March 1772 (and indeed intermittently during the reign of his predecessor) the Mozart family made occasional use of a simple substitution cypher (certain letters of the alphabet being replaced by others) in order to be able to express their opinions freely.¹ They adopted this device because they had good reason for believing that before their letters were delivered, the Salzburg post office sent them to the Archbishop's resid-

¹ Facsimile no. 5 affords an example of this cypher, of which the key is: for the letters m, l, o, f, h, a, e, s, i, u substitute the letters a, e, s, i, u, m, l, o, f, h. In most cases Nissen has written the solution above the encyphered passage.

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ence for inspection.¹ In the present translation the words, phrases and passages which in the autographs are in cypher, have been enclosed in angular brackets.²

To the critic who may complain that there is too much annotation, the reply is that the fulness is due to the editor's desire to remedy a defect of the German *Gesamtausgabe*, that is, to throw more light on the circumstances of Mozart's life, to recapture as far as possible the atmosphere in which he composed and to revive the forgotten or only half-remembered musicians, singers, artists, writers and men and women of note, with whom he came in contact.³

As to the value of Mozart's letters, their spontaneousness, their wit, their extreme gaiety, their profound poignancy, their humanity and timelessness, there is nothing fresh to say. But long association with Mozart as a letter-writer has not failed to open up certain trains of thought which it may be of interest to indicate. In the first place, there is the strange fact that, with few exceptions, nearly all Mozart's letters are addressed to members of his family, and that, as far as we know, he never wrote to any composer or musician.⁴ Then, singular as the comparison may seem, in many of his letters Mozart, while expressing himself in words, seems in reality to be thinking in terms of music.⁵ Thus when

¹ That this suspicion was well founded is proved by an incident described in a letter from Leopold Mozart to his daughter, January 19th, 1786. See Deutsch-Paumgartner, *Leopold Mozarts Briefe an seine Tochter*, 1936, p. 241 ff.

² e.g. Letter 172, p. 333.

³ For a criticism of Schieder's sparse annotation of the correspondence see A. Schurig in *Mozarteums Mitteilungen*, November 1919, pp. 7-9, and E. K. Blümmel, *Aus Mozarts Freundes- und Familienkreis*, Leipzig, 1923, p. vii.

⁴ Letter 529, addressed to Joseph Haydn, is simply the dedication of his six quartets.

⁵ This statement is supported by Mozart's own account of how he composed the prelude while writing down the three-part fugue of K. 394. See Letter 447.

INTRODUCTION

we come upon passages which are curiously involved, words written backwards, phrases reversed, and other similar oddities of expression, we remember his description of how on a certain occasion he extemporised fugues on a given theme in a minor key, playing all kinds of tricks with it, reversing it, turning it into the major and so forth.¹ Again, when we take up one of Mozart's autograph letters, many of which are untidily written, larded with erasures and splashed with ink-blots, and suddenly find him weaving delicate scrolls and fantastic flourishes round a capital,² we remember certain themes, upon which he has embroidered a wealth of variations, deliciously interlaced and flawless in texture.³ Then again when he describes in such masterly fashion the Langenmantels, the Aurnhammers, Wieland, Grimm, and gives us the long gallery of pen-portraits with which we are familiar, we remember that these are only the rough sketches for the Don Alfonsos, the Basilios and the Marcellinas which later on will be immortalised by his music. Indeed, though the letters we possess only make us wish for more, we have here the substance of what Mozart thought about music, his ideas on the training of a pianist, his profound knowledge of the art of the singer and, if we collect the relevant passages, some indication of his own method of composition. As an autobiography their value is, if anything, greater than that of the letters of other composers, such as Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner. Lastly, it is no exaggeration to say that from a psychological and personal point of view, Mozart's letters bear comparison with those of the great letter-writers of the world.

¹ See Letter 228b, p. 495.

² See Letter 236, p. 524, n. 2.

³ e.g., the last movement of the piano concerto in C minor (K. 491), the Andante of the quintet in E^b (K. 614), and the Andante of the Divertimento in E^b (K. 563).

LIST OF LETTERS

This is a list of all the known letters of Mozart and his family written between the years 1762 and 1791. It contains, therefore, some letters (unnumbered) which owing to their slight interest have not been included in the present edition.

Letters hitherto unpublished are marked *

Letters hitherto incompletely published are marked **

(Owing to exigencies of space, in most cases extracts only have been given of Leopold Mozart's letters. But considerable additions have been made to the portions published in the standard German edition of Professor Ludwig Schiedermair: and copies of the complete versions are in the possession of the present editor).

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

- Abert = Hermann Abert, *W. A. Mozart*. 2 volumes. Revised edition. Leipzig, 1923-1924.
- AMZ = *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (Oct. 1788-Dec. 1848).
- Blümmel = Emil Karl Blümmel, *Aus Mozarts Freundes- und Familienkreis*. Vienna, 1923.
- Jahn = Otto Jahn, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*. 4 volumes. Leipzig, 1856-1859.
- Köchel = Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel, *Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichnis sämtlicher Tonwerke Wolfgang Amadé Mozarts*. 3rd edition, revised by Alfred Einstein. Leipzig, 1937.
- Leitzmann = Albert Leitzmann, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozarts Leben in seinen Briefen und Berichten der Zeitgenossen*. Leipzig, 1926.
- MJ = *Mozart-Jahrbuch*. Herausgegeben von Hermann Abert. Munich, 1923-1924, and Augsburg, 1929.
- MM = *Mozarteums Mitteilungen*. Zentrallausschuss der Mozartgemeinde in Salzburg. November, 1918-May, 1921.
- MMB = *Mitteilungen für die Mozartgemeinde in Berlin*. Herausgegeben von Rudolf Genée, 1895-1921.
- Niemetschek = Franz Niemetschek, *Leben des K. K. Kapellmeisters Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart*. Prague, 1798. (Reprinted Prague, 1905).
- Nissen = Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, *Biographie W. A. Mozarts*. Leipzig, 1828.
- Nohl = Ludwig Nohl, *Mozarts Briefe*. 2nd edition. Leipzig, 1877.
- Nottebohm = Gustav Nottebohm, *Mozartiana*. Leipzig, 1880.
- Schiedermair = Ludwig Schiedermair, *Die Briefe Mozarts und seiner Familie*. 4 volumes. Munich and Leipzig, 1914.
- Schurig = Arthur Schurig, *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*. 2 volumes. 2nd edition. Leipzig, 1923.
- WSF = T. de Wyzewa et G. de Saint-Foix, *W. A. Mozart. Sa vie musicale et son œuvre de l'enfance à la pleine maturité, 1756-1777*. 2 volumes. Paris, 1912. The third volume of this epoch-making study of Mozart's musical development, which covers the years 1777-1783, was brought out by M. de Saint-Foix in 1936.
- ZMW = *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*.

TABLE OF MONEY VALUES

THE following table has been compiled from information contained in Muret-Saunders's *German-English Dictionary*, in Professor W. H. Bruford's *Germany in the Eighteenth Century* (Cambridge, 1935), p. 329 f., and in the letters of Leopold Mozart, who frequently quotes the equivalent values of foreign coins and the fluctuating rates of exchange between the various German states. As there were several standards in common use for the minting of silver coins during the latter half of the eighteenth century, the values here given are of necessity only approximate.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

Taking the South German kreutzer (worth 4 pfennige, slightly more than the English farthing) as the standard, the following equivalent values of silver coins are obtained:

- 60 kreutzer (or 16 groschen) = 1 gulden, about two shillings.
- 90 kreutzer (or 24 groschen) = 1 reichsthaler, about three shillings.
- 120 kreutzer (or 32 groschen) = 1 laubthaler or federthaler, about four shillings.

The following gold coins were in common use in Germany and Austria:

- 1 ducat (used all over Europe) = $4\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about nine shillings.
- 1 max d'or (used chiefly in Bavaria) = $6\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about thirteen shillings.
- 1 friedrich d'or (used chiefly in Prussia) = 8 gulden, about sixteen shillings.
- 1 pistole (used all over Europe) = $7\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about fifteen shillings.
- 1 carolin (used chiefly in Southern Germany) = 9 gulden, about eighteen shillings.
- 1 souverain d'or (used chiefly in Austria) = $13\frac{1}{2}$ gulden, about twenty-seven shillings.

FRANCE

- 1 liard = about one farthing.
- 20 sous = 1 livre, about eleven pence.
- 1 louis d'or = 22 livres, about twenty shillings.

TABLE OF MONEY VALUES

ITALY

- 1 paolo (a silver coin of Tuscany, worth originally about 56 centesimi, and still used as the equivalent of half a lira) = about sixpence.
- 1 cigliato (or, more commonly, gigliato) = a ducat, about nine shillings.
- 1 zecchino (a Venetian gold coin) = about ten shillings.
- 1 doppio = probably a doppio zecchino, about twenty shillings.

HOLLAND

- 1 rijder¹ = about twenty-eight shillings.

¹ Leopold Mozart calls this coin a 'reitter'. See p. 90.

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The first journey, undertaken without Frau Mozart, was to Munich, where Leopold Mozart performed with his two children before the Elector Maximilian III. They were absent about three weeks, from January 12th to the beginning of February 1762. There are no letters describing this visit.

The second journey of Leopold Mozart, this time with his whole family, was to Vienna and lasted from September 18th, 1762, to January 5th, 1763. The children performed several times at the Imperial Court and at concerts arranged specially for them by the Viennese nobility and foreign diplomats. This visit is described in a series of letters from Leopold Mozart to his landlord, Lorenz Hagenauer. Letters 1-9.

(1) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer,¹ Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

LINZ,² October 3rd, 1762

You have been thinking, haven't you, that we are already in Vienna? But we are still in Linz. To-morrow, God willing, we shall go on to Vienna by the so-called ordinary boat. Indeed we should certainly have been there already, had we not been obliged against our will to spend five whole days in Passau. This delay, for which His Grace the Bishop of Passau was responsible, has made me lose eighty gulden, which I should have made here if I had arrived sooner, whereas I must now content myself with forty odd gulden, which *deductis deducendis* remain from the concert we gave the day before yesterday. But what really took place in Passau I must postpone to a personal conversation, as it would be too lengthy to relate here. Suffice it to say that Wolfgang, but not my little girl, had the privilege of performing before His Grace and that for this he received one whole ducat, i.e., exactly four gulden, ten kreutzer. But do not tell that to anybody. Meanwhile we pray that our Archbishop³ may live long. More when we meet.

Now let me describe our journey a little. The 20th of last month we arrived at Passau at five o'clock in the

¹ Johann Lorenz Hagenauer (1712–1799), a Salzburg merchant, was Leopold Mozart's landlord, banker and correspondent. The Mozart family occupied the third floor of his house (since 1880 a Mozart museum) in the Getreidegasse no. 9, until they moved in 1773 to a house of their own in the Makartplatz (now Dollfußplatz no. 2).

² The Mozart family, Leopold Mozart and his wife, Nannerl and Wolfgang, had left Salzburg on September 18th.

³ Count Sigismund von Schrattenbach, Archbishop of Salzburg, 1753–1772.

evening and left next morning with the Canon, Count Herberstein, reaching Linz at five o'clock in the evening of the same day. We are living with people called Kiener and are very well looked after. They are two spinsters who, since the death of their parents, have taken charge of the house and who are so fond of my children that they do everything they possibly can for us. I should add that my children, the boy especially, fill everyone with amazement. Count Herberstein has gone on to Vienna and will spread in advance a sensational report about them. And yesterday Count von Schlick, Captain-General of this district, left with his wife for Vienna. Both were uncommonly gracious to us. They said that, as soon as we should reach Vienna, we must go to see them; meanwhile they would speak to Count Durazzo¹ and make our arrival generally known there. To judge by appearances, everything ought to go well. May God keep us well and strong as hitherto. So far we are still in good health, although I occasionally feel here and there some little twinges of gout. The children are merry and behave everywhere as if they were at home. The boy is as intimate with everyone, especially with the officers, as if he had known them all his life. I enclose my draft for this month. Please get it cashed; the tax on it, amounting to ten kreutzer, three pfennig, will have to be paid. Take your rent out of it. I should like your wife, to whom especially we send most obedient greetings, to arrange for four masses to be said on our behalf at Maria-Plain² and that as soon as possible. My little girl sends greetings and would like your dear wife to know that she kept her promise at Mariahilf³ in Passau. Yes, we all prayed for Herr Lorenz. Otherwise you are all well, I hope? That is our heart's wish. We shall soon write to

¹ Manager of the Opera House, Vienna.

² Pilgrimage church, about one and a half hours' walk from Salzburg.

³ Pilgrimage church outside Passau.

you from Vienna. Perhaps before we get there we shall have some news to send; so far there is none.

(2) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *October 16th, 1762*

On the feast of St. Francis¹ we left Linz at half past four in the afternoon by the so-called ordinary boat and reached Mauthausen after nightfall on the same day at half past seven. At noon on the following day, Tuesday, we arrived at Ybbs, where two Minorites and a Benedictine, who were with us on the boat, read masses, during which our Woferl² strummed on the organ and played so well that the Franciscans, who happened to be entertaining some guests at their mid-day meal, left the table and with their company rushed to the choir and were almost struck dead with amazement. In the evening we reached Stein and on Wednesday at three in the afternoon arrived at Vienna and took our mid-day and evening meals together at five o'clock. On the journey we had continual rain and a lot of wind. Wolfgang had already caught a cold in Linz, but in spite of our irregular life, early rising, eating and drinking at all hours, and wind and rain, he has, thank God, kept well. When we landed, Gilowsky's servant, who was already there, came on board and brought us to our lodgings. But after leaving our luggage safely and tidily there, we soon hurried off to an inn to appease our hunger. Gilowsky himself then came to welcome us. Now we have already been here five days and do not yet know where the sun rises in Vienna, for to this very hour it has done nothing but rain and, with constant wind, has

¹ October 4th.

² Pet name for Wolfgang.

snowed a little now and then, so that we have even seen some snow on the roofs. Moreover it has been and still is very frosty, though not excessively cold. One thing I must make a point of telling you, which is, that we quickly got through the local customs and were let off the chief customs altogether. And for this we have to thank our Master Woferl. For he made friends at once with the customs officer, showed him his clavier, invited him to visit us and played him a minuet on his little fiddle. Thus we got through. The customs officer asked most politely to be allowed to visit us and for this purpose made a note of our lodgings. So far, in spite of the most atrocious weather, we have been to a concert given by Count Collalto.¹ Further, Countess Zinzendorf introduced us to Count Wilczek and on the 11th to His Excellency the Imperial Vice-Chancellor, Count Colloredo, where we were privileged to see and to speak to the leading ministers and ladies of the Imperial Court, to wit, the Hungarian Chancellor, Count Palfy, and the Bohemian Chancellor, Count Chotek, as well as Bishop Esterhazy and a number of persons, all of whom I could not note. All, the ladies especially, were very gracious to us. Count Leopold Kühnburg's² fiancée spoke to my wife³ of her own accord and told her that she is going to be married at Salzburg. She is a pretty, friendly woman, of medium height. She is expecting her betrothed in Vienna very shortly. Countess Zinzendorf is using her influence on our behalf and all the ladies are in love with my boy. We

¹ On October 9th. Schurig, *Leopold Mozarts Reiseaufzeichnungen* (Dresden, 1920), p. 63, quotes a passage from Count Karl Zinzendorf's unpublished diary mentioning this concert: "At eight o'clock in the evening I fetched Lamberg and we went together to Collalto where Madame Bianchi sang and a little boy of five and a half (Mozart) played the clavier".

² Chief Equerry in Salzburg.

³ This passage disproves the statements made by Schurig, *L. Mozarts Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 11, and Abert, vol. i. p. 39, that Mozart's mother did not accompany her family to Vienna.

are already being talked of everywhere; and when on the 10th I was alone at the opera, I heard the Archduke Leopold¹ from his box say a number of things to another box, namely, that there was a boy in Vienna who played the clavier most excellently and so on. At eleven o'clock that very same evening I received a command to go to Schönbrunn² on the 12th. But the following day there came a fresh command to go there on the 13th instead, (the 12th being the Feast of Maximilian and therefore a very busy gala-day), as, I gather, they want to hear the children in comfort. Everyone is amazed, especially at the boy, and everyone whom I have heard says that his genius is incomprehensible. Baron Schell is using his influence on my behalf and is gratefully acknowledging the kindnesses he enjoyed in Salzburg. If you have an opportunity, please tell this to Herr Chiusolis with my respects. Count Daun³ also has given me a note for Baron Schell and has filled me with hopes that I shall leave Vienna fully satisfied. And so it seems, since the Court is asking to hear us before we have announced ourselves. For young Count Palfy happened to be passing through Linz as our concert was about to begin. He was calling on Countess Schlick, who told him about the boy and persuaded him to stop the mail coach in front of the town hall and attend the concert with her. He listened with astonishment and spoke later with great excitement of the performance to the Archduke Joseph,⁴ who passed it on to the Empress. Thus, as soon as it was known that we were in Vienna, the command came for us to go to court. That, you see, is how it happened.

I wrote the above on the 11th, fully intending to tell

¹ Later Emperor Leopold II of Austria (1790–1792).

² The Imperial summer residence outside Vienna, modelled on Versailles, where Maria Theresa preferred to live.

³ Chief Equerry in Munich.

⁴ Later Emperor Joseph II of Austria (1768–1790).

you on the 12th, after our return from Schönbrunn, how everything had gone off. But we had to drive from Schönbrunn straight to Prince von Hildburghausen, and six ducats were more important to us than the despatch of my letter. I have sufficient confidence in Frau Hagenauer ¹ and trust enough to her kind friendship to know that she will accept even now our congratulations on her name-day and even in the short form of merely saying that we shall ask God to keep her and all her loved ones well and strong for many years to come and to invite us all in due course to play cards in Heaven. Now all that I have time for is to say in great haste that Their Majesties received us with such extraordinary graciousness that, when I shall tell of it, people will declare that I have made it up. Suffice it to say that Woferl jumped up on the Empress's ² lap, put his arms round her neck and kissed her heartily. In short, we were there from three to six o'clock and the Emperor ³ himself came out of the next room and made me go in there to hear the Infanta ⁴ play the violin. On the 15th the Empress sent us by the Privy Paymaster, who drove up to our house in gala, two dresses, one for the boy and one for the girl. As soon as the command arrives, they are to appear at court and the Privy Paymaster will fetch them. To-day at half past two in the afternoon they are to go to the two youngest Archdukes ⁵ and at four o'clock to the Hungarian Chancellor, Count Palfy. Yesterday we were with Count Kaunitz, ⁶ and the day before with Countess Kinsky and later with

¹ Frau Maria Theresa Hagenauer (1717-1800). Her name-day was on October 15th.

² Maria Theresa.

³ Francis I.

⁴ Princess Isabella, daughter of Philip, Duke of Parma. She died on November 27th, 1763, three years after her marriage to the Archduke Joseph.

⁵ Archduke Ferdinand (1754-1806), later Governor-General of Milan, and Archduke Maximilian (1756-1801), later Elector of Cologne.

⁶ Wenzel Anton von Kaunitz-Rietburg (1711-1794), Austrian Chancellor, 1753-1792. He was a lover and a fine connoisseur of music.

Count Ulefeld. And we already have more engagements for the next two days. Please tell everybody that, thank God, we are well and happy. I send greetings and I am your old

MOZART

(3) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *October 19th*, 1762

You will have received my letter by the last post. This morning I was summoned to the Privy Paymaster, who received me with the greatest courtesy. His Majesty the Emperor wanted to know whether I could not remain in Vienna a little longer, and to this I replied that I was absolutely at His Majesty's disposal. The Paymaster then paid me a hundred ducats, adding that His Majesty would soon summon us again. From whatever point of view I consider it, I foresee that we shall hardly be home before Advent. But before then I shall send in my request for an extension of leave of absence.¹ For, even if I were able to leave here in two or three weeks, I must travel slowly on account of my children, so that they may rest now and then for a few days and not fall ill. I have put the Emperor's hundred ducats, as well as another twenty ducats, to your account with Herr Peisser.² If I can obtain a good carriage at a decent price, I have decided to purchase one in order to give the children greater comfort. To-day we were at the French Ambassador's. To-morrow we are invited to Count Harrach's from four to six, but which Count Harrach he is I do not know. I shall see where the carriage takes us to. For on every occasion we are fetched by a

¹ At that time Leopold Mozart, second violin in the Archbishop's orchestra, was both instructor in the violin to the Kapellhaus and court composer.

² Banker in Vienna.

servant in the nobleman's carriage and are brought home again. From six or half past six to nine we are to perform for six ducats at a big concert which a certain rich nobleman is giving and at which the greatest virtuosi now in Vienna are going to perform. The nobles send us their invitations four, five, six to eight days in advance, in order not to miss us. For instance, the Chief Postmaster, Count Paar,¹ has already engaged us for next Monday. Woferl now gets enough driving, as he goes out at least twice a day. Once we drove out at half past two to a place where we stayed until a quarter to four. Count Hardegg then fetched us in his carriage and we drove in full gallop to a lady, at whose house we remained till half past five. Thence Count Kaunitz sent to fetch us and we stayed with him until about nine. I can hardly write, for both pen and ink are wretched and I must steal time to do so. I have absolutely no news to give you, as here they talk as little about the war,² as if there were no war. I have never in my life heard so little news or known as little as I have during these four or five weeks since I left Salzburg. I should like to hear some news from you; I hope at least that you will have something to tell me. Has His Grace³ returned home already? I hope that he is well. Is His Excellency Count Spaur⁴ in Salzburg? He must be, I think. I wrote to him from Linz. How is our worthy Father Confessor?⁵ When you can do so, please give him my most obedient greetings. I hope that your wife and all your dear ones are in excellent health. I send her my

¹ Wenzel Johann Josef Paar (1719-1792), created Prince in 1769. His son Wenzel (1744-1812) was a friend and patron of Mozart during his last ten years in Vienna.

² The Seven Years' War (1756-1763).

³ The Archbishop of Salzburg.

⁴ Probably Ignaz Josef Spaur, Bishop of Brixen and member of the Salzburg Cathedral Chapter.

⁵ Abbé Joseph Bullinger, tutor to the family of Count Arco and a lifelong friend of the Mozart family.

greetings. Do you know whom our Estlinger¹ came across? The innkeeper at Hellbrunn.² He had a long talk with him. But more important still, do you know where I am living? In the Hierberggasse, not far from the Hohe Brücke, on the first floor of the carpenter's house. The room is a thousand feet long and one foot wide. You laugh? But it is no laughing matter for us when we tread on one another's corns. Still less is it a laughing matter when my boy throws me and the girl throws my wife out of our wretched beds or when they dig us in our ribs, as they do every night. Each of our beds is, I reckon, four and a half feet wide; and this amazingly palatial dwelling is divided by a partition into two parts for each of these large beds. But let us be patient! We are in Vienna. My wife would like to have her lined fur. But we think it would cost too much to send it by the mail coach and it might get spoilt in transit. It is in the chest in the little room. But, as I intend to have a new one made for her in Salzburg for the days of the festival, it would be better to buy something for her here, where there is plenty of choice. Would you like to know what Woferl's costume³ is like? It is of the finest cloth, lilac in colour. The waistcoat is of moiré, but of the same shade as the coat, and both coat and waistcoat are trimmed with wide double gold braiding. It was made for the Archduke Maximilian.⁴ Nannerl's⁵ dress was the court dress of an Archduchess and is of white broché taffeta with all kinds of trimmings. It is a pity that we shall only be able to make a petticoat

¹ A music copyist in Salzburg.

² Schloss Hellbrunn, three miles to the south of Salzburg, was formerly the summer residence of the Archbishops.

³ Mozart was painted in this costume in 1762. The oil painting, in life size, by an unknown artist, is now in the Mozart Museum, Salzburg. Archduke Maximilian (1756-1801) was the same age as Mozart. See illustration no. 3.

⁴ Cp. p. 8, n. 5.

⁵ Pet name for Maria Anna, Mozart's only sister, born July 30th, 1751. She too was painted in her costume. See illustration no. 4.

out of it. But it has a little bodice too. My paper is at an end and there is no more time. Give my greetings to everyone in Salzburg.

(4) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, October 30th, 1762

I was beginning to think that for fourteen days in succession we were far too happy. God has sent us a small cross and we must thank His infinite goodness that things have turned out as they have. At seven o'clock in the evening of the 21st we again went to the Empress. Our Woferl, however, was not quite as well as usual and before we drove there and also as he was going to bed, he complained a good deal of his backside and his hips. When he got into bed, I examined the places where he said he had pain and found a few spots as large as a kreutzer, very red and slightly raised and painful to the touch. But they were only on his shins, on both elbows and a few on his posterior; altogether there were very few. He was feverish and we gave him a black powder¹ and a margrave powder;² but he had a rather restless night. On Friday we repeated the powders both morning and evening and we found that the spots had spread: but, although they were larger, they had not increased in number. We had to send messages to all the nobles, where we had engagements for the next eight days, and refuse for one day after another. We continued to give margrave powders and on Sunday Woferl began to perspire, as we wanted him to, for hitherto his fever had been more or less dry. I met the physician of Countess von Zinzendorf

¹ *Pulvis epilepticus niger*, a common remedy at that time against all kinds of disorders.

² A remedy discovered by the German chemist Andreas Sigismund Marggraf (1709-1782).

(who happened to be away from Vienna) and gave him particulars. He at once came back with me and approved of what we had done. He said it was a kind of scarlet fever rash.

Thank God he is now so well that we hope that if not to-morrow, his name-day,¹ at least on the day after to-morrow he will get up for the first time. Also he has just cut a back tooth, which has made his left cheek swell. The nobles not only enquired most graciously every day about the condition of our boy, but talked about him a great deal to our physician; so that Dr. Bernhard (that is his name) could hardly be more attentive than he is. Meanwhile, this affair has cost me fifty ducats at least. But I am infinitely grateful to God that it has turned out so well. These scarlet fever spots, which are a fashionable complaint for children in Vienna, are dangerous and I hope that Woferl has now become acclimatised. For the change of air was the main cause of the trouble. Please give my most obedient respects to your wife and tell her that I must worry her again and ask her to be so kind as to arrange for three masses to be read in Loreto² at the Holy Child and three masses in Bergl³ at S. Francesco di Paola.⁴ I shall repay everything with thanks.

I beg you to use every effort to ascertain what His Grace will do eventually and what hopes I may entertain of the post of Vice-Kapellmeister.⁵ I know I am not asking in vain, since you are my friend. Who knows what I may do! If only I knew what the future will finally bring.

¹ October 31st.

² Convent and church of St. Clara at Salzburg, founded in 1629.

³ Pilgrimage church near Salzburg.

⁴ St. Francis of Paola (1416-1508), Calabrian hermit and the founder of the Minims.

⁵ Leopold Mozart was at this time second violinist and court composer in the Archbishop's service. G. F. Lolli had just been promoted to the post of Kapellmeister in place of J. E. Eberlin who had died in June 1762. In February 1763 Leopold Mozart was appointed Vice-Kapellmeister.

For one thing is certain: I am now in circumstances which allow me to earn my living in Vienna also.

However I still prefer Salzburg to all other advantages. But I must not be kept back. Once more I beg you. For otherwise I may let others persuade me to do I myself know not what.

(5) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *November 6th*, 1762

I have received safely all your kind letters, and I realise fully how much I owe to your active exertions! But I know what your friendship means. You were born to render kind services to your fellow-creatures and to prove that you are a really true friend. From my last letter you will have gathered in what danger my Woferl was and in what anxiety I was on his account. Thank God, all is well again! Yesterday we rewarded our good Dr. Bernhard with a concert. He invited a number of friends to his house and sent his carriage for us. On the 4th, the festival of St. Charles, I took Woferl for the first time for a drive to the Karlskirche¹ and the Josefstadt.² It was a most beautiful day. Since our arrival here we have hardly had three or four such days. Tell me, have you too had such dreadful rain in Salzburg? Here it has already begun to snow and to-day we are having real April weather. My wife and I send our greetings to your wife and thank her for all she has done. My wife will soon

¹ After the Stefanskirche, the most important church in Vienna. It was dedicated by Emperor Charles VI to St. Charles Borromeo after the cessation of the plague in 1713 and was completed in 1737. In the 18th century it stood in the open fields of the Wiental.

² A district of Vienna, then outside the town.

reply to her letter; and little Woferl sends most dutiful thanks for the kind remembrance of his name-day. He would have been happier, it is true, if he had not been obliged to spend it in bed, though he was better. Some of the nobles sent their congratulations and enquiries after his health; but that was all. We had enquiries from Count Ferdinand Harrach, Count Palffy, the French Ambassador, Countess Kinsky, Baron Pechmann, Baron Kurz and Countess Paar.¹ If he had not been at home for almost a fortnight, he would have come in for some presents. Well, well! Now we must see that things begin to move again. Until this trouble started, everything was going swimmingly.

If you would be so excessively kind as to go to Lauffen,² it is high time to do so. For usually His Excellency Count Spaur leaves Salzburg again on November 14th, that is, the day after the Paris Anniversary.³ If a decision is not reached now,⁴ through the intervention of His Excellency and the efforts of our Father Confessor,⁵ it never will be. I shall then be obliged sooner or later to alter my plan. I already have addresses in Holland and France. But I shall tell you more when we meet.

Will you also be so kind and friendly as to make emphatic representations to His Excellency Count Spaur? I have written to him and to our Father Confessor, and furthermore to His Excellency the Chief Steward⁶ about

¹ Antonia, née Countess Esterhazy (1719-1771), wife of the Chief Postmaster.

² A small village, three miles from the famous health resort, Bad Ischl. The Archbishops of Salzburg often went there.

³ November 13th was the anniversary of the election to the Archbishopric of Salzburg of Count Paris Lodron, who reigned from 1619 until 1653. He was one of the most famous ecclesiastical rulers of Salzburg. See H. Widmann: *Geschichte Salzburgs*, Gotha, 1914, vol. iii. p. 273 ff.

⁴ Leopold Mozart again expresses his anxiety to obtain the post of Vice-Kapellmeister. Cp. p. 13.

⁵ Abbé Bullinger. Cp. p. 10, n. 5.

⁶ Count von Firmian.

permission to remain in Vienna until Advent. Perhaps if you find an opportunity, for instance, after ten o'clock mass in the Cathedral, you might just speak to him, though it would be even better if you could go and see him. You may also tell him quite plainly about the post of Vice-Kapellmeister, for he is very partial to me. You have no idea how advantageous it would be to me if I were to obtain this post while I am still here.

When I arrived in Vienna I found myself generally regarded as the Kapellmeister of Salzburg. Indeed when the Emperor himself wanted to take me in to hear the Infanta play the violin, he came out and called: "*Where is the Kapellmeister of Salzburg?*"

Latterly, I have not added the title on purpose, for people might think it an invention.¹ Almost every day occasions arise when I am obliged to contradict such statements, for far from me be all lies and bragging. Now you understand me. I trust to your friendship.

(6) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[From the catalogue of Leo Liepmannssohn, Berlin]

VIENNA, November 10th, 1762

The enclosed poem² was handed to me by Count Collalto at the concert given yesterday by the Marquise von Pacheco. A certain Puffendorf wrote the lines while listening to my boy.

Master Woferl thanks you for your very kind remembrance of his name-day which he had to spend in Vienna and which gave him little pleasure.

We shall bring back plenty of new concertos. Ten have already been copied.

¹ Possibly this rather obscure statement is an allusion to the form of address of letters directed to Leopold Mozart as "maître de chapelle de S.A.R. l'archevêque de Salzbourg".

² This short poem is quoted by Nissen, p. 27, and Abert, vol. ii. p. 928.



JOHANN LORENZ HAGENAUER

From a portrait by an unknown artist
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

(7) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, November 24th, 1762

I have received your last letter. I would have done what you and the good friends we know of advised me, if I could have made up my mind immediately. And at last I have decided to do this on the next post-day. The causes which threw me into a certain sad state of indecision I shall tell you about later, but will it not by then be superfluous? Well, if this too fails, then I must hit on some other plan. And now for ourselves. Thank God, we are well, but we must wait patiently until we can direct our enterprise into its old successful path. For in Vienna the nobility are afraid of pockmarks and all kinds of rash. So my boy's illness has meant a set-back of about four weeks. For although since his recovery we have taken in twenty-one ducats, this is a mere trifle, seeing that we only just manage every day on one ducat, and that daily there are additional expenses. Apart from this we are in very good trim. The lady-in-waiting, Countess Theresa von Lodron, recently conferred a great honour upon us. She gave us a box at the play (which is very difficult to get) and gave my Woferl shoe-buckles, which have little gold plates and look just like solid gold. On St. Elizabeth's day¹ we saw the gala table; and quite exceptional honours and kindnesses were bestowed on us there by the nobility. Suffice it to say that Her Majesty the Empress called out to me from the table and asked me whether my boy was now quite well. A description of St. Cecilia's Festival² I shall postpone until we meet. Indeed we shall need to have many long talks before we have discussed everything. On St. Cecilia's day we

¹ November 19th.² November 22nd.

lunched with the Imperial Kapellmeister, von Reutter.¹ When we get home, I shall recite the menu to Frau Hagenauer. Yesterday we lunched with Herr von Wahlau and in the evening Dr. Bernhard took us to a box at the opera. And thus, God willing, one day after another passes. We have standing invitations to Herr Reutter and Herr von Wahlau. But my children's health might suffer. Moreover carriages cost me a good deal, for we usually take two, three and sometimes even four a day; and if we use the nobles' carriages, the tips for the coachman and the lacquey amount to as much. When shall we be home again? By Christmas or the New Year? I wish you and your wife and all your family much good fortune.

(8) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract] [*Autograph in the possession of Dr. Ludwig Schiedermair, Bonn*]

VIENNA, December 10th, 1762²

On the 4th I wrote to His Grace and also to our Father Confessor and both letters were composed in the way my best friends suggested. I added too a lengthy apology for not being able to return to Salzburg at the prescribed time. To put it shortly, I cannot get home before Christmas or the New Year. The reasons I shall have to explain to you later when we meet. When you read this letter you will be reminded of our Court Sculptor.³ But perhaps you

¹ Johann Adam Karl Georg Reutter (1708–1772) was Court and Cathedral Kapellmeister in Vienna, and a prolific composer. He was ennobled by Maria Theresa in 1740, and is best remembered for his connection with Haydn in the latter's early days.

² Schiedermair (*Die Briefe Mozarts*, vol. iv. p. 394) suggests that this letter and the following one were written with a view to their being read out in Salzburg.

³ Johann Baptist Hagenauer (1732–1810) was a distant relative of Lorenz Hagenauer, who helped him to pursue his art studies in Italy. In 1764 he was appointed Court Sculptor and Inspector of Galleries to the Archbishop

have long ago come to the conclusion that *everyone who comes to Vienna, is bewitched and has to stay*. So it has almost been with us. But my reasons will solve the riddle for you.

It is a good thing that we are not at home just now. We are trying to avoid smallpox; and it might find its way up to us.¹ Now you know the reason why we do not want to go home. I trust that all will turn out well.

Returning from Herr von Wahrlau I have this moment received your letter of the 7th. I had really decided to leave at once and to reach Salzburg by the Feast of St. Thomas.² But when I saw Herr von Wahrlau and told him about it, I left the matter for him to decide and he thereupon took the whole thing into his hands. He went so far as to assure me that His Grace would certainly grant an extension of a fortnight or three weeks, in order that I may fulfil the request of the Hungarian nobility. For you must know that for the last three weeks we have been worried to death with invitations to go to Pressburg³ after the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.⁴ And these became the more pressing when we met the greatest nobles of Hungary at the public banquet on the Emperor's birthday.⁵ So to-morrow we are off to Pressburg. But I have not the slightest intention of staying there for more than a week. Herr von Wahrlau who has taken the matter upon himself is writing in person to our Court about it. Otherwise I should have left immediately. For I really do not know whether I shall gain so very

of Salzburg. After the accession of Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo in 1772 Hagenauer settled in Vienna, where he carried out certain commissions for the Emperor and eventually became Professor of Sculpture.

¹ Apparently the Hagenauer family had caught smallpox. See p. 3, n. 1.

² December 21st.

³ Since 896 Pressburg (Pozsony) had belonged to Hungary, and was its capital from 1536 to 1784. In 1918 it passed to Czechoslovakia, and is now the chief Danubian port (Bratislava) of that country.

⁴ December 8th.

⁵ December 8th.

much in Pressburg. Meanwhile give my worthy and holy Father Confessor my most humble greetings and tell him that if by staying away I were to lose the favour of His Grace, I should be ready on the instant to leave by mail coach for Salzburg. At the moment there are still many things which might keep us here at least another month. For just think, Count Durazzo, who is Director of Music at this court, has not yet been able to arrange for us to play at his "accademia" or public concert. If we agreed to do so, we could stay on until Lent and Easter and draw a nice sum every week. You will say that Vienna makes a fool of everyone. And indeed, when in certain respects I compare Salzburg with Vienna, I soon become bewildered. Well, if God keeps us in good health, I hope to wish you a happy New Year from my carriage. Meanwhile I wish a speedy recovery to Miss Ursula and Miss Francesca¹ and much patience to you and especially to your wife.

I am your honest friend

MOZART

(9) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the possession of Dr. Ludwig Schiedermair, Bonn*]

VIENNA, December 29th, 1762

Homo proponit, Deus disponit. On the 20th I intended to leave Pressburg and on the 26th to take our departure from Vienna in order to reach Salzburg on New Year's Eve. But on the 19th I had unusually bad toothache. I repeat, *for me unusually bad toothache*; for I had pain in the whole row of the upper front teeth which are perfectly good and otherwise healthy. During the night my whole face swelled up and on the following day I really looked

¹ Lorenz Hagenauer's daughters. See p. 19, n. 1.

like the trumpeting angel; so much so that Lieutenant Winckler, the court drummer's brother, who called on us, did not recognise me when he entered the room and thought he had lost his way. In this sad circumstance I had to console myself with the thought that in any case we were held up by the extraordinarily fierce cold weather which had suddenly come; for the pontoon was removed and it was as much as they could do to get the post-bags across the Danube by means of small boats; and the postillion had then to proceed with a field-horse. Hence I had to wait for news that the March¹ (which is not a wide river) was frozen. So on Christmas Eve at half past eight in the morning I said good-bye to Pressburg and, travelling by a special route, reached our lodging in Vienna at half past eight in the evening. That day our journey was not very comfortable, for, though the road was frozen hard, it was indescribably bumpy and full of deep ruts and ridges.

Immediately after our return to Vienna our landlady told me that Countess Leopold Kinsky had daily enquired as to whether we had arrived. I called on her on Christmas Day and she said she had waited most anxiously for our return and had postponed a banquet which she wanted to give for Field-marshal Daun, who would like to make our acquaintance. This banquet she therefore gave on Monday. Now I am most certainly leaving here on Friday morning, and with God's help will reach Linz on Sunday; and on the Vigil of Epiphany, January 5th, 1763, I hope to stand in your room. I now ask you to add the following kindness to those which you have already shown me in such numbers, and that is, to wish our gracious Father Confessor in my name the healthiest and happiest

¹ The river Morava (or March), which now forms the frontier between Austria and Czechoslovakia, flows into the Danube about ten miles below Pressburg.

New Year and to ask him to continue his kind favours towards us. I would have written to him myself if I had not really hesitated to worry him so many times over with my letters. Give my New Year greetings too to Madame Robinig¹ and Fräulein Josepha *in optima forma* and to all our excellent friends, including, of course, yourself, your wife and your whole household. Remember me also to Herr Reifenstuhl² and ask him to allow me to leave my carriage at his house for a few days until I find a place where I can store it. Meanwhile I trust that we shall all find one another in good health on January 5th. I am looking forward most ardently to telling you a host of things and to reminding you

that I am ever your true friend

MOZART

My wife and children send their greetings. If you could get the room heated for a few days, it would be well. Only a little fuel is necessary in the front stove.

[*Written on the cover*]

For the last few days it has been surprisingly cold here; and to-day it is quite extraordinarily so. Her Majesty the Empress has lost another Princess, the Princess Joanna,³ aged thirteen, who, when we were at court, took my Woferl by the hand and led him through her rooms.

¹ Widow of a wealthy mine-owner in the Salzburg district. The Robinig family were very friendly with the Mozarts.

² A Salzburg merchant, who kept a shop in the Getreidegasse.

³ Princess Joanna, who died of typhus in December 1762, was Maria Theresa's eleventh child. She had already lost an infant daughter.

The third journey, the European tour, of Leopold Mozart and his wife and two children lasted from June 9th, 1763, to November 30th, 1766. The family visited the chief towns of Southern Germany and the Rhineland, remained a few weeks in Brussels, spent the first winter in Paris, almost a year and a half in London, the winter 1765-66 in Holland, and returned to Salzburg by way of Brussels, Paris, Geneva, Berne and Munich. The children performed at every court and frequently gave concerts. In Paris and London Mozart met and studied the works of those composers who for a considerable time influenced his own style of writing, i.e. Schobert and Eckardt in Paris and Johann Christian Bach in London. During the winter 1763-64 he wrote his first sonatas for the clavier and during the following summer, which his family spent in Chelsea, his first symphonies. The Mozarts' long tour is described very fully in letters from Leopold Mozart to his landlord, Lorenz Hagenauer. Letters 10-46.

(10) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MONSIEUR,

WASSERBURG,¹ June 11th, 1763

That was a snail's journey.² But it was not our fault. Two hours outside Wasserburg a back wheel broke in pieces and there we were stranded. Fortunately the weather was fine and bright, and still more fortunately there was a mill near us. The people came to our aid with a wheel which was too small and yet too long in the hub. We had to be thankful to have even that, although it meant hewing down a small tree to bind in front of the wheel, so that it should not run away. We broke up the smashed wheel in order to take away the iron with us, though we had to tie on the hoop under the carriage-box to do so. These are only the chief circumstances which kept us for an hour on the open road. The remainder of the distance Sebastian³ and I covered with God's help *per pedes apostolorum*, so that our heavy bodies should not cause the wounded carriage any fresh casualty. Thus, while we might have reached Wasserburg at ten o'clock, we had to content ourselves with getting there at a quarter past twelve. The cartwright and the smith were forthwith summoned to produce a new wheel and it became necessary to feel the pulse of the other wheel as well. The *vota unanima* of the *consilium* were to the effect that this wheel too was in an extremely dangerous condition

¹ A small town in Bavaria, situated on the Inn. The Mozarts stayed at the inn "Zum goldnen Stern".

² The Mozart family, Leopold Mozart and his wife, Nannerl and Wolfgang, had left Salzburg on June 9th.

³ Sebastian Winter, the Mozarts' man-servant.

and might collapse at a sudden jar. I was all the more ready to believe that it would, as the carriage doctors, even Dr. Niderl¹ himself, had foretold this the day before our departure.

We were told that the carriage would be restored to health early this morning, that is, in twenty-four hours. But the devil take it! Then we hoped to get away after lunch. In vain! The cartwright chopped and sawed, the smith singed and burnt and hammered hard. The latter would have set the patient on his legs again at once and made him walk, if the former could have handed him over more quickly. What were we to do now? We could only, most reluctantly, be patient! And we still have to do so, as I write. For the business will hardly be finished before this evening, so that we shall have to settle down here for another night. The most important side of the matter is the expense, as at least the honour of feeding the horses and the driver falls to me. Yet by Heaven it is better to lose ten wheels than a foot or a few fingers. We are well, thank God, as we hope that you both are and your whole household and all my good friends, to whom I send greetings.

Our hired driver would be glad if you would tell his people that he hopes to reach home next Tuesday evening; for to-morrow, God willing, we look forward to being in Munich. Hence he will probably ride home with the post-horses in two days. The latest news is that in order to amuse ourselves we went to the organ and I explained to Woferl the use of the pedal. Whereupon he tried it *stante pede*, shoved the stool away and played standing at the organ, at the same time working the pedal, and doing it all as if he had been practising it for several months. Everyone was amazed. Indeed this is a fresh act of God's grace, which many a one only

¹ A Salzburg doctor and a friend of the Mozarts.

receives after much labour. We send our greetings and
I am

your most devoted

MOZART

(II) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MUNICH, June 21st, 1763

We are now in Munich. We arrived on Sunday evening, June 12th. Monday was a gala-day on account of the Feast of St. Antony¹ and we drove to Nymphenburg.² Prince von Zweibrücken, whose acquaintance we had made in Vienna, saw us from the castle as we were walking in the garden, recognised us and beckoned to us from the window. We went up to him and, after talking to us for some time, he asked whether the Elector³ knew that we were here. We said, No. Whereupon he immediately sent off to the Elector a courtier who was standing beside him to ask whether he would not like to hear the children? Meanwhile we were to walk in the garden and wait for the reply. Soon afterwards a footman arrived with a message bidding us appear at the concert at eight o'clock. It was then four o'clock. So we walked through the garden and visited Badenburg,⁴ but were obliged by sudden rain and thunder to take shelter. To be brief, Woferl was a great success. We did not get home until a quarter past eleven, when we had some supper first and then got to bed late. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings we were invited to visit Duke Clemens.⁵ On Thursday we

¹ St. Antony of Padua, June 13th.

² A suburb of Munich, with which it was incorporated in 1900, famous for its palace erected by Elector Ferdinand Maria (1663-1676), and its park.

³ Maximilian III, Elector of Bavaria. He had a marked talent for music, composed church music and was a fine performer on the violoncello. The Mozarts had already performed before him in January 1762.

⁴ The Elector's bath-house, built 1718-1721.

⁵ i.e. of Bavaria.

stayed at home in the evening on account of heavy rain. Now the question is how we are to get on, seeing that here the charming custom is to keep people waiting for presents for a long time, so that one has to be contented if one makes what one spends. Tomasini¹ has been here for three weeks and has only just been paid. Tell Wenzel² he can imagine how overjoyed we both were to meet here unexpectedly. He recognised me first, for he has grown tall, strong and handsome. He displayed sincere gratitude for the old friendship which I had shown him in Salzburg and this touched me and proved to me that he has a good heart. He too is going on to Stuttgart³ and Mannheim and thence back to Vienna. The Elector lunched in town on the 18th and we were at table with him. He and his sister and Prince von Zweibrücken talked to us during the whole meal. I got my boy to say that we were leaving the following day. The Elector said twice that he was sorry not to have heard my little girl. For when we were at Nymphenburg the time was too short, since the boy alone took up most of it with extemporising and with playing a concerto for violin and clavier.⁴ Two ladies sang and then the concert was over. So when the Elector said a second time: *I should have liked to hear her*, I could not but say *that it would not matter if we stayed on a few days longer*. So all that we can do is to drive over on Wednesday as quickly as possible to Augsburg. For yesterday there was hunting and to-day there is a French play, so that Nannerl cannot perform until to-morrow. I may thank God if I

¹ Luigi Tomasini (1741-1808), born in Pesaro, a famous violinist. He became Konzertmeister to Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy, a patron of Joseph Haydn, who wrote many of his quartets for Tomasini.

² Wenzel Hebelt, a Salzburg violinist who studied composition under Leopold Mozart.

³ Leopold Mozart intended to visit Stuttgart, but had to abandon this plan. Cp. p. 31.

⁴ The word "clavier" is used when it is not certain what particular form of keyboard instrument is referred to.

am paid on Tuesday. The Duke will not detain me; but he is waiting to see what the Elector is going to give me. Tomasini has reason to be dissatisfied with the Elector. He performed twice, had to wait for a long time and finally received eight max d'or. The Duke himself gave him a beautiful gold watch. Basta! I shall be glad if I receive what I have had to spend here and shall probably require for the journey to Augsburg. I can hardly wait for the hour to get away from Munich. I have no complaint to make about the Elector. He is most gracious and he said to me yesterday: "Why, we are old acquaintances. We met nineteen years ago." But the apostles only think of themselves and their purses. We lunched recently with Herr König, the Hamburg merchant, who was at our house in Salzburg. He too is lodging at Störzer's in the front part of the house, while we are two flights up in the new building. There I met a certain Johann Georg Wahler of Frankfurt, who lunched with us and gave me his address. He lives in the Römerberg¹ and is going to find private rooms for us in Frankfurt. On the same occasion we met two Saxon councillors, De Bose and Hopfgarten, both most agreeable people. And all these persons we shall meet again, God willing, in Stuttgart or Mannheim, for they are travelling by the same route as we are.²

As I write a bit of this letter every day, it will be finished eventually. We leave to-morrow, June 22nd. Farewell. I remain

your sincere friend

LEOPOLD MOZART

P.S.—We have now been paid and have received a

¹ The centre of the old town, the market-place in front of the famous Römer, formerly the town hall of Frankfurt.

² According to Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen* the Mozarts met Baron de Bose and Baron Hopfgarten again in Augsburg, Ludwigsburg and Paris. See p. 61 f.

hundred gulden from the Elector and seventy-five gulden from the Duke. But what our bill at the inn will be, we shall have the honour of hearing to-morrow. Herr Störzer has the reputation of giving good service, but also of writing letters and doing sums. Patience! Nannerl played before the Elector and the Duke and was warmly applauded. When we took our leave, both invited us to come again. Prince von Zweibrücken is to announce our arrival in Mannheim. He will soon be there. And Duke Clemens has provided us with a letter of recommendation to the Elector of the Palatinate.¹ Tell our friends that we are very well.

(12) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

LUDWIGSBURG,² July 11th, 1763

I was kept in Augsburg for a long time³ and gained little or nothing. For our takings had to be spent, as everything was uncommonly dear, although the landlord of the "Drei Mohren", Herr Linay, the most charming man in the world, did me very well, as Herr Weiser will testify. The people who came to the concerts were almost

¹ Karl Theodor (1742-1799), who endeavoured at his court in Mannheim and Schwetzingen to imitate the manners and customs of the court of Louis XV at Versailles.

² The residence, with Stuttgart, of Duke Karl Eugen of Wurtemberg, who founded the Karlsschule, the famous military academy, where Schiller as a pupil wrote his play *Die Räuber*. The Mozarts stayed at the inn "Zum goldenen Waldhorn".

³ Fifteen days. Augsburg was Leopold Mozart's native town and his two younger brothers, both bookbinders, were living there. The children gave three concerts, June 28th and 30th and July 4th, a report of which in the Salzburg *Europäische Zeitung* of July 19th, 1763, is quoted by Nissen, p. 39, and Abert, vol. i. p. 43. They also met J. A. Stein, the organ builder and improver of the pianoforte, from whom Leopold Mozart bought a portable clavier (p. 39) and whom Mozart met again later (p. 460).

all Lutherans. Apart from Herr Provino, who came all three times with Madame Berinet, and Herr Calligari, who appeared once *par réputation*, the only Catholic business man I saw was Herr Mayr, the master of Lisette Muralt. All the others were Lutherans. We left Augsburg on the 6th and reached Ulm¹ in the evening, where we only stayed for that night and the following morning. We would not have spent the morning there if it had not been that on account of horses we had difficulty in proceeding. And now for a piece of bad luck! When we arrived at the post-stage Plochingen, we heard that the Duke² had suddenly decided to go off on the night of the 10th to his hunting lodge Grafeneck, which is fourteen hours distant. So I quickly decided that, instead of going to Stuttgart, I would go straight to Ludwigsburg via Cannstatt in order to catch him. I arrived there late on the 9th and had just time to see a play at the French theatre. But not until the morning of the 10th was I able to see the Chief Kapellmeister Jommelli³ and the Master of the Hounds, Baron von Pöllnitz, for both of whom I had letters from Count von Wolfegg.⁴ In short, there was nothing to be done. Tomasini, who had been here a fortnight before I arrived, had not managed to get a hearing, and, as everyone tells me, the Duke has the charming habit of making people wait interminably before hearing them and then making them wait as long again before giving them a present. But I regard the whole business as the work of Jommelli, who is doing his best to weed out the Germans at this court and put in Italians only. He has almost

¹ The Mozarts stayed at the inn "Zum goldnen Rad" and visited the Münster and its great organ.

² Karl Eugen of Wurtemberg. The Mozarts were not invited to perform before him.

³ Niccolò Jommelli (1714-1774) of Naples, a conspicuous representative of the Neapolitan School of operatic composers. From 1753 to 1768 he was Hofkapellmeister in Stuttgart.

⁴ Count Anton Willibald Wolfegg, canon of the Salzburg Cathedral.

succeeded too, and will succeed completely, for, apart from his yearly income of four thousand gulden, his allowances for four horses, wood and light, a house in Stuttgart and another one in Ludwigsburg, he enjoys to the full the favour of the Duke; and his wife is promised a pension of two thousand gulden after his death.¹ What do you think of that for a Kapellmeister's post? Furthermore, he has unlimited control over his orchestra and that explains its excellence. Indeed you can judge how partial Jommelli is to his country from the fact that he and some of his compatriots, who are ever swarming at his house to pay him their respects, were heard to say that it was amazing and hardly believable that a child of German birth could have such unusual genius and so much understanding and passion. *Ridete, amici!* Well, I must get on. My prospects now seem all the worse, as the Duke has seized all the horses from the post and the hired coachmen. So I am forced to spend another day here. At the moment I am writing with constant interruptions, as I am endeavouring to beat up some horses and have sent messengers into every nook and corner of Ludwigsburg to find them. So you see that hitherto all I have gained is to have seen lands and towns and various people.

Ludwigsburg is a very queer place. It is a town. Yet more than hedges and garden-trellises the soldiers form the walls of this town. When you spit, you spit into an officer's pocket or into a soldier's cartridge-box. In the streets you hear nothing but perpetual: "*Halt! Quick march! Right, Left*", etc., and you see nothing but arms, drums and war material. At the entrance to the castle there are two grenadiers and two mounted dragoons, with grenadier caps on their heads and cuirasses on their

¹ Schurig, vol. i. p. 124, note, quotes from the relevant document the conditions of Jommelli's appointment, and shows that Leopold Mozart's statement is exaggerated.



MOZART IN GALA COSTUME (1762)

From a portrait by an unknown artist
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

breasts, naked swords in their hands and overhead a fine large tin roof, instead of a sentry-box. In a word it would be impossible to find greater accuracy in drilling or a finer body of men. You see only men of the grenadier type, and every sergeant-major draws forty gulden a month. You will laugh; and really it is laughable. As I stood at the window, I thought I was looking at soldiers about to take their parts in some play or opera. Just picture them to yourself. They are all exactly alike and every day their hair is done, not in ringlets but just as any *petit-mâitre* does his own—in innumerable curls combed back and powdered snow-white, with the beard greased coal-black. I shall write more from Mannheim. Now I must close. When you write, write to Mannheim and direct that the letter is to remain at the post till I fetch it. I received the music in Augsburg. If I were to write everything, I should have much more to say. But I must tell you that Wurtemberg is a very beautiful district. From Geislingen to Ludwigsburg you will see nothing to left or right but water, woods, fields, meadows, gardens and vineyards, and all these at once and mingled in the most charming fashion. Give my greetings to everyone in Salzburg and especially to our Father Confessor and Madame von Robinig and her family. Complimenti sopra complimenti. Addio!

I am your old

MOZART

My wife takes the greatest pleasure in the countryside in Wurtemberg.

[*Written on the cover*]

Tell Herr Wenzel that I have heard a certain Nardini¹ and that it would be impossible to hear a finer player for

¹ Pietro Nardini (1722–1793) of Tuscany, eminent violinist and composer, pupil of Tartini. Jommelli brought him in 1753 as solo violinist to the ducal

beauty, purity, evenness of tone and singing quality. But he plays rather lightly.

Herr Wodiska is still in service at Stuttgart but has not a good name on account of his childish behaviour. In Augsburg the choir master of St. Moritz, Herr Schuch, showed me a letter from Herr Meisner,¹ in which he signed himself Capellae Magister. I explained to him that he was "magister" in singing, in order to excuse his childishness.²

(13) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MONSIEUR!

SCHWETZINGEN,³ July 19th, 1763

As I was writing from Ludwigsburg, I did not dare to add that the soldiering there is driven to excess. For, in truth, twelve to fifteen thousand soldiers, who strut about every day dressed up to the nines, who can hardly walk on account of their tight gaiters and breeches made of the finest linen, all exactly alike, are too few to be taken seriously and too expensive to be joked about; consequently they are far too many. On the 12th at eight in the morning we at last got the coach-horses which had been promised us for four o'clock and, driving through Enzweihingen (entirely Lutheran and a wretched spot), we reached Bruchsal in the evening. On that day's

court at Stuttgart, where he remained until 1768. In March 1770 he played with Mozart in Florence. Cp. p. 184. Leopold Mozart in his *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 22, mentions Nardini among the people he met in Augsburg.

¹ Joseph Meisner, a bass singer, composer and teacher of singing in Salzburg.

² At that time Giuseppe Francesco Lolli of Bologna was the Kapellmeister in Salzburg.

³ About nine miles from Mannheim and the summer residence of the Electors. The Schloss was built by Elector Karl Ludwig in 1656 and the gardens laid out in 1753 by Elector Karl Theodor. The Mozarts arrived on July 13th and stayed at the inn "Zum roten Haus".

journey we had pleasant views; and much pleasure was afforded us by a good friend, who coming from Augsburg happened to follow us. The Residenz in Bruchsal¹ is worth seeing. The rooms are in the very best taste; there are not many of them, but so noble, indescribably charming and elegant, that nothing pleasanter could be seen. Thence we drove, not to Mannheim, but straight to Schwetzingen, where the court always spends the summer. Apart from the letter of recommendation which I had brought with me from Vienna to the Director of Music, Baron Eberstein, we had already been introduced there by Prince von Zweibrücken; and in addition Prince (sic) Clemens of Bavaria had sent to the "Drei Mohren" in Augsburg a letter of recommendation in his own hand for the Electress at Mannheim. Yesterday a concert, the second only to be held here since May, was arranged specially for us. It lasted from five to nine in the evening. Besides good male and female singers I had the pleasure of hearing an admirable flautist, Wendling² by name. The orchestra is undeniably the best in Germany. It consists altogether of people who are young and of good character, not drunkards, gamblers or dissolute fellows, so that both their behaviour and their playing are admirable.³ My children have set all Schwetzingen talking. The Elector and his consort have shown indescribable pleasure and everyone has been amazed. When we leave here we shall go to Frankfurt, where our address will be: *c/o Johann Georg Wahler, auf dem Römerberg*. And now I hope that you, my valued friend, and your dearest wife and all your dear ones are in excellent health;

¹ An outstanding example of baroque, built 1722-1730.

² Johann Baptist Wendling (1720-1797), an eminent flautist, who frequently played in Paris and London. In 1754 he joined the Mannheim orchestra and in 1778 followed the Elector to Munich.

³ Cp. p. 832 f., where Mozart expresses the same opinion on the Mannheim orchestra in almost the same words.

just as we all are. For, thank God, we have not been ill for a quarter of an hour. When circumstances arise which oblige us to follow certain customs of the country which are very different from our own, we often say: "*Now Frau Hagenauer should see us*". For indeed we see many strange and quite unusual things which we should like you to see too. At present we are staying in places where there are four religions, Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist and Jewish. Save for the court, which accounts for a large number of the inhabitants, Schwetzingen is chiefly Calvinist. It is only a village, but it has three churches, Catholic, Lutheran and Calvinist; and the whole of the Palatinate is like this. Strange to say, since we left Wasserburg, we have not had a holy water stoup in our rooms. For, even though the places are Catholic, such things are not to be found, because many Lutherans pass through, and therefore the rooms are so equipped that all religions can live in them together. In the bedrooms too there are seldom any pictures save a few landscapes or the portrait of some old Emperor; there is hardly ever a crucifix. Fast-dishes one scarcely ever gets and they are very badly prepared, for everyone eats meat; and who knows what they have given us. Basta! It is not our fault. Our landlord here is a Calvinist. It is a good thing that this does not last long. Now I must close, for it is time to go to the French theatre, which could not be improved on, especially for its ballets and music.¹ I hope to find a letter from you in Frankfurt. I wish you good luck and good health and to all, left, right, behind and in front, I send my greetings, especially to our Father Confessor and to Madame Robinig. I am your old

MOZART

¹ For an excellent account of the French theatre and of French influences generally at the court of Karl Theodor up to 1770, see F. Walter, *Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik am Kurpfälzischen Hofe*, Leipzig, 1898.

In the volume of music sent over by Madame Haffner¹ from Nuremberg there are six compositions, œuvres mêlées. Open it and give one of them to Adlgasser² with my compliments.

P.S.—Money arrangements are surprisingly bad. In Bruchsal the Bavarian thaler already fetches only twenty-four kreutzer. The twenty-five groschen piece is twenty-four kreutzer and so on. The ducat is worth no more than five gulden. The Bavarian piece of twelve hardly fetches ten kreutzer, whereas in Augsburg the ducat fetches five gulden and twenty to twenty-four kreutzer. Herr Provino has excelled himself and has given me unasked the finest letters of credit to different places. So that thanks to him and to Herr Calligari I am well supplied with all that is necessary.

(14) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MAINZ, August 3rd, 1763

From Schwetzingen we drove to Heidelberg in order to see the castle and the great tun.³

On the whole Heidelberg is very like Salzburg, that is to say, as to its situation. The fallen-in doors and walls in the castle, which are amazing to see, show the sad fruits of the late French wars.⁴ In the Heiliggeistkirche,⁵

¹ Wife of Johann Ulrich Haffner, musician and music publisher in Nuremberg.

² Anton Cajetan Adlgasser (1728–1777), court and cathedral organist in Salzburg.

³ The monster cask, capable of holding 49,000 gallons of beer, constructed in 1751 under Elector Karl Theodor.

⁴ Begun in 1685, when Louis XIV laid claim to the Palatinate. In 1693 the castle was completely destroyed by Maréchal De Lorge.

⁵ Built at the beginning of the fifteenth century. In 1705 the nave was separated from the choir by a wall in order that the Catholics might worship in the latter and the Protestants in the former.

which is famous in history on account of the struggle between the Catholics and the Calvinists, which led the Electors to transfer their residence to Mannheim,¹ our Wolfgang so astonished everyone by his playing on the organ that by order of the Town Magistrate his name was inscribed with full particulars on the organ as a perpetual remembrance.² After receiving a present of fifteen louis d'or we came on from Schwetzingen through Worms to Mainz.³

In Mannheim a French colonel presented a little ring to Nannerl and a pretty toothpick case to little Wolfgang.

(15) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

FRANKFURT,⁴ August 13th, 1763

The Elector⁵ of Mainz was and still is suffering from a severe fever. People have been very anxious about him, as he has never yet been ill in his life. We lodged at the "König von England" and during our stay gave a concert at the "Römischer König".⁶ Then we left our carriage and some luggage at our lodgings and took the market boat to

¹ In 1720, owing to ecclesiastical differences with the Protestant citizens, Elector Karl Philipp moved his residence from Heidelberg (for five centuries the capital of the Palatinate) to Mannheim.

² The organ was taken later to the Jesuitenkirche and the inscription was removed.

³ The Mozarts spent eight days in Mainz and stayed at the inn "Zum König von England". According to a letter of Leopold Mozart of December 7th, 1780 (p. 1014), they met there the famous violinist Karl Michael Esser, whom Mozart, then aged seven, rebuked for his careless playing. They also met Anna De Amicis, the famous operatic soprano, who ten years later sang in Milan in Mozart's "Lucio Silla".

⁴ The Mozarts arrived at Frankfurt on August 9th and stayed at the inn "Zum goldnen Löwen".

⁵ Joseph Emmerich von Breidtbach.

⁶ The Mozarts gave three concerts in Mainz, which brought in 200 gulden. See p. 598.

Frankfurt. We have been here a few days already. Next Thursday we shall give a concert, I think, and then return to Mainz, for the market boats ply daily between Mainz and Frankfurt.

(16) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

FRANKFURT, *August 20th*, 1763

We gave our concert on the 18th.¹ It went off splendidly. On the 22nd and also on the 25th or 26th we are repeating it.² The Imperial Envoy Count von Pergen and his consort were there and everyone was amazed. God is so gracious that, thanks be to Him, we are well and are admired everywhere. Wolfgang is extraordinarily jolly, but a bit of a scamp as well. And Nannerl no longer suffers by comparison with the boy, for she plays so beautifully that everyone is talking about her and admiring her execution. I bought a charming little clavier from Stein³ in Augsburg, which does us good service for practising on during our travels.

Once since we started upon them, it was in Augsburg, I think, Wolfgang, on waking up in the morning, began to cry. I asked him the reason and he said that he was sorry not to be seeing Herr Hagenauer, Wenzel, Spitzeder, Deibl, Leutgeb, Vogt, Cajetan, Nazerl⁴ and other good friends.

¹ Goethe, aged fourteen, was present at this concert with his father, who noted in his diary "4 gulden, 7 kreutzer pro concerto musicali duorum infantum". In conversation with Eckermann, February 3rd, 1830, Goethe said, "I still remember quite clearly the little fellow with his wig and sword" (Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe*, Leipzig, 1908, ii. p. 178).

² It was repeated too on August 30th. Abert, vol. i. p. 46, quotes the notice of this concert, which describes enthusiastically the feats of Nannerl and Wolfgang.

³ Cp. p. 30, n. 3.

⁴ With the exception of the first, the names enumerated are those of Salzburg musicians, i.e. Wenzel Hebelt (violinist), Spitzeder (tenor), Deibl

In Mainz Nannerl was given as presents an English hat and a galanterie set of bottles (to the value of about four ducats). Here she has been given a snuff-box of vernis martin¹ and a piece of Palatine embroidery, while little Wolfgang has received a porcelain snuff-box.

(17) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

COBLENZ,² September 26th, 1763

Before leaving Mainz I had to give another concert³ to the nobles, after which we came on to Coblenz.

On the 19th and 20th we had the most atrocious rain. The 21st was an Ember Day, on which I did not want to travel. But in order that we should not spend our time to no purpose, the few nobles who are here arranged a concert, which was held on the 21st. It did not bring in much, but it was something, and I had no expenses in connection with it. One of the reasons why I did not leave here immediately on the 19th or 20th was that Wolfgang had catarrh or a chill, which by the evening and the night of the 22nd had turned into a proper cold. So I am obliged to wait for a few days, especially as the weather is so bad. Thus we shall hardly leave before the 25th or 26th, for I must consider the health of my children before everything else. Here I met Baron von Walderdorf and Kopp, a priest who was formerly a steward and is now an Ecclesiastical Commissioner. Baron von Walderdorf and Count von Pergen, Imperial Envoy, took my children by the (oboist), Leutgeb (horn-player), Vogt (viola-player), Anton Cajetan Adlgasser (first cathedral organist), Franz Ignaz Lipp (second cathedral organist).

¹ A brilliant translucent varnish, giving the effect of lacquer. It was exploited, though not invented, in the eighteenth century by four brothers Martin, and had an immense vogue for sedan-chairs, tables, fans, boxes, etc.

² The Mozarts arrived on the 17th in Coblenz, where they spent about ten days. They stayed at the inn "Zu den drei Reichskronen".

³ Cp. p. 38, n. 6.

hand to the Elector¹ and introduced us, so that it is due to them that we were heard immediately on the 18th. We also received at once a present of ten louis d'or.

We are a great deal with the family of Baron Kerpen, who is Electoral Privy Councillor and head of the nobility. He has seven sons and two daughters, nearly all of whom play the clavier and some of whom play the violin and the violoncello and sing. We also receive visits from Baron Hohenfeld. What will you say when I tell you that since we have left Salzburg, we have spent 1068 gulden? But other people have paid for this expenditure. Besides, to keep our health and for the reputation of my court,² we must travel "noblement". Moreover we only associate with the nobility and distinguished personages and receive exceptional courtesies and respect.

(18) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

BRUSSELS,³ October 17th, 1763⁴

In Coblenz we took a private boat and leaving on September 27th at ten in the morning we reached Bonn⁵ that same evening in good time. Thence we travelled by mail coach through Brühl to Cologne, where we arrived early in the evening of the 28th. We spent two days in that great, old town. In the cathedral⁶ there is a very ancient pulpit from which Martin Luther is supposed to have preached.

¹ Johann Philipp von Walderdorf, Elector of Trier.

² i.e. the Archbishop's court in Salzburg.

³ The Mozarts arrived on October 4th in Brussels, where they remained until November 15th. They stayed at the "Hôtel d'Angleterre".

⁴ According to Leopold Mozart's statement, this letter was sealed and despatched on November 4th.

⁵ Nissen, p. 44, adds: "In Bonn the Elector (Maximilian Friedrich) was away".

⁶ In his *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 26, Leopold Mozart mentions "the dirty minster or cathedral".

On September 30th we left Cologne by mail coach, travelling through Aachen. It was the most awful road. Now as Aachen was the most expensive place which I had so far struck during our journey, I had the honour of spending *nolens volens* over seventy-five gulden there. Princess Amalia,¹ sister of the King of Prussia, was there, it is true, but she herself has no money, and her whole equipage and court retinue resembles a physician's suite as closely as one drop of water another. If the kisses which she gave to my children, and to Wolfgang especially, had been all new louis d'or, we should be quite happy; but neither the innkeeper nor the postmaster are paid in kisses. The most ridiculous thing seemed to me that she tried by every means to persuade me to go not to Paris, but to Berlin, and what is more she made to me proposals which I shall not write down here, as nobody would believe them; for I did not believe them myself, especially the particular one which she made to me.

From Aachen we drove on October 2nd to Liège, where we only arrived at nine in the evening. We left early next morning—at about half past seven. It was the most lovely day. From Liège to Paris—just think of the amazing distance!—the post road is paved like the streets of a town and planted on either side with trees like a garden walk. We spent the night in Tirlemont. On the following day we reached Louvain early and spent the morning there in order to see the town a little. The principal church was the first building we visited. Here the valuable paintings of the famous Netherland painters begin. I stood transfixed before a "Last Supper".² On October 4th we reached Brussels early in the evening. We are staying at the "Hôtel D'Angleterre". Quantities of white and black marble and brass and the paintings of the most famous

¹ Princess Amalia (1723-1787) was a lover and connoisseur of music.

² A famous triptych (c. 1464) by Dierick Bouts in the Église Saint-Pierre.

artists are to be found here in the churches in great numbers. Day and night I have before my eyes that picture by Rubens, in the big church, in which Christ in the presence of the other apostles hands the keys to Peter. The figures are life-size. In Prince Karl's ¹ rooms I found not only beautiful Dutch tapestries and paintings, but also a room with original Chinese statues, porcelain, figures and various rare pieces; above all there was a room filled with an indescribable quantity of all kinds of natural history specimens. I have seen many such collections; but it would be difficult to find such a quantity and so many species.

Prince Karl's present recreations are to lacquer, paint, varnish, eat, drink and laugh heartily, so that he can be heard three or four rooms away. The rules of the church are still taken fairly seriously here. You can see at once that this is a country which belongs to Her Majesty the Empress. But rosaries are not usual and in the churches you never see anybody praying with one. They all pray out of books and at the elevation of the host they never strike their breasts.² In all the churches no chairs are to be seen, but seats can be hired for a liard, in our coinage two pfennigs.

For you alone.

BRUSSELS, November 4th, 1763

We have now been kept in Brussels for nearly three weeks.³ Prince Karl has spoken to me himself and has said that he will hear my children in a few days; and yet nothing has happened. Yes, it looks as if nothing will come of it, for the Prince spends his time hunting, eating and drinking, and in the end it appears that he has no

¹ Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother of Emperor Francis I and Governor of the Austrian Netherlands. He died in 1780.

² Refers to the practice which still prevails in certain Catholic countries of the faithful striking their breasts at the elevation of the host.

³ Leopold Mozart surely means "five weeks", as the Mozarts arrived on October 4th.

money. Meanwhile in decency I have neither been able to leave nor to give a concert, since, as the Prince himself has said, I must await his decision. You can imagine that I shall have in addition a pretty bill to pay at the hotel; and for the journey to Paris I must have at least two hundred gulden in my pocket.

We have now received here, it is true, various handsome presents, which, however, I do not want to sell.

Little Wolfgang has been given two magnificent swords, one from Count von Frankenberg, Archbishop of Malines, the other from General Count De Ferraris. My little girl has received Dutch lace from the Archbishop, and from other courtiers cloaks, coats and so forth. With snuff-boxes and étuis and such stuff we shall soon be able to rig out a stall. Indeed I hope that next Monday, when a big concert is being held, I shall haul in plenty of fat thalers and louis d'or. But as one must always make oneself safe, I beg you to be so good as to arrange through Herr Haffner or some other person that I receive another letter of credit for Paris.

If Salzburg has been surprised at my children, it will be completely amazed when and if God lets us return home. A propos, have you not yet received the portraits¹ of my children?

(19) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

PARIS, *December 8th*, 1763

After giving a fine concert in Brussels at which Prince Karl was present, we left at nine in the morning on my worthy name-day² with four post-horses, and after taking leave early of many good friends we reached Mons in

¹ Probably the portraits of Mozart and his sister in the costumes presented to them by the Empress Maria Theresa. See p. 11, n. 3 and n. 5.

² November 15th.

the afternoon while it was still daylight. On the second day we arrived just as early in Péronne and on the third in Gournay; on the fourth, November 18th, at half past three in the afternoon, we arrived at the Hôtel of Count van Eyck¹ in Paris. Fortunately we found the Count and the Countess at home. They gave us a most friendly welcome and have provided us with a room in which we are living comfortably and happily. We have the Countess's harpsichord, because she does not need it. It is a good one and like ours has two manuals.

You would like to know perhaps how I like Paris? If I were to tell you this in circumstantial detail, neither the hide of a cow nor that of a rhinoceros would suffice. Buy yourself for forty-five kreutzer Johann Peter Willebrandt's *Historische Berichte und Praktische Anmerkungen auf Reisen* (Frankfurt und Leipzig, 1761). It will amuse you. To-morrow we must go to the Marquise de Villeroi and to the Countess Lillibonne. The mourning for the Infanta² still prevents us from playing at court.

(20) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

VERSAILLES, end of December, 1763³

You may read the enclosed letter, make an extract of it, seal it up and deliver it to our Father Confessor with

¹ Bavarian minister in Paris. His wife was a daughter of Count Georg Anton Felix Arco, Chief Chamberlain in Salzburg. They lived in the Hôtel Beauvais, rue St. Antoine (now rue de François-Miron, no. 68). According to an unpublished passage in his letter from Brussels, Leopold Mozart had taken rooms in the house where Christian von Mechel was living (see p. 47), but the Van Eycks invited the family to stay with them.

² Princess Isabella of Parma, grand-daughter of Louis XV and Joseph II's first wife, had died on November 27th, 1763.

³ The whole letter is written on a cover, which, according to a note on the autograph in Nissen's handwriting, contained a letter reporting on the Mozarts' visit to Versailles, where they stayed from December 24th until January 8th, 1764. No doubt the lost letter was to be given to the Archbishop.

my most humble greetings and New Year wishes; or you may let him do the sealing himself.

Madame de Pompadour¹ is still a handsome woman. She is very like the late Frau Steiner, née Therese Freysauf,² and she has something of the appearance of the Austrian Empress, especially in her eyes. She is extremely haughty and still rules over everything. In Versailles³ living is expensive; and it is very fortunate that at the present time it is almost as warm as in summer, for otherwise we should be hard put to it, as every log of wood costs five sous. Yesterday my boy got a gold snuff-box from Madame la Comtesse de Tessé⁴ and to-day my little girl was given a small, transparent snuff-box, inlaid with gold, from the Princess Carignan, and Wolfgang a pocket writing case in silver, with silver pens with which to write his compositions; it is so small and exquisitely worked that it is impossible to describe it. My children have taken almost everyone by storm. But everywhere the results of the late war are to be seen. It is impossible to write down all that one would like to describe. Wish all my good friends a happy New Year. I should like to write to everybody if I had time and if every letter did not cost twenty or thirty sous. If I had written a longer letter to His Grace, I should certainly have had to pay five livres, for they charge according to the weight and the size or the shape. Did you send me an answer? Perhaps you did and I shall find it at our Hôtel in Paris when we get back. Farewell—à Dieu! Myself, my wife and children send our greetings and wish you, your wife and all your family a happy New Year. Thank God, we

¹ Mlle Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, later Mme le Normant d'Étioles, subsequently Marquise de Pompadour (1721–1764), had been established at Versailles since 1745 as “*maîtresse en titre*”.

² The Freysauf family kept a shop in the Judengasse, Salzburg.

³ At Versailles the Mozarts lodged “*Au Cormier, rue des Bons Enfants*”.

⁴ Lady-in-waiting to Madame la Dauphine. She kept a salon and was famous for her wit. Mozart's second printed work was dedicated to her.

1764 L. MOZART TO FRAU M. T. HAGENAUER L. 22

are all well. You should see Wolfgang in his black suit and French hat.

(21) *Leopold Mozart to Christian von Mechel*¹

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MON AMI!

January 9th, 1764

We arrived back from Versailles yesterday evening at half past eight. I called at your quarters to-day after one o'clock and tried both entrances. To prove this I have written my name on your blackboard. We are hoping to see you soon. Farewell. My children send greetings to you.

MOZART

I even walked to your place, a very wonderful thing for me!

A Monsieur de Mechel,
rue St. Honoré,
chez M. le Noir, notaire,
vis à vis la rue d'Eschelle.

(22) *Leopold Mozart to Frau Maria Theresa
Hagenauer*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Städtisches Museum, Salzburg*]

MADAME!

PARIS, February 1st-3rd, 1764

One must not always write to men but must sometimes remember the fair and pious sex. I really cannot

¹ Christian von Mechel (1737-1817), a native of Basel, lived during the years 1757-1764 in Paris, where he studied copper-engraving under Wille and Delafosse. After a short stay in Italy he returned to Basel, where he founded a famous firm of art dealers.

tell you whether the women in Paris are fair; for they are painted so unnaturally like the dolls of Berchtesgaden¹ that even a naturally beautiful woman on account of this detestable make-up is unbearable to the eyes of an honest German. As for piety, I can assure you that it is not difficult to get to the bottom of the miracles of the French women saints; the greatest of them are performed by those who are neither virgins nor wives nor widows, and they are all performed during their lifetime. Later on we shall speak more fully on this subject. But really it is extremely difficult to distinguish here who is the lady of the house. Everyone lives as he or she likes and, if God is not specially gracious, the French state will suffer the fate of the former Persian Empire.

I received safely your husband's two letters of December 20th and January 19th with the three enclosures. The most important and certainly to you the most pleasant piece of information I can give you is that, thank God, we are all well. And I too always look forward most eagerly to hearing that all of you are in good health. Since my last letter from Versailles² I would assuredly have written to you, only I kept on postponing this in order to await the result of our affair at Versailles and be able to tell you about it. But as everything here, even more so than at other courts, goes at a snail's pace, and since these matters have to be dealt with by the *Menus Plaisirs*,³ one must be patient. If the recognition we receive equals the pleasure which my children have given this court, we ought to do very well. I should like to tell you that it is not the custom here to kiss the hand of royal persons or to disturb them with

¹ A village in Bavaria, near Salzburg, famous for centuries for its painted carvings.

² Letter 20.

³ Term given to certain Royal expenses regulated by a special administration, housed in the *Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs*, which dealt chiefly with the ceremonies, festivals and performances at court.



MARIANNE MOZART IN GALA COSTUME (1762)

From a portrait by an unknown artist
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

a petition or even to speak to them *au passage*, as they call it, that is to say, when they walk to church through the gallery and the royal apartments. Neither is it the custom here to do homage either by an inclination of the head or a genuflection to the King or to members of the Royal Family. On the contrary, one remains erect and immovable, and, standing thus, one just lets the King and his family pass close by. Hence you can well imagine how impressed and amazed these French people, who are so infatuated with their court customs, must have been, when the King's daughters, not only in their apartments but in the public gallery, stopped when they saw my children, came up to them and not only allowed them to kiss their hands, but kissed them innumerable times. And the same thing happened with Madame la Dauphine.¹ But what appeared most extraordinary to these French people was that at the *grand couvert* on the evening of New Year's Day, not only was it necessary to make room for us all to go up to the royal table, but my Wolfgang was graciously privileged to stand beside the Queen² the whole time, to talk constantly to her, entertain her and kiss her hands repeatedly, besides partaking of the dishes which she handed him from the table. The Queen speaks as good German as we do and, as the King knows none, she interpreted to him everything that our gallant Wolfgang said. I stood beside him, and on the other side of the King, where M. le Dauphin and Madame Adélaïde³ were seated, stood my wife and daughter. Now you must know that the King never dines in public, except on Sunday evenings when the whole Royal Family dine together. But not everyone is allowed

¹ Maria Josepha of Saxony, wife of the Dauphin Louis who died in 1765, and mother of Louis XVI.

² Maria Leszczyńska, daughter of the exiled King of Poland, who married Louis XV in 1725.

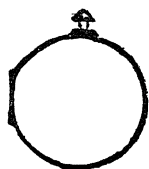
³ Eldest daughter of Louis XV.

to be present. When, however, there is a great festival, such as New Year's Day, Easter, Whitsuntide, the name-days and so forth, the *grand couvert* is held, to which all persons of distinction are admitted. There is not, however, very much room and consequently the hall soon gets filled up. We arrived late. So the Swiss Guards had to make way for us and we were led through the hall into the room close to the royal table, through which the Royal Family enter. As they passed us they spoke to our Wolfgang and we then followed them to table.

You can hardly expect me to describe Versailles to you. I can only tell you that we arrived there on Christmas Eve and attended matins and three masses in the Royal Chapel. We were in the Royal Gallery when the King came from Madame la Dauphine, to whom he had been breaking the news which he had just received of the death of her brother, the Elector of Saxony.¹ I heard good and bad music there. Everything sung by individual voices and supposed to resemble an aria was empty, frozen and wretched—in a word, French; but the choruses are good and even excellent. So every day I have been with my little man to the mass in the Royal Chapel to hear the choir in the motet, which is always performed there. The Royal mass is at one o'clock. But if the King goes hunting, his mass is at ten o'clock and the Queen's mass at half-past twelve. I shall tell you more about all this later. In sixteen days we were obliged to spend about twelve louis d'or in Versailles. Perhaps you think it too much and find it difficult to understand? But in Versailles there is no *carosse de remise* and no *fiacre*, only sedan-chairs. Thus for every drive one has to pay twelve sous. So now you will see that, as on many days, for the weather was always bad, we had to have at least two, if not three, sedan-

¹ Elector Frederick Christian, who died of smallpox, December 7th, 1763.

chairs, they came to one laubthaler and sometimes more. If you now add four new black suits, you will not be surprised if our visit to Versailles has cost us twenty-six or twenty-seven louis d'or. Well, we must see what we shall get from the court in return. Apart from what we hope to receive, we have not taken in at Versailles more than twelve louis d'or. My Master Wolfgang, however, has received from Madame la Comtesse de Tessé *a gold snuff-box* and *a gold watch*, valuable on account of its smallness, the size of which I have traced here. Nannerl has been given an uncommonly beautiful, *heavy toothpick case of solid gold*. From another lady¹ Wolfgang has received a travelling writing case in silver and Nannerl an unusually fine tortoiseshell snuff-box inlaid with gold. Further, the number of our snuff-boxes has been increased by a red one with gold bands, by another in some sort of glass material set in gold, and by a third in vernis martin, inlaid with the most beautiful flowers of coloured gold and various pastoral instruments. In addition we have received a small ring set in gold with an antique head, and a host of trifles which I do not value very highly, such as sword-bands, ribbons and armlets, flowers for caps, fichus for Nannerl and so forth. But I hope after four weeks to have a better story to tell of louis d'or, for it takes longer than to walk to Maxglan² before one is properly known in Paris. And I assure you that it does not require a telescope to see everywhere the evil results of the late war.³ For the French insist on continuing their external magnificence and therefore only the fermiers are rich, while the lords are deep in debt. The



¹ Princesse Carignan. Cp. p. 46.

² A suburb of Salzburg, about half an hour's walk from the town.

³ For French social life at this period see Hippolyte Taine, *L'Ancien Régime*, 1875, *passim*, and J. B. Perkins, *France under Louis XV*, 1897, vol. ii.

bulk of the country's wealth is divided amongst about a hundred persons, a few big banquiers and fermiers généraux; and, finally, most money is spent on Lucretias, who do not stab themselves. All the same you can imagine that remarkably beautiful and precious things are to be seen here, and astonishing follies too. In winter the women wear not only fur-trimmed garments, but also neck ruffles or neckties of fur and instead of flowers even fur in their hair and fur armlets and so forth. But the most ridiculous sight is the type of sword-band, which is in fashion here, bound round and round with fine fur—an excellent idea, for the sword will not catch cold. And in addition to their idiotic "*mode*" in all things, there is their extreme love of comfort, which has caused this nation to turn a deaf ear to the voice of nature. Hence everyone in Paris sends new-born children to be reared in the country. Persons of both high and low rank do this and pay a bagatelle for it. But you see the wretched consequences of this practice. For you will hardly find any other city with so many miserable and mutilated persons. You have only to spend a minute in a church or walk along a few streets to meet some blind or lame or limping or half-putrefied beggar, or to find someone lying on the street who had his hand eaten away as a child by the pigs, or someone else who in childhood fell into the fire and had half an arm burnt off while the foster-father and his family were working in the fields. And there are numbers of such people, whom disgust makes me refrain from looking at when I pass them. Now I am going to jump from the ugly to the charming and moreover to someone who has charmed a king. You surely would like to know what Madame la Marquise de Pompadour is like? She must have been very beautiful, for she is still good-looking. In figure she is tall and stately, stout, or rather well-covered, but very well-proportioned. She is fair and extremely like our

former Therese Freysauf,¹ while her eyes are rather like those of Her Majesty the Empress.² She is extremely dignified and uncommonly intelligent. Her apartments at Versailles are like a paradise and look out on the gardens. In Paris she has a most splendid Hôtel, entirely rebuilt, in the Faubourg St. Honoré. In the room where the clavecin is (which is all gilt and most artistically lacquered and painted) hangs a lifesize portrait of herself and beside it a portrait of the King. Now for another matter! There is a perpetual war here between the Italian and the French music.³ The whole of French music is not worth a sou. But the French are now starting to make drastic changes, for they are beginning to waver very much; and in ten to fifteen years the present French taste, I hope, will have completely disappeared. The Germans are taking the lead in the publication of their compositions. Amongst these Schobert,⁴ Eckardt,⁵ Honnauer⁶ for the clavier, and Hochbrucker⁷ and

¹ A Salzburg acquaintance. Cp. p. 46.

² Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. Cp. p. 46.

³ Rousseau, who sided with the Italians, in his *Confessions*, Book 8, gives a most vivid account of this "war". See also his *Lettre sur la musique française*, published in 1753. Cp. Abert, vol. i. p. 627 ff.

⁴ Johann Schobert (c. 1740-1767), a native of Silesia, settled in Paris in 1760 in the service of the Prince de Conti. He was a famous player on the harpsichord and composed sonatas for clavier with violin accompaniment, of which the first set was published in Paris in 1764. For an excellent account of Schobert and his influence on Mozart, see WSF, vol. i. p. 65 ff.

⁵ Johann Gottfried Eckardt (1735-1809), born in Augsburg. From 1758 he lived in Paris, where as a player on the harpsichord he was a rival to Schobert. He also composed for his instrument and was a painter of miniatures. Eckardt's "Six sonates pour le clavecin" were published in Paris in May 1763. According to WSF, vol. i. p. 41 ff., they influenced Mozart's first two sonatas, K. 6 and 8.

⁶ Leonzi Honnauer (1717-1809), clavecinist to Prince Louis de Rohan, spent most of his life in Paris, where a number of his harpsichord sonatas were published, 1760-1770.

⁷ Christian Hochbrucker, born in Bavaria, was a virtuoso on the harp. In 1760 he settled in Paris, where some of his compositions were published. In 1792 during the Revolution he fled to London.

Mayr¹ for the harp are the favourites. M. Le Grand,² a French clavier-player, has abandoned his own style completely and his sonatas are now in our style. Schobert, Eckardt, Le Grand and Hochbrucker have all brought us their engraved sonatas and presented them to my children. At present four sonatas of M. Wolfgang Mozart are being engraved.³ Picture to yourself the furore which they will make in the world when people read on the title-page that they have been composed by a seven-year-old child; and when the sceptics are challenged to test him, as he already has been, imagine the sensation when he asks someone to write down a minuet or some tune or other and then immediately and without touching the clavier writes in the bass and, if it is wanted, the second violin part.⁴ In due course you will hear how fine these sonatas are; one of them has an Andante⁵ in a quite unusual style. Indeed I can tell you, my dear Frau Hagenauer, that every day God performs fresh miracles through this child. By the time we reach home, God willing, he will be able to contribute to the court music. He frequently accompanies in public concerts. He even, when accompanying, transposes *a prima vista*; and everywhere Italian or French works are put before him, which he plays off at sight. My little girl plays the most difficult works which we have of Schobert and Eckardt and others, Eckardt's

¹ Probably Philipp Jakob Meyer (1737-1819), a native of Strassburg, who was a famous performer on the harp. He settled in London in 1780.

² Le Grand was a popular harpsichord teacher and organist at St. Germain-des-Prés.

³ K. 6, 7, 8, 9, with the title "Sonates pour le clavecin qui peuvent se jouer avec l'accompagnement de violon". K. 6, 7 were dedicated to Madame Victoire, Louis XV's second daughter. K. 8, 9 were dedicated to the Comtesse de Tessé.

⁴ Grimm, *Correspondance Littéraire*, vol. iii. p. 365, has a letter dated Paris, December 1st, 1763, describing the feats of these "vrais prodiges".

⁵ WSF, vol. i. p. 82, suggest that Leopold Mozart is referring to the Adagio of the sonata K. 7, which was probably composed at Versailles.

being the most difficult, with incredible precision, and so excellently that *this mean Schobert* cannot conceal his envy and *jealousy* and is making himself a laughing-stock to Eckardt, who is an honest man, and to many others. Later on I shall tell you many things which would take too long to relate here. Schobert is not at all the man he is said to be. He flatters to one's face and is utterly false. But his religion is the religion in fashion. May God convert him! Now I have a very sad piece of news, something extremely distressing. We are all in great anxiety and very much upset. In a word, Countess Van Eyck is in a most dangerous condition, so much so that without the special grace of God she will hardly live. On Sunday we were with her before lunch, between twelve and one, and she was very cheerful. She had then been indoors for a few days owing to a cold, but that day she had been to church. As always, she talked a great deal to Wolfgang. During the night I heard a carriage enter the courtyard and then some disturbance in the house. In the morning I was told that the Countess had suddenly fallen ill and had coughed up a quantity of blood. Imagine our distress, which is all the greater as I can only look on from a distance and may perhaps never speak to her or even see her again. My children pray and shed tears, as Wolfgang loves the Countess and she loves him to distraction. I am writing this on the evening of February 1st. God grant that to-morrow morning, before I close this letter, I may be able to write more cheerfully. My wife can think of nothing else all day long but the poor Countess and indeed we are deeply concerned.

There is now little room left on this sheet of paper. I must add, however, that the Archbishop of Paris has been cast out into the wilderness or, to put it mildly, has been exiled. He had a libellous pamphlet printed against the Parlement in favour of the Jesuits, which brought this

punishment upon him.¹ As far as I hear, everyone blames him, for the King, who was informed that he was going to publish this piece of writing, tried in a friendly manner to dissuade him. However he persisted and thus deliberately dashed his head against the wall. The King hastened to exile him, otherwise the Parlement would have arrested him. *The secular arm is a bit too powerful here.* On the other hand the clergy go about the streets singly, lower their cowls below their shoulders, hold their hats in their hands and are absolutely indistinguishable from lay pedestrians. Farewell and thank God that I have finished writing—otherwise you would indeed have to put on your spectacles.² With greetings from myself, my children and my wife, I am your devoted

MOZART

How is our good Dellmor? Is he still in our neighbourhood? He will sometimes think of us when he sees nobody at our windows. Please give him my compliments and greetings from us all and especially from little Wolfgang. He is an honest man.

(23) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MONSIEUR,

PARIS, February 22nd, 1764

The sun cannot always shine and clouds often gather, only however to be again dispersed. I did not make haste

¹ Christophe de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, published in 1763 an *Apologie des Jésuites*, which was condemned by the Parlement. In January 1764 the King exiled him forty leagues from Paris. The *arrêt* of the Parlement suppressing the Jesuit order in France was issued in August 1762. In the previous year, 1761, their goods had been declared confiscated and their educational establishments closed. All the bishops, with one exception, were opposed to the suppression of the order, which was, however, strongly supported by public opinion.

² The letter is so closely written.

to send tidings of the sad death of Countess Van Eyck.¹ I thought it would be sufficient if I prepared the hearts of the people in Salzburg for this sad event, while leaving it to others to report the end. Nobody likes to die anywhere; but here it is doubly sad for an honest German if he falls ill or dies.

Soon afterwards a sudden and unexpected event plunged me into a certain embarrassment. My dear Wolfgang suddenly got a sore throat and a cold, so that on the 16th, the morning on which it started, he developed such an inflammation of the throat that he was in danger of choking. He also had a very high fever. After four days he got up and is now well again. My little girl too is suffering from a cold, but is not feverish.

And now I beg you to have four masses read as soon as possible at Maria-Plain and one at the Holy Child at Loreto. These we promised for the sake of our children, who were both ill. I hope that the other masses will, as I asked, always continue to be read at Loreto, for as long as we are away. The Duc d'Ayen² has arranged that in a fortnight at latest we shall drive out again to Versailles, in order that we may present to Madame Victoire, the King's second daughter, to whom it has been dedicated, the *Œuvre* 1^{re} of the engraved sonatas of the great M. Wolfgang.³ The *Œuvre* 2^e will be dedicated, I think, to Madame la Comtesse de Tessé.⁴ Within three or, at most, four weeks important things will have happened, if God wills. We have tilled the soil well and now hope for a good harvest. But one must take things as they come. I should have had at least twelve louis d'or more, if my children had not had to stay at home for a few days. Thank God, they are better. Do you know what people here are always wanting? They are trying to persuade me

¹ On February 6th.² Brother of the Comtesse de Tessé.³ K. 6, 7. This was Mozart's first printed work.⁴ K. 8, 9.

to let my boy be inoculated with smallpox.¹ But as I have now expressed sufficiently clearly my aversion to this impertinence, they are leaving me in peace. Here inoculation is the general fashion. But, for my part, I leave the matter to the grace of God. It depends on His grace whether He wishes to keep this marvel of nature in the world in which he has placed it, or to take it to Himself. I shall certainly watch over it so well that it is all one whether we are in Salzburg or in any other part of the world. But it is this watching which makes travelling expensive.

Mr. d'Hébert, Trésorier des Menus Plaisirs du Roi, has handed to Wolfgang from the King fifty louis d'or and a gold box.

(24) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

PARIS, *March 4th*, 1764

I ought to have written to you long ago, but the things I have had to do for some days and shall have to do until the 10th in order to make sure that between six and nine on the evening of that day I shall pocket seventy-five louis d'or, have, as you will understand, prevented me.

On the 3rd our servant Sebastian Winter² left here with the country coach via Strassburg for Donaueschingen. He has entered the service of Prince von Fürstenberg³ as friseur. I have taken on another friseur,

¹ From the middle of the eighteenth century the inoculation of healthy persons from smallpox subjects was very common. But it was not until 1796 that Jenner discovered and applied his discovery of vaccine.

² Cp. p. 25, n. 3.

³ Joseph Wenzeslaus, Prince von Fürstenberg, himself a performer on the clavier and violoncello, collected his own Kapelle, which Franz Anton Martelli conducted, 1762-1770.

called Jean Pierre Potivin, who speaks good German and French, for he was born at Zabern in Alsace. Now I have to buy his clothes, again a heavy expense.

MADAME!

You will think perhaps that we are taking part in quite extraordinary carnival festivities? Oh, you are very much mistaken. It has never occurred to me to attend balls, which only begin after midnight. Here there are balls in every quarter; but you must know that they are for thirty or forty people and that one or, at most, two violins without a violoncello play the minuets; and what sort of minuets? Why, minuets which were danced already in the time of Henry IV; and in the whole town there are about two or three favourite minuets, which must always be played, because the people cannot dance to any save those particular ones during the playing of which they learned to dance. But, above all, contredanses¹ or what we call English dances, are danced! All this I know from hearsay only, for so far I have not seen them.

(25) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

PARIS, April 1st, 1764

We are all well and we thank God from the bottom of our hearts. And now I have the pleasure of informing you that I hope in a few days to lodge with the bankers Turton et Baur 200 louis d'or, to be entrusted to safe hands and in due course sent off to Salzburg. On April 9th I shall again have to stand the shock which I had on March 10th. But I doubt very much whether this one will be as great as the first, for at the concert on March

¹ The word is a corruption of the English "country dance". Mozart wrote a number of contredanses, especially during the years 1788, 1789 and 1791, for the masked balls at the Viennese court.

10th I took in one hundred and twelve louis d'or. But fifty to sixty louis d'or are not to be despised either and, if there are more, one simply pockets them. Not a farthing is paid at the door. But whoever is without a ticket is not admitted, no matter who he is. My friends sell the tickets a week beforehand, each for a laubthaler or a federthaler, four of which make a louis d'or; and they collect the money. But most of the tickets, in blocks of twelve and twenty-four, are given to ladies, who sell them the more easily, as out of politeness one cannot refuse to buy them. *Est modus in rebus*, or, in our language, *Frenchmen like to be fooled*. On the billet (which is written on a card and bears my seal) there are only these words: Au Théâtre de M. Félix, rue et Porte St. Honoré, ce lundi 9 avril à six heures du soir. That is a hall in the house of a distinguished gentleman, in which there is a small theatre where the nobles often act and produce plays among themselves; and I got this room through Madame de Clermont, who lives in the house. But the permission to hold the two concerts there is something quite exceptional and is directly against the privilege which the King has given to the Opera, the Concert Spirituel¹ and the French and Italian theatres; and this permission had to be obtained from M. de Sartine, Lieutenant-General of Police, by the Duc de Chartres, Duc de Duras, Comte de Tessé and many of the leading ladies who sent messengers and wrote applications in their own hand.²

I beg you to have a mass said for us every day for eight

¹ A great French musical institution, founded under Louis XV in 1725, which came to an end during the Revolution. As the Opera House was closed on important religious festivals, A. D. Philidor (1681-1728) obtained permission to arrange concerts on these days, pledging himself to perform neither French nor operatic music. The number of concerts in the year never exceeded twenty-four. The "Concert Spirituel" formed the model for other public concerts and from it the history of concert-giving in the eighteenth century developed.

² Cp. Leopold Mozart's letter no. 284^b, in which he goes over this incident for the benefit of his son, who is on his way to Paris.

days after April 10th. You can distribute them as you like, provided that four are read at Loreto at the Holy Child and four at an altar of Our Lady. I only ask you to observe for certain the days I mention. Should this letter not arrive until after April 12th, though I think it will arrive before, please see that the masses are begun on the following day. There are important reasons.¹

And now it is time to tell you something about my two friends from Saxony, Baron von Hopfgarten and Baron von Bose.² They left here for Italy about two months ago and were bound for Vienna via Carinthia or Salzburg. I gave them a short letter for you, mentioning what I now write. If they travel through Salzburg, please assist them, so that they may not only see the sights of the place but also have due honour shown to them at court. For I myself have witnessed the great honours which these gentlemen received at the courts of the Elector of Bavaria, at Ludwigsburg, at the Palatine Court at Schwetzingen, at Mainz, at Brussels from Prince Karl and here at Versailles. They have been our loyal travelling companions. Sometimes they ordered our lodgings, sometimes we ordered theirs. Here you will find two men who have everything which honest men should have in this world; and, although they are both Lutherans, yet they are Lutherans of a different type and men by whose conversation I have often profited much. When parting, Baron von Bose gave Wolfgang as a remembrance a beautiful book containing spiritual thoughts in verse,³ and wrote the following lines in front:

Take this book, little seven-year-old Orpheus, from the hand of your admirer and friend! Read it often—and feel

¹ Obviously refers to the Mozarts' approaching journey to London, during which they would cross the sea for the first time.

² Cp. p. 29.

³ Nissen, p. 61, mentions Gellert's *Geistliche Oden und Lieder* (1757) as the book, Gellert being the outstanding Protestant writer of sacred poems.

its divine songs and lend them (in these blissful hours of emotion) your irresistible harmonies; so that the heartless despiser of religion may read them—and pause—may hear them—and fall down and worship God.

FRIEDRICH KARL, Baron von Bose

These two gentlemen can tell you a hundred things about our journey, and their company will afford you a thousand pleasures. If they go to Salzburg they will turn up after the Ascensa¹ in Venice. The taller of the two is Baron Hopfgarten and the little one is Baron von Bose.

We have by this time made the acquaintance of all the foreign envoys in Paris. The English Ambassador, Mylord Bedford, and his son are very partial to us; and the Russian Prince Galitzin loves us as if we were his children. In a few days the sonatas will be ready, which little Master Wolfgang has dedicated to the Comtesse de Tessé. They would have been ready before; but the Countess absolutely refused to accept the dedication written by our best friend, M. Grimm.² So it had to be altered; and as she is usually in Versailles, we have had to wait all this time for an answer. It is a pity that this dedication was not allowed to be engraved. But the Countess refuses to be praised; and in this dedication both she and my boy are very vividly described. The Comtesse de Tessé has given Wolfgang another gold watch and Nannerl a gold box.

But now you must know who this man is, this great friend of mine, to whom I owe everything here, this M. Grimm. He is secretary to the Duc d'Orléans and he is a

¹ The Festival of Our Lord's Ascension, May 10th.

² Friedrich Melchior Grimm (1723–1807) was the son of a German pastor in Regensburg. He studied in Leipzig, came to Paris in 1748, and in 1755 became secretary to the Duc d'Orléans. He was a friend of Diderot, d'Alembert, Rousseau, etc. He founded the famous *Correspondance Littéraire*, which survived till 1790.

man of learning and a great friend of humanity. All my other letters and recommendations brought me nothing; even those from the French Ambassador in Vienna, the Imperial Ambassador in Paris and all the letters of introduction from our Minister in Brussels, Count Cobenzl, Prince Conti, Duchesse d'Aiguillon and all the others, a whole litany of whom I could write down. M. Grimm alone, to whom I had a letter from a Frankfurt merchant's wife, has done everything. He brought our business to court. He arranged for the first concert and he paid me on his own account eighty louis d'or, that is to say, he got rid of three hundred and twenty tickets. In addition he paid for the lighting, as more than sixty large wax candles were burnt. Well, this M. Grimm secured permission for the first concert and is now arranging for the second, for which one hundred tickets have already been sold. So you see what a man can do who has good sense and a kind heart. He comes from Regensburg. But he has been in Paris for over fifteen years already and knows how to launch everything in the right direction, so that it is bound to turn out as he wishes.

[Written on the cover]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

My children and my wife send their greetings to all. M. de Mechel,¹ a copper-engraver, is working himself to death to engrave our portraits, which M. de Carmontelle (an amateur)² has painted excellently well. Wolfgang is playing the clavier, I am standing behind his chair playing the violin, Nannerl is leaning on the clavecin with one arm, while in the other hand she is holding music, as if she were singing.

¹ See p. 47, n. 1. Possibly Mechel engraved the Carmontelle portrait under the direction of J. B. Delafosse, who signed it.

² L. C. de Carmontelle (1717-1806), painter and writer. He was a protégé of the Duc d'Orléans. See illustration no. 5.

(26) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

LONDON, April 25th, 1764¹

Thank God, we have safely crossed the Maxglanerbach.² Yet we have not done so without making a heavy contribution in vomiting. I, however, had the worst time of it. But we saved money which would have been spent on emetics; and, thank God, we are all well. Whoever has too much money should just take a journey from Paris to London; for his purse will certainly be lightened. We had the honour of spending four louis d'or in Calais,³ although we did not take a single meal at home, but took them with the Procureur du Roi et de l'Amirauté, with whom we also left our carriage. As soon as you arrive in Dover, it is even worse; and when you land from the boat, you find yourself surrounded by twenty to forty people who are all "your most obedient servant" and who want to snatch your luggage from your own servants in order to carry it to the inn, after which they must be paid what they demand. I had to pay three louis d'or for the crossing, for I took a boat for my family, for which one has to pay five louis d'or. I therefore took with me four other passengers, who each paid half a louis d'or. To be landed in a small boat at Dover from the large boat each person has to pay half a federthaler. So I had to pay six small or three large laubthaler, for I had two servants with me

¹ According to Nissen, p. 65, the Mozarts left Paris on April 10th. In his *Reiseaufzeichnungen* Leopold Mozart states that they arrived in London on April 23rd. For an account of their stay of fifteen months in England see C. F. Pohl, *Mozart und Haydn in London* (Vienna, 1867), Part II. p. 93 ff.

² i.e. the English Channel. The allusion is to a tiny stream at Maxglan, a suburb of Salzburg. Cp. p. 51, n. 2.

³ Under Calais Nannerl noted in her diary (reproduced in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 59): "I saw how the sea runs away and comes back again".



LEOPOLD MOZART WITH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER (1763)

From a water-colour painting by Carmontelle
(Musée Condé, Chantilly)

and had taken seven post-horses as far as Calais, as one servant rode. The second servant was an Italian called Porta, who has done this journey eight times already, so that all my friends in Paris advised me to take him with me. It was a very good thing too, for he arranged everything well and did all the bargaining. In London everyone seems to me to be in fancy dress; and you cannot imagine what my wife and my little girl look like in English hats and I and our big Wolfgang in English clothes. My next letter will tell you more. We greet you.

MOZART

My address is:

À Monsieur Mozart, at the house of Mr. Cousin,
haircutter in Cecil Court,
St. Martin's Lane,
at
London.¹

(27) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MONSIEUR!

LONDON, May 28th, 1764

You know that the farther away an object is, the smaller does it seem to the eye; and so it is with my letters. My handwriting becomes smaller according to the distance I am from Salzburg. If we were to sail over to America, my letters would probably become quite illegible. For a mere letter without a cover the cost from here to Germany is a shilling and another shilling for the cover, so that a letter with a cover costs two shillings. A guinea is 21 shillings and is equal in value to the louis d'or, for in Dover the banker Miné, who had been recom-

¹ The Mozarts spent the first night at the coach-inn "The White Bear" in Piccadilly (*Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 33), and then moved to their lodgings.

mended to me in Paris, gave me 12 guineas for 12 louis d'or. French money is not accepted here. You can work out, therefore, the value of a shilling. In her letter to Paris our most gracious Frau Hagenauer suggested: "Perhaps even to England and Holland?" When I left Salzburg I had not quite decided to come to England. But as everybody, in Paris particularly, urged us to go to London, I made up my mind to do so. And now by the help of God we are here. But we shall not go to Holland, that I can assure everyone.¹ Up to the present we do not know how we shall fare. We really ought to have come here in winter.

On April 27th we were with the King and Queen² in the Queen's Palace³ in St. James's Park; so that by the fifth day after our arrival we were already at court.⁴ The present was only twenty-four guineas, which we received immediately on leaving the King's apartment, but the graciousness with which both His Majesty the King and Her Majesty the Queen received us cannot be described. In short, their easy manner and friendly ways made us forget that they were the King and Queen of England. At all courts up to the present we have been received with extraordinary courtesy. But the welcome which we have been given here exceeds all others. A week later we were walking in St. James's Park. The King came along driving with the Queen and, although we all had

¹ Leopold Mozart, pressed to do so by the Dutch minister in London (see p. 85), took his family to Holland in September 1765, where they remained until the end of April 1766.

² George III, then twenty-seven years old, who since 1761 had been married to Charlotte Sophie von Mecklenburg-Strelitz, then twenty-one. Both were devoted to music and the Queen sang and played on the clavier tolerably well.

³ Buckingham House, built in 1703 by the Duke of Buckingham, and bought by the Crown in 1720.

⁴ Nannerl and Wolfgang performed at court on April 27th, May 19th and October 25th. See Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 33.

on different clothes, they recognised us nevertheless and not only greeted us, but the King opened the window, leaned out and saluted us and especially our Master Wolfgang, nodding to us and waving his hand.

In addition to all his kindnesses M. Grimm, our sworn friend, who did everything for us in Paris, gave Nannerl on our departure a gold watch and Wolfgang a fruit-knife such as is used in Paris with glacé fruits, the handle of which is of mother-of-pearl set in gold. It has two blades, one of gold and the other of silver. I intended to send off this letter a week ago. I was, however, not only prevented from doing so, but I wanted to wait for some news. But I have nothing more to tell, except that on May 19th we were again with the King and Queen from six to ten in the evening, when the only other people present were the two princes, who are the King's brothers, and another, the brother of the Queen. When we left the room we were again handed twenty-four guineas. If this happens every three or four weeks, we can put up with it! Now we are going to give on June 5th¹ a so-called benefit concert or *concerto al nostro profitto*. It is really not the time to give such concerts and little profit is to be expected from them, as the season is over and the expenses of an undertaking of this kind amount to forty guineas. But since the King's birthday is on the 4th, many of the nobility will come up to town from the country. So we must take the risk and make use of this opportunity to become known. Each person pays half a guinea and, if it were winter, I could certainly count on six hundred persons, that is, three hundred guineas. Now, however, they all go to the pleasure gardens and into the

¹ The *Public Advertiser* announced a concert on May 17th, in Hickford's Room, Brewer Street, Golden Square, at which Master Mozart was to appear. This concert was postponed until May 22nd, and even then Mozart, who was indisposed, did not perform.

country. Basta! Everything will certainly succeed, if with God's help we keep well and if He only keeps our invincible Wolfgang in good health. The King placed before him not only works of Wagenseil,¹ but those of Bach,² Abel³ and Handel,⁴ and he played off everything *prima vista*. He played so splendidly on the King's organ that they all value his organ-playing more highly than his clavier-playing. Then he accompanied the Queen in an aria which she sang, and also a flautist⁵ who played a solo. Finally he took the bass part of some airs of Handel (which happened to be lying there) and played the most beautiful melody on it and in such a manner that everybody was amazed. In short, what he knew when we left Salzburg is a mere shadow compared with what he knows now. It exceeds all that one can imagine. He greets you from the clavier, where at the moment he is seated, playing through Kapellmeister Bach's trio.⁶ We also send you greetings. Not a day passes without

¹ Georg Christoph Wagenseil (1715-1777) of Vienna, organist to the Imperial court and music-master to the Empress Maria Theresa and her children.

² Johann Christian Bach (1735-1782), the youngest son of Johann Sebastian Bach, was trained by his brother Philipp Emanuel Bach in Berlin, then went to Milan and Bologna, where he studied under Padre Martini. In 1762 he came to London, where his operas "Orione" and "Zanaida" were performed in 1763 and a third one, "Adriano in Siria", in 1765.

³ Karl Friedrich Abel (1725-1787), probably a pupil of Sebastian Bach, entered the Dresden court orchestra in 1748. He visited London in 1759 and in 1765 was appointed chamber musician to Queen Charlotte. He was a distinguished performer on the viola da gamba and founded in 1765 with J. C. Bach, with whom he lived, the famous Bach-Abel subscription concerts, fifteen concerts a year, an undertaking which lasted until 1781.

⁴ George III's favourite composer.

⁵ Probably Tacet, a frequent performer at the Bach-Abel concerts. See Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 34.

⁶ WSF, vol. i. p. 104, suggest that this was one of the trios in J. C. Bach's Op. 2, "Six sonates pour le clavecin, accompagnées d'un violon ou flaute traversière et d'un violoncelle", published in London in 1763.

Wolfgang's talking at least thirty times of Salzburg and of his and our friends and patrons. He has now continually in his head an opera which he wants to produce there with several young people. I have already had to count up all the players whom he has noted down for his orchestra, among whom Kolb and Ranftl are often mentioned.

(28) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MONSIEUR!

LONDON, *June 8th*, 1764

With the greatest pleasure in the world I received on June 6th your letter of May 21st, which therefore must have been wafted over by a favourable wind. I am infinitely glad that my first letter reached you safely and I trust that the second one, which I sent off on the 20th, has arrived in the meantime.

I have had another shock, that is, the shock of taking in one hundred guineas in three hours. Fortunately it is now over. I have already told you that everyone is at present out of town. June 5th was the only day on which a concert could be attempted, because the King's birthday was on the 4th, and the reason why we gave it then was in order to become known. We had a week, or rather two or three days only, in which to distribute the "billets", for before that date there was hardly anyone in London. But, although for this kind of concert four to eight weeks are usually necessary for the distribution of the "billets", which here they call "tickets", to the amazement of everyone there were present more than a couple of hundred persons, including the leading people in all London; not only all the ambassadors, but the principal families in England attended it and everyone was delighted. I cannot say

whether I shall have a profit of one hundred guineas, as I have not yet received the money for thirty-six tickets from Mylord March ¹ and for forty tickets from a friend in town and from various others; and the expenses are surprisingly great. But the profit will certainly not be less than ninety guineas. Now listen to a few details about the expenses. The hall without lighting and music-stands costs five guineas. Each clavier, of which I had to have two on account of the concerto for two claviers, costs half a guinea. The first violin gets three guineas and so on; and all who play the solos and concertos three, four and five guineas. The ordinary players receive each half a guinea and so forth. But, fortunately for me, all the musicians as well as the hall and everything else only cost me twenty guineas, because most of the performers would not accept anything. Well, God be praised, that is over and we have made something.

My greetings to Herr Schachtner ² and please thank him from me and from my wife and children for his friendly remembrances. I cannot send him any details other than what he will find in the newspapers, in the letters which I have written to you, and especially in my last one. What it all amounts to is this, that my little girl, although she is only twelve years old, is one of the most skilful players in Europe, and that, in a word, my boy knows in this his eighth year what one would expect only

¹ William Douglas (1724–1810), 3rd Earl of March, succeeded his cousin as fourth Duke of Queensberry in 1778. He was a well-known man about town and a great patron of the turf and the opera. Later in life he was known as “old Q”, under which name he is constantly referred to by Horace Walpole.

² Johann Andreas Schachtner (1732–1795) had been court trumpeter in Salzburg since 1754. He was closely connected later with Mozart as the translator into German of the Italian libretto of “Idomeneo” and the author of the text of “Zaide”. After Mozart’s death he wrote to Nannerl the famous letter of April 1792, describing her brother’s childhood. See Abert, vol. i. p. 26 ff.

from a man of forty. Indeed only he who sees and hears him can believe it. You yourself and all our Salzburg friends have no idea of Wolfgang's progress; for he is quite different now.

I must close, for the post is going.

I am

your obedient servant

MOZART

P.S.—My wife and I, Nannerl and our all-powerful Wolfgang send greetings to you, to your whole household and to all Salzburg.

(29) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MONSIEUR!

LONDON, *June 28th*, 1764

I have much pleasure in informing you that I have again deposited with the bankers Loubier et Tessier a small sum of 100 guineas, which I could arrange to be paid to someone at Salzburg who might wish to use it in this country.

At the end of next week we are going to Tunbridge,¹ about thirty English miles from London, a distance which can be covered by the mail coach in three or four hours, for an English mile is not more than a German quarter of an hour. There are wells there and it lies in a corner between the east and the south. In July and August many of the nobility assemble in Tunbridge, for now nobody who has means and leisure remains in London.

On Friday, June 29th, that is, on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, there will be a concert or benefit at Ranelagh in aid of a newly established Hôpital de femmes

¹ Owing to Leopold Mozart's illness this plan was not carried out.

en couche,¹ and whoever wishes to attend it must pay five shillings entrance. I am letting Wolfgang play a concerto on the organ at this concert² in order to perform thereby the act of an English patriot who, as far as in him lies, endeavours to further the usefulness of this hospital which has been established *pro bono publico*. That is, you see, one way of winning the affection of this quite exceptional nation.

I send greetings, and so do my wife and Nannerl and little Wolfgang who is always thinking of Salzburg.

I am

your old

MOZART

(30) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MONSIEUR,

LONDON, August 3rd, 1764

Do not be frightened! But prepare your heart to hear one of the saddest events. Perhaps you will have already noticed my condition from my handwriting. Almighty God has visited me with a sudden and severe illness which I contracted after a chill caught on my way home from a concert held at Mylord Thanet's,³ and which I feel too weak to describe. Well! I have been clystered, purged and

¹ Probably the Lying-in Hospital (Surrey), the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1765.

² The notice of this concert in the *Public Advertiser* of June 26th described Mozart as "the most extraordinary prodigy and most amazing genius that has appeared in any age", and stated that this boy of seven years (Mozart was then eight and a half) would perform on the harpsichord and organ works of his own composition.

³ Sackville Tufton, 8th Earl of Thanet (1733-1786). He had succeeded to the title in 1753. C. F. Pohl, *op. cit.* p. 103, n. 2, states that the Tufton family were devoted to the arts, mentioning the fact that in 1732 six cantatas by H. Carey appeared with a dedication to the father of the eighth Earl.

bled too on account of a severe inflammation of my throat. That is all over now and the doctors declare that I have no fever and tell me to eat. But I feel like a child. My stomach does not fancy anything and I am so frail that I can hardly think sensibly.

*August 9th, 1764*¹

I congratulate you on your name-day. I intended to write to you immediately after I received your welcome letter. But I was far too weak. I am now in a spot outside the town,² where I have been carried in a sedan-chair, in order to get more appetite and fresh strength from the good air. It has one of the most beautiful views in the world. Wherever I turn my eyes, I only see gardens and in the distance the finest castles; and the house in which I am living has a lovely garden.

It depends on the grace of God whether He will preserve my life. His most holy will be done.

(31) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

CHELSEA near LONDON, *September 13th, 1764*

MONSIEUR,

I notice that our letters have usually taken 16 to 17 days, for up to the present I have always received one from you on the 17th, or at any rate early on the 18th day. I thank you most humbly for having carried out so accurately my request for masses. I now state that every

¹ This letter was finished in Chelsea.

² Chelsea was then a village two miles from London, proverbial for its healthy situation. The Mozart family took a house belonging to a Dr. Randal in Fivefields-Row (now Lower Ebury Street), where, according to Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 34, they spent seven weeks. It was here that Mozart composed his first symphonies, K. 16 and 19.

day, although my progress is slow, I am feeling a little better, so that I am confident that I have no internal disorder. So that you may know, however, how my illness started, I must tell you that in England there is a kind of native complaint, which is called a "*cold*". That is why you hardly ever see people wearing summer clothes. They all wear cloth garments. This so-called "*cold*" in the case of people who are not constitutionally sound, becomes so dangerous that in many cases it develops into a "*consumption*" as they call it here; but I call it "*febrem lentam*"; and the wisest course for such people to adopt is to leave England and cross the sea; and many instances can be found of people recovering their health on leaving this country. I caught this "*cold*" unexpectedly and in the following way. On July 8th at six in the evening we were to go to Mylord Thanet's.¹ Before six I sent out to the stands where carriages are to be found, but not one was to be had. It was Sunday, so all had been hired. It was an exceedingly fine and very hot day. I sent for a sedan-chair, put my two children into it and walked behind, as the weather was unusually lovely. But I had forgotten how fast the bearers stride along here; and I soon had a taste of it. I can walk fairly quickly, as you know, and my stoutness does not prevent me from doing so. But, before we arrived at Mylord Thanet's I often thought that I should have to give up; for London is not like Salzburg. And I perspired as profusely as it is possible for a man to do. I had only a silk waistcoat on, though I was wearing a cloth coat, which I buttoned up immediately on arriving at Mylord Thanet's. But it was to no purpose. The evening was cool and all the windows were open. We stayed until eleven o'clock and I at once felt ill and engaged a second sedan-chair to take me

¹ Leopold Mozart in his *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 35, mentions Mylord Thanet, Grosvenor Square.

home. Yet until the 14th, although I did not feel well, I went about and tried to cure myself by perspiring, which is the remedy generally adopted here. But it was no good.

My wife and children send their greetings. My wife has had a great deal to do lately on account of my illness, and, as you may imagine, she has had a great many anxieties. In Chelsea we had our food sent to us at first from an eating-house; but as it was so poor, my wife began to do our cooking and we are now in such good trim that when we return to town next week we shall continue to do our own housekeeping. Perhaps too my wife, who has become very thin, will get a little fatter.

You yourself will have probably gathered that I shall certainly spend at least the whole winter here, and that, God willing, I shall make in London my chief profit of some thousands of gulden. I am now in a city which no one at our Salzburg court has ever yet dared to visit and which perhaps no one will ever visit in future. *Aut Caesar, aut nihil*. We have come to our long journey's end. Once I leave England, I shall never see guineas again. So we must make the most of our opportunity. If only God in His graciousness grants us good health, we need not worry about the guineas. I am only sorry that I am obliged to spend what I might have saved. But it was God's will. Both in Salzburg and in London we are in His hands. He knows how good my intentions are. During the coming months I shall have to use every effort to win over the aristocracy and this will take a lot of galloping round and hard work. But if I achieve the object which I have set myself, I shall haul in a fine fish or rather a good catch of guineas.

(32) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MONSIEUR!

LONDON,¹ November 27th, 1764

Do not be surprised that I am rather late in replying. I have more to do than most people would imagine, although the nobility are not in town and Parliament, contrary to usage, is not assembling until January 10th of next year² and therefore guineas are not yet flying about and I am still living on my purse. Yet it will soon be high time for me to fill it up again, for since the beginning of July I have spent over one hundred and seventy guineas. In addition I have the heavy expense of having six sonatas³ of our Master Wolfgang engraved and printed, which (at her own request) are being dedicated to the Queen of Great Britain.

I and all my family send you and your wife millions of congratulations on the beginning of the new career of your son Cajetan.⁴ I have a very good opinion of him and, since you are ever a good and sensible father, you will certainly welcome him with open arms and a smiling

¹ On their return to town about September 25th the Mozarts took lodgings at a Mr. Williamson's, 15 Thrift Street (now Frith Street), Soho. The house, which was rebuilt in 1858, occupied the site of the present no. 21, on the east side of the street. Cp. F. G. Edwards, *Musical Haunts in London* (1895), p. 46.

² The Parliament of 1765, which passed the Stamp Act, was opened by the King on January 10th.

³ K. 10-15. They were called "six sonates pour le clavecin qui peuvent se jouer avec l'accompagnement de violon ou flaute traversière", and the date of dedication was January 18th, 1765. They were engraved at Leopold Mozart's expense. Wolfgang received from the Queen 50 guineas and the work was on sale at their lodgings from March 20th.

⁴ Dominicus (Cajetan) Hagenauer entered the monastery of St. Peter at Salzburg in 1764 and in 1786 became abbot of the monastery. A Latin diary which he kept in 1769 mentions Mozart frequently. For the first mass which Father Dominicus celebrated in October 1769, Mozart wrote his mass K. 66 (the Pater Dominicus mass).

face when he comes home. As he has always been a quiet and placid boy, he will only do what is most wholesome for his spiritual welfare. Well, well, he is having his novitiate. Little Wolfgang wept when I read out this portion of your letter and, when he was asked why, he said that he was grieved, as he believed that he would never see him again. But we told him that it was not so. He remembered that your son had often caught a fly for him and that he used to blow the organ and bring him his air-gun. As soon as he returns to Salzburg he is going to St. Peter's¹ and Mr. Cajetan is to catch a fly for him and shoot with him. So he has donned the garb of his order and entered upon his novitiate on the same day on which about seventeen years ago² I joined the order of patched trousers and made my profession at Aigen³ with my wife.

(33) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MONSIEUR!

LONDON, *December 3rd*, 1764

You will have received my letter of November 27th.⁴ Here is the letter accompanying the sonatas.⁵

Whoever wants to buy these sonatas will have to pay forty-five kreutzer for each part, that is, one gulden, thirty kreutzer for both parts or for all four sonatas (since each part consists of two sonatas). Will you please see that a detailed notice about them is put in the Salzburg papers? In Paris the price of each part is four livres, four sous, as you will see on the title-page; a great difference from the

¹ The famous Abbey of St. Peter in Salzburg, which was founded by St. Rupert in 696, and where the Archbishops lived until 1110.

² Leopold Mozart and his wife were married on November 21st, 1747.

³ A village about seven miles from Salzburg.

⁴ Letter 32.

⁵ Œuvre I (K. 6, 7) and Œuvre II (K. 8, 9), which had been engraved in Paris.

price of forty-five kreutzer. In Frankfurt each part is being sold at one gulden, thirty kreutzer. I regret that a few mistakes have remained in the engraving, even after the corrections were made. The woman who engraved them and I were at too great a distance; and, as everything was done hurriedly, I had no time to obtain a revised proof. That is the reason why especially in *Œuvre II^e* in the last trio you will find three consecutive fifths in the violin part,¹ which my young gentleman perpetrated and which, although I corrected them, old Madame Vendôme left in. On the other hand, they are a proof that our little Wolfgang composed them himself, which, perhaps quite naturally, everyone will not believe. Well, it is so, all the same. My little Wolfgang sends greetings to you all and especially to Herr Spitzeder and asks him to perform these sonatas before His Grace, Wenzel playing the violin part.

On October 25th, the King's Coronation Day,² we were with the King and Queen from six to ten.³

(34) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MONSIEUR,

LONDON, *February 8th, 1765*

On the evening of the 15th we are giving a concert, which will probably bring me in about one hundred and

¹ It was in the second minuet of the fourth sonata (K. 9) that Mozart displayed his lack of experience. In subsequent editions this succession was replaced by a succession of sixths.

² C. F. Pohl, *op. cit.* p. 109, draws attention to a slip of Leopold Mozart, inasmuch as it was the anniversary, not of the King's coronation (which took place on September 22nd, 1761), but of his accession to the throne in 1760.

³ Although the Mozarts did not leave London until the end of July 1765, this was the last time the children performed at court.

fifty guineas. Whether I shall still make anything after that and, if so, what, I do not know. By postponing the summoning of Parliament (which usually assembles two months earlier) the King has dealt upon the whole a severe blow at all arts and sciences.¹ To explain this would take too long.

This winter, nobody is making much money except Manzuoli² and a few others in the opera. Manzuoli is getting 1500 pounds sterling for this season and the money has had to be guaranteed in Italy, as the previous impresario De Giardini³ went bankrupt last year; otherwise Manzuoli would not have come to London. In addition he is giving a benefit,⁴ that is, an evening recital for himself, so that this winter he will be drawing more than 20,000 German gulden. He is the only person whom they have had to pay decently in order to set the opera on its feet again. On the other hand, five or six operas are being performed. The first was "Ezio",⁵ the second "Berenice",⁶ both so-called pasticci of different masters, the third

¹ Cp. p. 76.

² Giovanni Manzuoli, born 1725 in Florence, after Farinelli the most famous male soprano of his day. He sang in Madrid and Vienna and came to London for the opera season 1764-1765. Mozart took singing lessons from him and met him later in Florence.

³ Felice De Giardini (1716-1796), born in Turin, eminent violinist. He first appeared in London in 1751. In 1756 he undertook the management of the Italian opera at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, suffered great financial losses, but retained it till 1765. Contrary to Leopold Mozart's statement, he was manager during the season 1764-1765.

⁴ Manzuoli produced for his benefit Giardini's opera "Il Rè pastore" on March 7th, 1765, and according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1765, made a profit of 1000 guineas. Ten years later Mozart set the same text to music.

⁵ Performed November 24th, 1764, a pasticcio consisting of pieces by several composers, a form of opera very common in the eighteenth century. For a repetition of "Ezio" Mozart composed his first aria "Va, dal furor portata" (K. 21).

⁶ Performed February 1st, 1765, a pasticcio of music by seven composers, including J. C. Bach, Galuppi, Vento, Abel.

"Adriano in Syria", newly composed by Signor Bach.¹ And I know that a newly composed "Demofoonte" by Vento² is coming, and then a few more pasticci. I shall tell you about all this later on.

I am writing this letter (to be followed by another very soon) solely in order not to miss the opportunity of sending a few sonatas³ to Augsburg and Nuremberg. So I beg you to send thirty copies of each part, that is, sixty copies in all, to Herr Johann Jacob Lotter,⁴ and the same number to Herr Haffner, lute-player in Nuremberg.⁵ You will note that each part has been sold at the price of one gulden, thirty kreutzer, but, as they are a bit of a rarity, I shall let them go to the natives of Salzburg half price. Please have this inserted in our local newspapers, adding that the little composer wants to let his fellow townsmen have each part for forty-five kreutzer, or both parts for one gulden, thirty kreutzer, in order to encourage the young people of Salzburg to study music with zest.

We send our greetings to all. Oh, what a lot of things I have to do. The symphonies at the concert will all be by Wolfgang Mozart.⁶ I must copy them myself, unless I

¹ By Johann Christian Bach, performed January 26th, 1765, "by command of Their Majesties", and repeated seven times.

² Mattia Vento (1735-1776), born in Naples, a famous operatic composer. He was brought by De Giardini in 1763 to London, where he composed a number of operas. His "Demofoonte" was performed on March 2nd, 1765, and was repeated thirteen times.

³ Mozart's *Œuvre I* and *Œuvre II* (K. 6-9).

⁴ Johann Jacob Lotter, music publisher in Augsburg. He published in 1756 Leopold Mozart's *Violinschule*. Leopold Mozart corresponded frequently with him. Schurig, vol. i. pp. 58-66, gives a selection of these letters.

⁵ Johann Ulrich Haffner, music publisher in Nuremberg.

⁶ The concert was postponed to February 18th and again to February 21st, when it was held in the Little Theatre, Haymarket, at 6 P.M. "in order to allow the nobility to attend other assemblies". The notice added that "all the ouvertures (i.e. symphonies) are by this amazing composer, who is only eight years old". Mozart was then nine. The symphonies which were performed had been composed in Chelsea. See p. 73, n. 2.

want to pay one shilling for each sheet. Copying music is a very profitable business here. Our Estlinger¹ would laugh. I send him my congratulations. Addio.

(35) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MONSIEUR!

LONDON, *March 19th*, 1765

I am certain that my last short letter reached you before the end of Salzburg's Lent market and that therefore it arrived in time.²

My concert, which I intended to give on February 15th, did not take place until the 21st, and on account of the number of entertainments (which really weary one here) was not so well attended as I had hoped. Nevertheless, I took in about one hundred and thirty guineas. As, however, the expenses connected with it amounted to over twenty-seven guineas, I have not made much more than one hundred guineas.³

I know, however, what the reason is, and why we are not being treated more generously, although since our arrival in London we have made a few hundred guineas. I did not accept a proposal which was made to me. But what is the use of saying much about a matter upon which I have decided deliberately after mature consideration and several sleepless nights, and which is now done with,

¹ A Salzburg music copyist.

² Probably refers to Letter 34 and to the opportunity of sending copies of Mozart's first printed works to Augsburg and Nuremberg.

³ The next and last concert was held on May 13th, 1765. On March 11th the *Public Advertiser* had a notice that the "prodigies of nature" were giving in six weeks a last concert before their departure from England and that every day from 12 to 3, visitors could come to Mr. Mozart's lodgings in Thrift Street, hear the prodigies perform in private, test them and buy concert tickets, now reduced to five shillings each. Leopold Mozart took the opportunity of selling copies of Mozart's sonatas and engravings of the Carmontelle painting.

as I will not bring up my children in such a dangerous place (where the majority of the inhabitants have no religion and where one only has evil examples before one). You would be amazed if you saw the way children are brought up here; not to mention other matters connected with religion.

I must ask you to reply to this letter as soon as possible, for, as it is quite likely that I shall leave London at the beginning of May, I must have an answer by the end of April.

The Queen has given our Wolfgang a present of fifty guineas for the dedication of the sonatas.

Please ask our dear friend Spitzeder to forgive me for not yet replying to his very welcome letters. He will surely realise how much a man has to do, who is keeping his whole family in a town where, even with the strictest economy, it costs him 300 pounds sterling a year to do so, and where, in addition, he ought to be saving a little. Has Herr Adlgasser not yet returned to Salzburg? We send him our greetings. Why, of course we know Mr. Bach. I must close, for the post is going.

(36) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MONSIEUR!

LONDON, *April 18th*, 1765

I was delighted to receive your letter. You have made most excellent arrangements. At the moment I have very little news to send you.

As for my departure, I have no more definite news; and any sensible person must realise that it is not an easy matter to decide. It will take us all our time to get away from here. The very sight of the luggage we have to pack makes me perspire. Just think! We have been in England

for a whole year. Why, we have practically made our home here, so that to take our departure from England requires even more preparation than when we left Salzburg.

(37) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MONSIEUR!

LONDON, *July* 9th, 1765

No doubt you will all be thinking that we have long ago swum over the sea. But it has been impossible to get away. We are now in London and once we leave we cannot return to England in three days. So I simply cannot hurry.

I beg you when you receive this letter to arrange immediately for six masses to be read, two at the Holy Child at Loreto, two in the Parish and two at Maria-Plain. These are to prepare our way over the sea.¹

I thought when I left Paris that I had requested my friend M. Grimm to send a number of the portrait engravings² to you at Salzburg. As I heard nothing more about this, I enquired recently from him and he replied that I had never said anything about it. I have therefore asked him to send you a large supply, so that if a parcel arrives you will know what it is. Please present a copy to our most gracious lord.³ These copper engravings were done immediately after our arrival in Paris, when my boy was seven and my little girl eleven. Grimm was responsible for this. In Paris each engraving is sold for twenty-four sous.

¹ Leopold Mozart was proposing to leave England. The last notice in the *Public Advertiser*, July 11th, stated that the children would play every day from 12 to 3 in the "Swan and Hoop" tavern, Cornhill, admittance 2s. 6d., and that they would play together on one clavier with the keyboard covered.

² Cp. p. 63, n. 1.

³ The Archbishop.

(38) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

THE HAGUE,¹ September 19th, 1765

You are receiving a letter from the Haag, but not from the Haag² near Munich, nor from the Haag which is near Lambach³ in Austria. No! It is from the Haag in Holland. That will indeed seem very strange to you, the more so as you may have hoped, even if you did not think it, that maybe we were not so far away. We would have been, if not near you, nevertheless already out of Holland, had not an indisposition which first affected my little Wolfgang in Lille and then myself kept us back for four weeks. But now you are going to hear all about the accident which has brought us here, seeing that I had decided to go not to Holland,⁴ but to Milan and home through Venice. The Dutch Envoy in London several times begged us to visit the Prince of Orange at The Hague. But I let this go in by one ear and out by the other. We made preparations for our departure; and so little did I think of going to Holland that I sent *all our furs* and other things in a trunk to Paris. But when on July 24th we had actually left and had driven out of London, we spent a day in Canterbury and then stayed until the end of the month at the country home of an English gentleman⁵ in order to see the horse-racing. On

¹ The Mozarts arrived at The Hague on September 11th and stayed at the inn "La Ville de Paris", described in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 41, as "une très mauvaise auberge".

² A village 33 miles from Munich, on the road to Salzburg.

³ A village about thirty miles from Linz, on the road to Salzburg.

⁴ Cp. p. 66.

⁵ Nannerl's diary, reproduced in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 60, mentions Bourne Place and Mr. Mann. Bourne Place, seven miles south-east of Canterbury, was the mansion house of the manor of Bishopsbourne and, according to Hasted, *History of Kent*, 1790, vol. iii. p. 746, n. (x), Sir Horace Mann resided there for several years, presumably by some

the very day of our departure the Dutch Envoy drove to our lodgings and was told that we had gone to Canterbury for the races and would then leave England immediately. He turned up at once in Canterbury and implored me at all costs to go to The Hague, as the Princess of Weilburg,¹ sister of the Prince of Orange, was extremely anxious to see this child, about whom she had heard and read so much. In short, he and everybody talked at me so insistently and the proposal was so attractive that I had to decide to come, the more so as you know that one should not refuse anything to a woman in pregnancy. So I left England on August 1st, and sailed from Dover at ten in the morning. We had most beautiful weather and such a good wind that in three and a half hours we landed at Calais port and took our mid-day meal with a healthy stomach, as we had not been sick during the crossing. Our plan now was to spend the month of August in Holland, to reach Paris towards the end of September and then move gradually homewards until we should come in sight of the Untersberg.²

In Calais we made the acquaintance of the Duchesse de Montmorency and the Prince de Croy; thence I went to Dunkerque. We then drove to Lille, whither the Chevalier de Mezziers, Commandant in Dunkerque, had persuaded us to go. Now we have another proof that our human plans count for nothing. In Lille Wolfgang contracted a very bad cold and when after a few weeks it had improved somewhat, my turn came. This put us back four weeks and I was not very well when I left Lille³ and was not much better when we arrived in Ghent, where we only

arrangement with the owner, Mr. Stephen Beckington. This Horace Mann was the nephew of Sir Horace Mann, British Minister in Florence and the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole.

¹ Princess Caroline of Nassau-Weilburg.

² The most conspicuous mountain near Salzburg, about 6500 ft.

³ On September 4th.

stayed a day. Ghent is a large but not a populous town. In the afternoon Wolfgang played on the new organ at the Bernardines. In Antwerp we remained two days on account of Sunday and there Wolfgang played on the big organ in the Cathedral. I should mention that good organs are to be found in Flanders and Brabant. But a great deal could be said here about the best of the pictures. Antwerp especially is the place for these. We have been to all the churches and I have never seen more black and white marble and such a wealth of excellent paintings, especially by Rubens, as I have seen here and in Brussels; above all, his "Descent from the Cross" in the great church in Antwerp surpasses everything one can imagine. I left my carriage in Antwerp and hired one from the post-master to drive as far as Moerdijk. There we crossed a small arm of the sea. On the other side there are coaches ready to drive one as far as Rotterdam, where one then gets into a small boat and is taken almost to the inn. It was a good day's journey from Antwerp to Rotterdam, as it took from half past six in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening. We only spent half a day in Rotterdam, as we left in the afternoon on a *trekschuit*¹ for The Hague and were already there at seven o'clock. I must confess that I should have been very sorry if I had not seen Holland; for in all the towns of Europe which I have visited, everything for the most part seems to be the same, whereas both the Dutch towns and villages are quite different from all others in Europe. It would take too long to describe them, but I must say that I very much appreciate their cleanliness (which to many of us appears overdone). I should also like to add that I enjoyed seeing the statue of the famous Erasmus of Rotterdam in the square of that city. We have now been eight days at The Hague and have been twice with the Princess and once with the Prince of

¹ Dutch for a "barge".

Orange, who had us fetched and sent home in his carriage. My daughter, however, was not with us. For now her turn has come and she has a very heavy cold on the chest, which is only now beginning to loosen. As soon as she is better, we have to go again to the Prince of Orange, the Princess of Weilburg and the Duke of Wolfenbüttel. The journey here has been paid for. But I shall have to see who is going to pay for the return journey. For I should prefer not to touch the money which is lying in wait for me at Amsterdam.

In Lille on August 26th we heard of the death of the Emperor.¹

(39) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

THE HAGUE, November 5th, 1765

Yes, yes! Most certainly! *Homo proponit, Deus disponit*.² I have a sure proof of this. Man cannot escape his fate.

I had to come to Holland against my inclination and though I have not lost my daughter, I have seen her lying well-nigh *in extremis*. Yet who urged us to come to Holland more than my daughter? Indeed she had the greatest desire to go whither her fate was driving her. You will remember that in my first letter which I wrote from here I told you that she had caught a cold on September 12th, the second day after our arrival. At first it appeared to be of no consequence and even seemed to be getting better, so she did not go to bed. But on the evening of the 26th she suddenly started to shiver and asked to lie down. After the shivering she had fever and I saw that her throat was inflamed. The following day she was no better and I sent for a doctor. To cut a long story

¹ Francis I, Emperor of Austria, died on August 18th, 1765.

² A favourite quotation of Leopold Mozart. Cp. p. 20.

short, at four o'clock on the evening of the 28th she was bled; and although her pulse improved somewhat, she still was a little feverish.

The doctor himself had given up hope and my poor child, feeling how weak she was, partly realised the danger. I prepared her to resign herself to God's will and not only did she take the Holy Communion but the priest found her in such a serious condition that he gave her the Holy Sacrament of extreme unction, for she was often so weak that she could hardly utter what she wanted to say. Whoever could have listened to the conversations which we three, my wife, myself and my daughter, had on several evenings, during which we convinced her of the vanity of this world and the happy death of children, would not have heard it without tears. Meanwhile little Wolfgang in the next room was amusing himself with his music. On October 21st, the same day on which I had the Holy Sacrament given to her at five o'clock in the afternoon, I arranged for a consultation at half past one (which they call here before mid-day). The honest old Professor Schwenke¹ (who no longer attends anybody and whom the Princess of Weilburg sent to me) showed at once that he understood the case much better. First of all he took the child's hand and felt her pulse thoroughly. He put on his glasses and examined her eyes, her tongue and her whole face. Then he had to be told the *statum morbi*. This was the first time that I had especial reason to be grateful for my knowledge of the Latin tongue, for if I had not known that language, Herr Professor would have been told of quite different symptoms. For after the doctor had already been convicted by his conscience that he had made a complete blunder, he had of course to explain and

¹ Thomas Schwenke, Director of the School of Anatomy and private physician to the Stadtholder. Cp. Scheurleer, *Mozarts Verbliff in Nederland* ('s Gravenhage, 1883), p. 76.

describe the case in such a way as to justify the remedies he had used. But whenever he said anything which was not accurate, I contradicted him as I had already done every time he talked of the lesions, boils, pocks on the lung (or whatever he preferred to call them) which he had diagnosed. He declared more particularly that she was in pain and could not lie on both sides, which was not true and which I contradicted every time he said it.

All this time, whether asleep or awake, she was delirious and kept on talking in her sleep, now in English, now in French, and now in German; and as our travels had given her plenty to chatter about, we often had to laugh in spite of all our distress. This did something to remove the sadness which Wolfgang was feeling on account of his sister.

Now it depends upon whether God will graciously allow her to recover her strength or whether some other accident will send her into eternity. We have always trusted to the Divine Will and even before we left Salzburg we prayed to God earnestly to prevent or to bless our intended journey. If my daughter dies, she will die happy. If God grants her life, then we pray to Him to send her later such an innocent and blessed death as she would have now. I hope for the latter. For on that same Sunday when she was very ill, I read the Gospel "*Domine, descende*". "Come, Lord! before my daughter dies." And now on this Sunday the Gospel was: "*Thy daughter slept: thy faith hath helped thee*". You will find it, if you look it up in the Gospel. But you can easily imagine what a time we have been having, and that all my plans have been suddenly upset. We could not and would not entrust our child to strangers, so for a long time my wife has not been going to bed until six in the morning, when I get up and look after my daughter till noon. Thus my wife and I have divided the time until mid-day, each of us sleeping about five or six hours. And how long will it be until my

daughter, if she is to recover, will be in a fit state to travel? This is the worst season and the weather is getting more severe. Our furs were sent from Calais to Paris, for, according to my reckoning, we should have already left Holland by now. You are always asking me by what route I shall travel home. Did I not write to you that I sent a trunk from Calais to Paris? And you know that I have already left a lot of luggage there. It follows therefore that I must travel through Paris, as I want to do. I shall not lose by it. It was my intention to spend the three months, August, September and October, in Brabant, Holland and Flanders, to stay in Paris during November and to travel home in December so that I should certainly be home *ad Festum S. Thomae*.¹ Now God has upset my calculations and it no longer depends on what I wish, but on the condition of my daughter; and any reasonable person will see that, if God spares her, I cannot expose her capriciously to the obvious danger of losing her life through an inopportune journey. It is easy to understand that I have derived no advantage, but the greatest loss from this accident. And I think that there is sufficient cause for wonder (if one considers it well) how I am in a position to stand these tours and especially in the style in which we travel. For France, England and Holland are countries where one talks, not about pieces of twelve and pennies, but only about louis d'or, guineas, ducats and reitters.² Perhaps you do not know what a reitter is? It is a Dutch coin—a whole reitter being worth fourteen Dutch gulden, half a reitter seven Dutch gulden. I shall show them to you. My present expenses are perfectly dreadful, for here one must pay for everything. Everyone knows of course what Holland is. So heavy inroads are made on my purse. Basta! After all, what is money, if only I get away again safe and sound with my family?

¹ December 29th.² i.e. rijder.

Please arrange for a mass to be read for my daughter at Maria-Plain, one at the Holy Child at Loreto, one in honour of St. Walpurgis¹ and two at Passau on the Mariahilfberg. My little girl has been thinking too of pious Crescentia² and has been wanting to have a mass read in her honour as well. But, as we are not entitled to do this until our Church has come to a decision about this pious person, I leave it to your dear wife to hold a Consistorium about this with some Franciscan fathers, and so to arrange the matter that my daughter shall be satisfied and the ordinances of God and of our church shall not be offended.³

I have not yet been to Amsterdam. But as soon as my daughter is well enough for me to leave my wife alone with her, I am going to drive there with Wolfgang, but only to spend a few days. By the mail coach it is only a journey of six or seven hours, though it takes longer by water. These are all very curious facts and I shall talk to you about them later on. I shall not fail to do what you want in Amsterdam. In conclusion I hope that you do not think from the circumstances of my daughter's illness and treatment that I took the first doctor I could get. No indeed! He is Dr. Haymann, Physician to the Imperial, Portuguese, Spanish, French and Neapolitan Envoys, all of whom recommended him to me.

¹ St. Walpurgis, born in Sussex *c.* 710, went to Germany *c.* 750 with some nuns at the request of St. Boniface of Mainz. In 754 she became Abbess of the Benedictine Nunnery of Heidenheim and on the death of her brother Wunnibald, Abbot of the monastery of Heidenheim, she succeeded to his charge and governed the joint community until her death *c.* 779. In 871 her relics were removed to Eichstätt, where a church was built which became a place of pilgrimage. Her festival was celebrated at various times of the year and particularly on May 1st. Walburga was Nannerl's third Christian name. See Jahn, vol. i. p. 26, n. 1.

² St. Crescentia. Little is known about her. It is said that a tumulus with a stone containing an inscription about her death originally existed near Paris.

³ St. Crescentia had not yet been canonised.

(40) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

THE HAGUE, *December 12th*, 1765

That you may be relieved at the outset of all anxiety, I now tell you that, thank God, we are all alive. Yes, I can almost say that we are all well. For our dear little Wolfgang has at last, with the help of God, survived his horrible struggle and is on the road to recovery.

My daughter was scarcely a week out of bed and had just begun to walk across the bedroom floor by herself, when on November 15th little Wolfgang contracted an illness which in four weeks has made him so wretched that he is not only absolutely unrecognisable, but has nothing left but his tender skin and his little bones and for the last five days has been carried daily from his bed to a chair. Yesterday and to-day, however, we led him a few times across the room so that gradually he may learn to use his feet and stand upright by himself. You would like to know what was wrong with him? God knows! I am tired of describing illnesses to you. It began with a fever. Our night vigils were shared, as they were during my daughter's illness; so that it is owing to the great grace of God that we, especially my wife, have been able to stand all this. But, patience! What God sends must be endured. Now all that I can do is to await the time when it will please the Almighty to give my Wolfgang sufficient strength to enable us to undertake such an important journey at this season. Expense must not be considered. The devil take the money, if one only gets off with one's skin! But I will not describe to you the other circumstances in which we have found ourselves for the last three months. Had it not been for God's quite extraordinary grace, my children would not have survived

these severe illnesses nor we these heavy blows.

Please have the following masses read soon: three at the Holy Child at Loreto, one at Maria-Plain and one at Passau on the Mariahilfberg, two at St. Anne in the Parish Church of the Franciscans, one in honour of St. Walpurgis and one in honour of St. Vincent Ferrier,¹ in all nine masses. My daughter is now so well that no trace of her illness is to be seen. I hope to God that our dear Wolfgang will also recover in a few weeks; for youth soon regains strength. I owe replies to letters from Adlgasser and Spitzeder which I shall repay in a few days. My present circumstances will excuse me. Please give our compliments to all. My children's illness, especially our Wolfgang's, has saddened not only us, but all our friends here. My daughter is not yet known in Holland, for she fell ill the day after our arrival.² But I cannot count my friends in this place, for people might think it boastful.

(41) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

PARIS,³ May 16th, 1766

You will undoubtedly be more surprised than usual at not having received a letter from me for so long, and I should not have left you without any news of our con-

¹ St. Vincent Ferrier (1355-1419) was a Spanish Dominican and the most famous preacher of his generation. He was appointed by Benedict XIII master of the Sacred Palace and he played an important part at the Council of Constance (1415), where he proposed the simultaneous deposition of the three rival popes. He was canonised by Calixtus III in 1455.

² Mozart had performed at court alone on September 20th, and on September 30th had given a concert alone, at which all the ouvertures (symphonies) were of his composition and at which musicians were invited to give him new music to read.

³ The Mozarts arrived on May 10th in Paris, where they stayed until July 9th, lodging "chez M. Brie, baigneur, rue traversière". They spent four days, May 28th to June 1st, in Versailles.

dition if I had not been assured that you had heard about us at least twice from Herr Kulmann in Amsterdam. The illness of my children is the only reason why I have not yet sent you and my friends as exact a description of Holland as I have done of France and England. From Amsterdam¹ we returned to The Hague for the festival of the Prince of Orange (which took place on March 11th² and lasted some time), on which occasion our little composer was asked to turn out six sonatas for the clavier with violin accompaniment,³ for the Prince's sister, Princess von Nassau-Weilburg. These were at once engraved. In addition he had to compose something for the Prince's concert and also arias for the Princess and so forth. On our arrival home you shall see them all. I have asked Herr Kulmann to send a little box to you at Salzburg. As soon as it arrives, please open it and look for the small wide parcel, which is unsealed and on which "Music" is written. In it you will find two copies of the sonatas engraved at The Hague. Take one copy with the violin part and get the clavier and violin parts bound separately and see that these are presented most humbly to His Grace on our behalf. In the same parcel there are two sets of variations, one of which little Wolfgang had to compose on an air,⁴ written on the occasion of the majority and installation of the Prince; the other set he

¹ After giving a second concert at The Hague, on January 22nd, at which both Nannerl and Wolfgang performed, Leopold Mozart took his family to Amsterdam, where the children gave concerts on January 29th and February 20th. At both concerts, at which only Mozart's compositions were performed, they played works for four hands on one clavier and at the second concert works for two claviers. Probably the symphony in B^b (K. 22), composed at The Hague, was performed at one of these concerts.

² The correct date was March 8th. Abert, vol. i. p. 71, suggests that March 11th was the day on which the Mozarts appeared at court.

³ K. 26-31, announced in the *Haag Courant* for March 6th, 1766.

⁴ K. 24, harpsichord variations on an air composed for the installation of the Stadtholder by C. E. Graf or Graaf (1723-1804), Kapellmeister to the Prince of Orange.

dashed off hurriedly on another melody¹ which everybody all over Holland is singing, playing and whistling. They are trifles! But if you want to add a copy of each, you may do so, as they are unusual. I shall have the honour of showing you my "Violinschule" in the Dutch language.² This book these Dutch gentlemen translated and produced in the same format as the original. It was dedicated to the Prince and presented to him in my presence at the festival of his installation. The edition is an uncommonly fine one, even finer than my own. The publisher (or rather, the printer in Haarlem) came to me and handed me the book in a respectful manner. He was accompanied by the organist who invited our little Wolfgang to play on the great organ in Haarlem, which is so famous. This took place on the following morning from ten to eleven. It is an extremely fine instrument with 68 stops, entirely of pewter, be it noted, as wood does not last in this damp country.

It would take too long to describe our journey from Holland through Amsterdam, Utrecht,³ Rotterdam, across the Maas, and then across an arm of the sea at Moerdijk to Antwerp. Still more impossible would it be to describe the present sorry state of the formerly great commercial town of Antwerp and to enumerate the causes thereof.⁴ Later on we shall talk about this. We travelled

¹ K. 25, harpsichord variations on the old national anthem of Holland, "Wilhelmus van Nassouwe". The fugue of the "Galimathias musicum" (K. 32) which Mozart, with his father's assistance, also composed for the festival, is on the same air.

² A Dutch translation of Leopold Mozart's "Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule", Augsburg, 1756. The copy which was presented to William V is in the Royal Library at The Hague.

³ The Mozarts gave another concert in Amsterdam on April 16th and one in Utrecht.

⁴ The main decline of Antwerp was in the sixteenth century. About 1540 it was at the height of its importance. Then came very unhealthy speculations, leading to serious bankruptcies and unsettlement; and the political troubles made many prominent citizens take refuge in Holland. From 1580 onwards it was in decline and Amsterdam soon passed it in importance. In the eighteenth century it suffered from the closing of the Scheldt (ever since the

through Malines, where we visited our old acquaintance, the Archbishop,¹ to Brussels, where we only rested for a day and, leaving by the mail coach at nine in the morning, arrived in Valenciennes at half past seven in the evening.

In Cambrai I saw the tomb of the great Fénelon and his marble bust. He has made himself immortal by his "Télémaque", his book on the education of girls, his dialogues of the dead, his fables, and other sacred and secular works. Then without stopping anywhere we travelled on to Paris and went to the lodgings which our friend M. Grimm had engaged for us. Thank God, we found our luggage in good condition.

As we are now dressed again in black, one can see how my children have grown. We are all well. When we get back to Salzburg nobody, at first, will recognise little Wolfgang. It is a long time since we left and meanwhile he has seen and got to know many thousands of people.

My very dear Hagenauer, we met in Amsterdam a native of Salzburg who owing to certain circumstances had become a Calvinist. My most urgent desire was to lead him back to the right path. I made every effort. That brought me back to Amsterdam² and kept me longer in Holland.

(42) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

PARIS, *June 9th*, 1766

Next week we are to go again to Versailles, where twelve days ago we spent four whole days.

Treaty of Münster) and it was sacked by the French in 1746. In 1780 its population was only c. 40,000, 12,000 of whom were living on alms.

¹ Cp. p. 44.

² Probably refers to his second visit to Amsterdam in the middle of April when his children gave their third concert.

I have not told you what our next route will be, for I think it will be more interesting if the superscription on my next letter tells it to you. Meanwhile we have had the pleasure of a visit from His Highness the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick,¹ a very agreeable, handsome and friendly gentleman. On entering the room he asked me whether I was the author of the book on the violin, and so on. He is soon to leave Paris, visit en passant the forts of Metz, Strassburg, and the rest, and then travel via Geneva to Turin, and so through Italy.

(43) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

LYONS, August 16th, 1766

Do not be shocked that I am writing to you from Lyons. By the time that you receive this letter we shall have had, with the help of God, a sufficiently long opportunity of discovering what Geneva and the Genevan pocket watches are like, for in two or three days we leave here for that city. We went from Paris to Dijon² in Burgundy, where we spent a fortnight. We did this on account of the Prince de Condé, who had invited us there on the occasion of the assembly of the Burgundian states, which only takes place every three years.

We shall probably stay at least a fortnight in Geneva. Then we shall travel through Switzerland by way of Lausanne and Berne. But whether we shall leave Switzer-

¹ Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand (1735-1806), famous for the part he played in the Seven Years' War.

² Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen* has the entry "Dijon", p. 40, before the second entry "Paris", p. 47. In Dijon the Mozarts met Charles de Brosses (1709-1777), famous later for his *Lettres familières, écrites d'Italie*, 1739-40. He was a great lover of music, had associated with Hasse, Tartini, etc., and translated into French Metastasio's dramas. Leopold Mozart's criticism of the violinists in the Dijon orchestra is "asini tutti".

land on the right by Zürich or on the left by Basel, I do not know. Thence we shall go straight through Ulm to Dischingen¹ to His Highness Prince Taxis, as we arranged with M. Becke,² whom we met in Paris, and who will also be there. Further, I hope to meet the Bishop of Augsburg either in Dillingen or in Augsburg and, after paying our brief respects to His Highness the Elector of Bavaria and Duke Clemens, to congratulate Frau Hagenauer on her name-day.³ But all this with the help of God! People have been trying hard to persuade us to proceed to the French ports of Marseilles, Bordeaux, etc. And don't you think it very heroic and magnanimous of us to have decided to abandon a trip to Turin, which lies almost in front of us? Don't you think that its proximity, our circumstances, the general encouragement to do so and our own interest and love of travel ought to have induced us to follow our noses and go to Italy and then, after witnessing the Festival of the Ascension in Venice, return home through the Tyrol? Surely you will agree that now is the time when my children on account of their youth can arouse the admiration of everyone. However, I have taken my decision. I have promised to go home and I shall keep my word.

(44) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MUNICH, *November 10th*, 1766

As far as I remember, my last letter was from Lyons, which we left after a stay of four weeks. We then went on

¹ A small village about thirteen miles from Dillingen, where Schloss Taxis is.

² Probably Johann Baptist Becke, born in 1743, flautist in the court orchestra at Munich, and later Leopold Mozart's constant correspondent.

³ Leopold Mozart hoped to be home by October 15th.

to Geneva, where we found everything in flames after the civil war. This, however, did not prevent us from staying three weeks. Perhaps you know that immediately outside Geneva the famous Voltaire has a castle called Ferney, where he is living.

Whoever wishes to go to Berne must travel through Lausanne. We had only intended to spend half a day there; but when we alighted from our carriages, the servants of Prince Ludwig of Wurtemberg,¹ of Madame d'Autbonne, of Madame Hermenche, of M. de Sévery and others came up, and I had to let these distinguished personages persuade me to spend five days in Lausanne. The above-mentioned Prince was with us when we got into our carriage and, upon shaking hands with him, I had to promise to write to him very often and send him news of ourselves. From Lausanne we went to Berne and thence to Zürich. In the former town we only spent eight, in the latter fourteen days.² In both places we had an opportunity of getting to know men of learning; and at Zürich the two Gesners,³ both learned persons, made our stay very pleasant and our departure very sad. We took away tokens of their friendship.

Thence we proceeded through Winterthur to Schaffhausen. Here too our four days' stay was a very pleasant one and we found on our arrival in Donaueschingen Herr Meisner, who came to welcome us and helped us and our luggage out of the carriage! He remained on in Donaueschingen with us for four days longer.

His Highness the Prince welcomed us with extra-

¹ Brother of Duke Karl Eugen.

² From September 19th to October 3rd. They gave a concert there.

³ Johannes Gesner, physicist, and Salomon Gesner (1730-1788), poet. The latter gave the Mozarts, amongst other works, a copy of his poems with a dedication, quoted by Nissen, p. 116. Nissen adds that Salomon Gesner's wife gave the Mozarts a copy of Wieland's poetical works and her brother a German translation of Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*.

ordinary graciousness. It was not necessary to announce our arrival, for we were already being eagerly awaited, as Herr Meisner can testify. The Director of Music, Martelli, came at once to welcome us and to invite us to court. Well, we were there for twelve days. On nine days there was music in the evening from five to nine and each time we performed something different. If the season had not been so advanced, we should not have got away. The Prince gave me twenty-four louis d'or and to each of my children a diamond ring. Tears flowed from his eyes when we took leave of him, and truly we all wept at saying good-bye. He begged me to write to him often. Indeed our departure was as sad as our stay had been agreeable. Then we travelled at terrific speed through Messkirch to Ulm, Günzburg and Dillingen, where we only stayed two days, picked up two rings from the Prince¹ and, after spending a day in Augsburg, came to Munich where we arrived the day before yesterday and where we are staying at Störzer's. Yesterday, Sunday, we visited His Highness the Elector at table and were most graciously received. Wolfgang had at once to compose, standing beside the Elector, a piece for which His Highness hummed the beginning, or rather a few bars of the theme, and he then had to play it for him after dinner in the music room. You can easily guess how surprised everyone was to see and hear this.

That night, however, I noticed that Wolfgang was not well. He was restless and I have had to keep him in bed to-day, as I shall perhaps have to do for a few days more. With this weather and with the stove heating to which we have now to accustom ourselves, it is not surprising that such a delicate frame should have to suffer a little.

¹ Prince Taxis.

(45) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MUNICH, November 15th, 1766

If things had gone as I intended, my last letter would have begun as follows: *Here you have a letter from Regensburg*—for I should now be there, in response to the insistent request of Prince Ludwig of Wurtemberg, Prince von Fürstenberg and Prince Taxis. From here it is a stone's throw and we should have gone straight home through Landshut and Alt-Ötting. This indeed is the route which we shall take on our journey and we shall doubtless still meet His Grace in Lauffen. But whether we shall now travel by way of Regensburg, I very much doubt, as I must wait until our little Wolfgang has completely recovered, and only then shall I know how soon we can get away from here. Meanwhile the weather is getting worse and worse. Our dear Frau Hagenauer will remember that after our return from Vienna¹ little Wolfgang fell ill and was very sick, so that we dreaded smallpox; and that finally the trouble settled in his feet, where he complained of pains and so forth.

Now he has had a similar attack. He could not stand on his feet or move his toes or knees. No one could come near him and for four nights he could not sleep. This pulled him down a great deal and caused us all the more anxiety, as the whole time and especially towards evening, he was very hot and feverish. To-day he is noticeably better; but it will certainly be a week more before he is quite restored to health. In God's name, a hundred gulden soon disappear. I am now accustomed to this bad business.

The arrangements which we must make for our home

¹ January 1763.

are worrying me very much.¹ You yourself will understand this to some extent, and after our safe arrival (which God grant!) you will see it for yourself. God, who has been far too good to me, a miserable sinner, has bestowed such talents on my children that, apart from my duty as a father, they alone would spur me on to sacrifice everything to their successful development. Every moment I lose is lost for ever. And if I ever guessed how precious for youth is time, I realize it now. You know that my children are accustomed to work. But if with the excuse that one thing prevents another they were to accustom themselves to hours of idleness, my whole plan would crumble to pieces. Habit is an iron shirt. And you yourself know how much my children and Wolfgang especially have to learn. But who knows what plans are being made for us after our return to Salzburg? Perhaps we shall be received in such a way that we shall be only too glad to shoulder our bundles and clear out. But at least, God willing, I am going to bring back my children to their native town. If they are not wanted, it is not my fault. But people shall not get them for nothing. Well, I rely entirely on your sensible judgment and true friendship. Conversation will give us more pleasure. Farewell.

(46) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MUNICH, *November 22nd*, 1766

Now I myself am impatient. Until now Wolfgang has been unwell. He went out yesterday for the first time and to-day the Elector is giving a concert at which we have to appear. This impatience of mine is due to the very

¹ Probably refers to Leopold Mozart's intention to move into a house of his own.

tiresome custom prevailing at this court, of keeping people waiting for a very long time.¹

¹ The Mozarts had been in Munich since November 8th and did not arrive in Salzburg until November 30th. Nissen, p. 120, adds that at Biberach Mozart competed on the organ with Sixtus Bachmann (1754-1818), later Father Sixtus of the Monastery of Marchthal, who was two years older than himself.

The fourth journey of Leopold Mozart and his wife and two children was to Vienna (their second visit), presumably in order to take part in the celebrations connected with the forthcoming marriage of the Archduchess Maria Josepha to King Ferdinand of Naples. But owing to the death of the bride in October 1767 and the prolonged court mourning, nearly all musical activities ceased for a time. Nevertheless the Mozarts remained in Vienna until January 1769. At the Emperor Joseph's suggestion Mozart wrote an opera buffa "La Finta Semplice", which, however, was not performed. On the other hand, his operetta "Bastien und Bastienne" was produced at the private theatre of the famous Dr. Anton Mesmer. This visit to Vienna is described in a series of letters from Leopold Mozart to his landlord, Lorenz Hagenauer. Letters 47-70.

(47) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA,¹ *September 22nd, 1767*

On the first day we drove to Vöcklabruck; on the second in the morning to Lambach (where we took lunch in the monastery). In the evening we went on to Linz where we stayed at the "Grüner Baum", an inn outside the town. On Sunday we did no more than walk up the Strengberg. On Monday morning we drove to Melk, where after lunch we went up to the monastery² and were shown the rooms. We did not disclose our identity until, when visiting the church and its organ, we gave the organist the opportunity of recognising or rather guessing from his playing who little Wolfgang was. Immediately afterwards, however, we got into our carriage and drove to St. Pölten and on the morning of the following day to Purkersdorf and Vienna.

His Majesty³ has only just returned from Hungary and during these days the Empress has her monthly devotions in memory of the death of the late Emperor.⁴ So far I have nothing to report about our arrangements here. But every day there is either an opera seria or an opera buffa or a play.

(48) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *September 29th, 1767*

I have nothing to tell you except that, thank God, we are

¹ The Mozarts left Salzburg on September 11th and arrived in Vienna on September 15th and took rooms in the house of a goldsmith.

² The famous Benedictine abbey and church.

³ Joseph II.

⁴ Cp. p. 87, n. 1.

all well; and that news is quite certainly worth the postage.

Hasse's¹ opera is beautiful, but the singers, be it noted, are nothing out of the ordinary for such a festive occasion.² Signor Tibaldi³ is the tenor and Signor Rauzzini⁴ from Munich, the leading castrato. The prima donna is Signora Teiber,⁵ the daughter of a violinist at the Viennese court. But the dances are excellent, the leading dancer being the famous Frenchman Vestris.⁶

(49) *Leopold Mozart to Frau Maria Theresa
Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

MADAME!

VIENNA, October 14th, 1767⁷

I left Herr Estlinger certain symphonies to copy, which I hope are now ready. These are the symphonies

¹ "Partenope", text by Metastasio, produced on September 9th, 1767. The composer, Johann Adolph Hasse (1699-1783), born in Hamburg, was first a tenor. In 1724 he went to Naples to study composition under Porpora and Alessandro Scarlatti, and there wrote his first operas. Owing to his personal charm and popularity, he was known in Italy as "Il caro Sassone". In 1730 he married Faustina Bordoni, the famous soprano, and became Kapellmeister in Dresden. After the siege of Dresden in 1760 he and his wife moved to Vienna, where he soon became the rival of Gluck.

² The celebrations in connection with the betrothal of the Archduchess Maria Josepha to King Ferdinand of Naples.

³ Giuseppe Luigi Tibaldi, a famous tenor, born 1719 in Bologna. He was a pupil of Padre Martini and during the years 1760-1772 was a leading operatic singer.

⁴ Venanzio Rauzzini (1747-1810), born in Rome, went to Munich in 1766. He was an eminent teacher of singing and also an operatic composer.

⁵ Probably Elizabeth Teiber, one of a large family of musicians in Vienna. Her sister Therese Teiber, also a famous soprano, married later the tenor Ferdinand Arnold.

⁶ Vestris, a large family of Italian musicians and dancers, originally Vestri from Florence. The one mentioned here was Gaëtan Apolline Balthasar (1729-1808), who had worked under Noverre. In Paris in 1778 he danced in Mozart's ballet for written Noverre, "Les petits riens" (K. App. 10).

⁷ A short letter from Leopold Mozart, dated October 7th, 1767, says: "... That Princess Josepha, the bride of the King of Naples, has contracted smallpox, also upsets our plans to some extent. . . ."

which I have to send to Donaueschingen.¹ By the next post I shall send you a letter for the Prince which should be enclosed with the symphonies and should be sent off by the mail coach. I hope that Herr Estlinger understood what I wanted. The concertos for two claviers should be sent to Herr Gesner² at Zürich. The symphonies should go to Donaueschingen, and the clavier concertos, which Herr Spitzeder gave Herr Estlinger to copy, should, when copied, be delivered by him to Herr von Menhofer, who will thereupon pay him for them.

For Herr Hagenauer alone.

Do not be surprised if we draw four hundred or even five hundred gulden. *Aut Caesar aut nihil*; but not in Wenzel Hebelt's manner. Perhaps in one single day I shall pay it all back. So far we have played nowhere, as we have not yet performed at court. Later on I shall tell you some extraordinary things.

(50) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, October 17th, 1767

The Princess bride has become a bride of the Heavenly bridegroom.³ What an amazing change!

Another strange thing is that the second opera was the story of the Greek fable of Psyche. The title was: *Amor e Psiche*.⁴

We see a good deal of the Duke de Braganza,⁵ Prince

¹ Cp. p. 99 f. K. 16, 16a, 16b, 19, 19a, 19b, 22, and possibly K. 76

² Cp. p. 99, n. 3.

³ Princess Josepha died of smallpox on October 15th.

⁴ An opera by F. L. Gassmann (1729-1774), who was a native of Bohemia and studied under Padre Martini of Bologna. In 1764 he was invited to Vienna as ballet composer and in 1771 was appointed Hofkapellmeister. Salieri was his pupil.

⁵ Duke Johann Carl de Braganza, a famous traveller and patron of the arts.

Kaunitz, M. De L'Augier,¹ and Baron Fries.²

Do not forget to pray for us, for if God did not watch over us, we should certainly be in a sorry plight, as you shall hear later on.

(51) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

OLMÜTZ,³ November 10th, 1767

Te Deum Laudamus!

Little Wolfgang has got over the smallpox safely!

And where?—In Olmütz!

And where?—At the residence of His Excellency Count Podstatzky.⁴ You will have already observed from my previous letter that everything in Vienna has gone topsy-turvy. Now I must give you a few particulars which concern us alone; and from them you will see how Divine Providence links everything together, so that, if we trust to it completely, we cannot go wrong.

The elder son of the goldsmith with whom we were living, caught smallpox immediately after our arrival. We only heard of this after he had almost got over it and after the two younger children had caught it too. In vain did I search quickly for another lodging which would take us all. I was forced to leave my wife and daughter where they were and to run off with Wolfgang to a good friend. The servant remained with my wife. The only subject of conversation in Vienna was the smallpox. Of

¹ Physician to the Viennese court, at whose home scholars and artists were entertained.

² Baron Johann von Fries (1719–1785), a wealthy business man and banker in Vienna.

³ The Mozarts were in Olmütz from October 26th to December 23rd. Mozart's illness lasted from October 26th to November 10th.

⁴ Count Leopold Anton von Podstatzky, Dean of the Cathedral at Olmütz. His brother was a Canon of the Salzburg Cathedral.

ten children whose names were put on the death register, nine had died of this disease. You can easily imagine how I felt. Whole nights were spent without sleep and during the day we had no rest.

I had decided immediately after the death of the Princess bride to go to Moravia, until the first mourning in Vienna should be over. But it was impossible to get away. For His Majesty the Emperor talked about us so often that we could never be certain when it would occur to him to summon us. As soon, however, as the Archduchess Elizabeth fell ill, I let nothing more stop me, and I could scarcely wait until the hour came when I could get my little Wolfgang out of Vienna (which was by this time thoroughly infected) and into a different atmosphere.

On the afternoon of October 23rd we drove off and reached Brünn¹ on Saturday the 24th. I took little Wolfgang to His Excellency Count von Schrattenbach² and Countess von Herberstein. They talked about a concert with a view to hearing my children and everything was already arranged. But I had a certain inner presentiment which I could not shake off and which impelled me all of a sudden to go on straightway to Olmütz and hold the concert in Brünn on my return. So on Sunday evening I explained this to His Excellency, who agreed that I was acting wisely. We therefore quickly packed up our things and on Monday the 26th we left for Olmütz and soon arrived there.

We put up at the "Schwarzer Adler" and, to our annoyance, we had to take a wretched damp room, as the few other rooms were occupied. We were therefore obliged to have it heated, another cause for annoyance, as

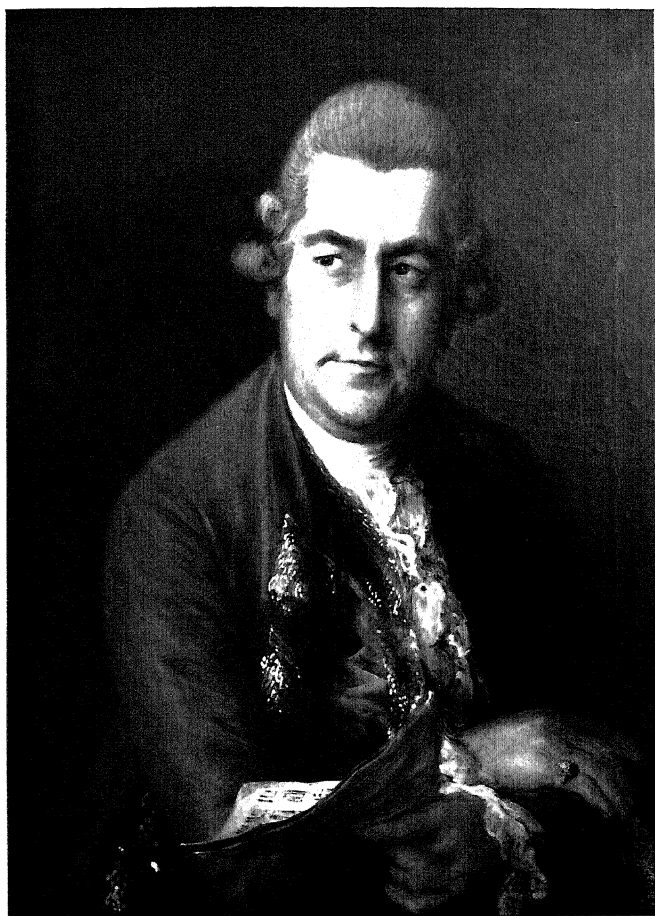
¹ The capital of Moravia, about ninety miles from Vienna.

² Count Franz Anton von Schrattenbach, brother of the Archbishop of Salzburg.

the stove smoked so that we were almost blinded and at ten o'clock little Wolfgang was complaining of his eyes. I noticed that his head was warm, that his cheeks were hot and very red, but that his hands were as cold as ice. Moreover his pulse was not right. So we gave him some black powder and put him to bed. During the night he was rather restless and in the morning he still had the dry fever. At this point we were given two better rooms, so we wrapped Wolfgang up in furs and took him into the other suite. As the fever increased we gave him some margrave powder and some black powder. Towards evening he began to rave, and all night long and during the morning of the 28th he was delirious. After church I went to His Excellency Count Podstatzky, who received me most graciously. When I told him that my small boy had fallen ill and that I feared that he might have smallpox, he told me that he would take us in, as he was not at all nervous of the disease. He sent immediately for the steward, ordered him to get two rooms ready and sent for a doctor to visit us at the "Schwarzer Adler". At four o'clock in the afternoon little Wolfgang was packed up in leather wrappings and furs and lifted into the carriage and I drove with him to the Cathedral Deanery. On the 29th we saw a few little red pocks, but all the same we were not certain whether it was the smallpox, as he was no longer very ill. He took nothing but a powder every six hours and always scabious tea afterwards.

On the 30th and the 31st, his name-day, the smallpox came out completely. As soon as this happened, the fever disappeared altogether and, thank God, he was still right in his head. He was very much inflamed and as he had swollen to a surprising extent and had a thick nose, when he looked at himself in the mirror, he said: "*Now I am like little Mayr*",¹ meaning the musician. Since yesterday the

¹ Andreas Mayr, a member of the Salzburg court orchestra.



JOHANN CHRISTIAN BACH (1776)

From a portrait by Gainsborough
(Liceo Musicale, Bologna)

spots have been falling off here and there and two days ago all the swelling disappeared.

You will have already realised the truth of my motto: *In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in aeternum*. I leave it to you to consider in what a wonderful way our fate took us to Olmütz and how extraordinary it was that Count Podstatzky of his own accord took us in with a child who was to develop smallpox. I shall not mention with what kindness, graciousness and liberality we were waited on in every way. But I should really like to know how many people there are who would receive into their house, as he did, a whole family with a child in such a condition and this from no other motive than fellow-feeling. This deed will do Count Podstatzky no little honour in the biography of our little one which I shall have printed later on. For from a certain aspect there begins here a new period of his life.

I am sorry that I shall have to return to Salzburg later than I intended. But at this time of the year we cannot make an early departure without endangering Wolfgang's health.

I have received your letter with the enclosure from M. Grimm in Paris. You will have seen in his letter what he has to say about the Russian Court and the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick;¹ also how and in what kind of company Herr Schobert² went into eternity.

Here is a reply to Herr Joseph which Wolfgang has written in bed.³

I still have one anxiety, which weighs heavily upon me, which is, lest my little girl should also get smallpox;

¹ Cp. p. 97, n. 1.

² Cp. p. 53, n. 4. Schobert died on August 28th, 1767, from eating some fungi which he had gathered near Paris and which poisoned his family, his cook and three friends. His death is described by Grimm in his *Correspondance Littéraire*, vol. vii. p. 422.

³ A letter which is evidently lost.

for who knows whether the few pocks which she had were the real ones?

For you alone.

The six symphonies, which Estlinger has copied,¹ should be rolled up well and given to the mail coach with the address: A son Altesse Sérénissime Le Prince de Fürstenberg etc. à Donaueschingen. I shall write a letter to the Prince from here. The concerto for two claviers by Wagenseil should be added to the other printed sonatas,² which are to be sent to Herr Gesner in Zürich. But you will see now how topsy-turvy everything has been and how when we thought that all had gone wrong, God bestowed upon us His infinite grace and allowed our dear Wolfgang to make a good recovery from his illness. But I do not mind anything so long as this is safely over. What do you say to Count Podstatzky's treatment of us? Does not such a deed deserve some sort of expression of approval, if not of thanks from His Grace, made, if not in person, at least through his brother in Brunn or through Count von Herberstein, or, at the very least, conveyed in the form of a letter from our Father Confessor, or from the Court Chancellor? I beg you to try to get something of this sort done.

(52) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

OLMÜTZ, November 29th, 1767

I have this moment received your letter.

Iterum Iterumque

Te Deum Laudamus!

My daughter has got over the smallpox safely—a proof that the few pocks which she had in childhood were

¹ Cp. p. 108 f. ² Mozart's sonatas, K. 6-9, K. 10-15 and K. 26-31.

not the genuine article, as I had already suspected. She survived her attack so well that you will not notice on her any marks whatever and only a few on Wolfgang. Now I must tell you a few other things. For instance, before leaving Vienna, I wanted to let you know that Herr Haydn,¹ Herr Leutgeb,² Herr Franz Drasil³ and also Herr Küffel⁴ called on us. At that time I was too busy to tell you that we returned the visits of Haydn and of the above-mentioned gentlemen and that we met Theresa, Herr Haydn's lady-love.⁵

Little Wolfgang was overjoyed to receive the letter in verse from Sallerl⁶ and read it out to the Count.

(53) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, *January 12th*, 1768

That we spent a fortnight in Brünn, where we arrived on Christmas Eve, will certainly be known in Salzburg from the letters of Her Excellency Countess von Herberstein. The kindnesses which we received in the home

¹ Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806), a younger brother of Joseph Haydn and a composer of note. In 1762 on Eberlin's death he was appointed conductor of the Salzburg court orchestra, and in 1777 after Adlgasser's death he became organist at the churches of Holy Trinity and St. Peter. In August 1768 he married the Salzburg court singer Maria Magdalena Lipp, daughter of the second organist of the Cathedral.

² Joseph Leutgeb, horn-player in the Salzburg court orchestra, and later a close friend of Mozart. In 1777 he opened a cheesemonger's shop in Vienna, where he died in 1811.

³ Franz Drasil was a horn-player in the Salzburg court orchestra. See A. J. Hammerle: *Mozart und einige Zeitgenossen*, Salzburg, 1877, p. 35.

⁴ Ignaz Küffel, a 'cellist in the Salzburg court orchestra. See p. 138 and p. 140, n. 1.

⁵ A portion of this letter which has been omitted contains an amusing description of the lady, who was the daughter of a Viennese hosier. Michael Haydn did not marry her.

⁶ Rosalie Joly, a chambermaid in the household of Count Felix Arco. She was a friend of the Mozart children.

of Count Schrattenbach¹ and the special consideration shown to us by His Excellency and by the whole aristocracy of Brünn I shall not fail later on to extol in detail to His Grace, our most gracious overlord.² We left Brünn on the 9th. With four post-horses we succeeded in reaching Poysdorf at six o'clock on the same evening and this in spite of snow and storm. Here, however, we took six horses and on Sunday, the 10th, we drove off at eight in the morning and were already on the Tabor by five o'clock in the evening.³

(54) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, *January 23rd*, 1768

The latest news which I have to report (apart from the fact that, thank God, we are all well) is that on Tuesday, the 19th, we were with Her Majesty the Empress from half past two to half past four in the afternoon. His Majesty the Emperor⁴ came out into the anteroom where we were waiting until Their Majesties had taken coffee, and brought us in himself. In addition to the Emperor and the Empress, Prince Albert of Saxony⁵ and all the Archduchesses were present; but apart from these royal personages there was not a soul. It would take too long to describe to you all that was said and done there. I shall only say that you cannot possibly conceive with what

¹ See p. 111, n. 2.

² The Archbishop of Salzburg. Count Franz Anton von Schrattenbach was his brother. Cp. p. 111, n. 2.

³ On their return from Brünn the Mozarts took rooms in a house on the Hohe Brücke. See p. 1219.

⁴ Joseph II, since 1765 co-regent with his mother, the Empress Maria Theresa.

⁵ Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, Governor of the Austrian Netherlands, who was married to Maria Theresa's daughter, Maria Christina.

familiarity Her Majesty the Empress conversed with my wife, talking to her partly of my children's smallpox and partly of the events of our grand tour; nor can you imagine how she stroked my wife's cheeks and pressed her hands. Meanwhile His Majesty the Emperor talked to little Wolfgang and to me about music, and many other things too, which often made Nannerl blush. Later on I shall tell you more personally. For you know me. I hate to write about things which many a puffed-up "Gogelkopf"¹ (that is a Swabian expression), sitting behind the stove, would regard as lies. But from this extraordinary friendliness you must not conclude that we are going to be paid in proportion. I at least cannot form a favourable opinion, judging from what I see here and from the present conditions in Vienna. But these are things which time must show and about which we can talk more easily.

(55) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, January 30th–February 3rd, 1768²

For you alone.

It is now time to give you a fuller and clearer report of our circumstances, I know not whether they are fortunate or unfortunate, and to hear your friendly opinion. If money makes the sole happiness of man, then we are doubtless to be pitied now, seeing that, as you know, we have spent so much of our capital that there is little apparent hope of our being able to recover it. If, on the other hand, health and versatility in knowledge are man's highest possessions, then, God be praised, we are still well

¹ An idiot. Nissen, p. 128, adds: "a Swabian and Bavarian expression".

² This long letter was finished and sent off on February 3rd, 1768.

off. We have weathered the biggest and most dangerous storm. By the grace of God we are all well and my children have certainly not only forgotten nothing, but, as you will see, have made great progress.

I know that what must strike you as most incomprehensible is why it is that our affairs do not improve more rapidly. I shall explain this to you as well as I can. At the same time I must omit certain things which cannot be entrusted to my pen. That the Viennese, generally speaking, do not care to see serious and sensible performances, have little or no idea of them, and only want to see foolish stuff, dances, devils, ghosts, magic, clowns, Lipperl,¹ Bernardon,² witches and apparitions is well known; and their theatres prove it every day. That is the first and main reason. The household organisation at court, which I cannot describe here, is an element involving many consequences, which it would take too long to explain and to illustrate by examples. That is the second reason. These two lead to countless strange things, as everything depends on chance and blind fortune and more often on some detestable meanness, which fortunately does not characterise everyone, or even on some very impudent and daring piece of bluff. To come now to our own affairs, I must tell you that many other adverse events have taken place. On our arrival, the first thing we had to do was to obtain an entry at court. But Her Majesty the Empress no longer³ has concerts in her apartments, nor does she go either to the opera or to the play; and her manner of life is so removed from the world that it would be impossible for me to describe it adequately. She directed us to the Emperor. But as this gentleman positively abhors everything that might entail any expenditure, it was a very

¹ A diminutive of Philip and the name of a clown on the Viennese stage.

² A clown's part invented by the Viennese actor Joseph Felix von Kurz (1717-1783).

³ Since the death of Francis I on August 18th, 1765.

long time before he made up his mind; and in the meantime there occurred the sad death of the Princess bride and all the events of which my letters have already informed you. After our return from Moravia we met the Royal Family sooner than we expected. For hardly had the Empress been told of what had happened to us in Olmütz and that we had returned, than we were informed of the day and the hour when we should appear. But what was the use of all this amazing graciousness and this indescribable friendliness? What effect did it produce? None whatever, save a medal, which is, it is true, beautiful, but so worthless that I do not even care to mention its value. She leaves everything else to the Emperor, who enters it in his book of oblivion and believes, no doubt, that he has paid us by his most gracious conversations. Now you will ask me what the other nobles in Vienna do? What do they do? They all cut down their expenses, as far as possible, in order to please the Emperor. If the chief is extravagant, everyone lets things rip. But if the chief economises, everyone wants to have the most economical household.

The highest personages of the aristocracy are our patrons. Prince Kaunitz, the Duke de Braganza, Fräulein von Guttenberg, who is the left eye of the Empress, the Chief Equerry Count Dietrichstein, who is all-powerful with the Emperor, are our friends. But what bad luck! So far we have not been able to speak to Prince Kaunitz,¹ because his weakness is that he is so afraid of smallpox that he even avoids persons whose faces still show red spots. Hence, as little Wolfgang has still many red spots on his face, which are, it is true, small but which come out in cold weather, he merely sent us a message through our friend De L'Augier that during Lent he would look after our interests, but that just now during the carnival, the

¹ Nissen, p. 131, inserts "this time", as during their first visit to Vienna in 1762 he was one of the chief patrons of the Mozarts. Cp. pp. 8 and 10.

nobles could not be assembled for a function. But as I was considering this matter as carefully as I could and thinking of how much money I had already spent and that if I were now to go home without waiting for anything more, it would perhaps be extremely foolish, something quite different occurred. For I was told that all the clavier-players and composers in Vienna were opposed to our advancement, with the sole exception of Wagenseil, who, however, as he was ill at home, could not help us or contribute anything to our advantage. The chief maxim of these people was to avoid most carefully every occasion of seeing us and of admitting little Wolfgang's skill. And why? So that on the many occasions on which they might be asked whether they had heard this boy and what they thought of him, they could always say *that they had not heard him and that it could not possibly be true; that it was all humbug and foolishness; that it was all pre-arranged; that he was given music which he already knew; that it was ridiculous to think that he could compose, and so forth.* That, you see, is why they are keeping out of our way. For he who has seen and heard cannot talk in such a manner without exposing himself to the danger of thereby losing his honour. But I caught one of these people nicely. We had arranged with someone to inform us quietly when the man in question would be there. Our friend was then to hand this person a most extraordinarily difficult concerto, which was to be put before little Wolfgang. So we turned up and the fellow had the opportunity, therefore, of hearing his concerto played off by little Wolfgang as if he knew it by heart. The amazement of this composer and clavier-player, his expressions and the remarks he made in giving vent to his admiration, made us all realise what I have already said above. Finally he declared: *All I can say as an honest person is that this boy is the greatest man now living in the world.*

It was impossible to believe it. But in order to convince the public of what it really amounts to, I decided to do something entirely out of the ordinary, that is, to get Wolfgang to write an opera for the theatre. Can you not imagine what a turmoil secretly arose amongst those composers? What? To-day we are to see a Gluck¹ and to-morrow a boy of twelve seated at the harpsichord and conducting his own opera? Yes, despite all those who envy him! I have even won Gluck over to our side, though, I admit, only to this extent that, though he is not quite whole-hearted, he has decided not to let it be noticed; for our patrons are his also. In order to make our position safe in regard to the actors, who usually cause the composer most annoyance, I have taken up the matter with them and one of them has given me all the suggestions for the work. But to tell you the truth, it was the Emperor himself who first gave me the idea of getting little Wolfgang to write an opera. For he asked the boy twice whether he would like to compose an opera and conduct it himself? Wolfgang said, Yes. But more than this the Emperor could not suggest, as the operas are the concern of Affligio.² The consequences of this undertaking, if God helps us to carry it out, are so enormous, but so easy to visualise, that they require no explanation. But now I must spare no money, for it will come back to me to-day or to-morrow. Never venture, never win. I must show what we can do. We must succeed or fail. And where is my boy more likely to succeed than in the theatre? But of course the opera will not be performed until after Easter. I shall write shortly for permission to stay here longer. It is not an opera seria, however, for no operas of that kind are being given now; and more-

¹ Since 1755 Gluck had been living almost entirely in Vienna. His operas "Alceste" (1767) and "Paride ed Elena" (1770) embodied his ideas on the reform of the opera.

² Giuseppe Affligio was manager of the Burgtheater and the Theater am Kärntner Tor during the years 1767-1770.

over people do not like them. So it is an opera buffa, but not a short one, for it is to last about two and a half or three hours.¹ There are no singers here for serious operas. Even Gluck's serious opera, "Alceste",² was performed entirely by opera buffa singers. He too is now writing an opera buffa,³ for there are excellent singers here for works of this kind, such as Signori Caribaldi, Caratoli, Poggi, Laschi, Polini, Signorina Bernasconi,⁴ Signorina Eberhardi, Signorina Baglioni.

What do you think? Is not the reputation of having written an opera for the Viennese theatre the best way to enhance one's credit not only in Germany but also in Italy? Farewell.

(56) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, February 13th, 1768

I should very much like to have here the bound copy of my "Violinschule"⁵ which is standing or lying about amongst my books. When the Salzburg delegates come here, the copy could easily come with them. I even

¹ Mozart's "La finta semplice". The libretto was written by Marco Coltellini, who had lived in Vienna since 1758 and succeeded Metastasio as "poeta cesareo".

² "Alceste" was first performed on December 16th, 1767.

³ As far as is known Gluck never carried out this plan.

⁴ Antonia Bernasconi, of German extraction, stepdaughter and pupil of Andrea Bernasconi, Kapellmeister at the Munich court. She first appeared in Vienna in Gluck's "Alceste", 1767. In 1770 she sang at Milan in Mozart's "Mitridate" and in 1783 was still singing in Vienna.

⁵ Leopold Mozart's treatise on the playing of the violin, called *Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule*, published in 1756 by J. J. Lotter, Augsburg, won him fame during his lifetime. A considerable number of letters written to his publisher, 1755-1756, while the work was being printed, show his love of accuracy and his painstaking interest in the work. It went through new editions in 1770, 1787, 1791 and 1804 and was translated into Dutch (1766) and French (1770).

ought to have a few more unbound copies as well. But Heaven knows where the copper-plates are, though I think they are below, in the chest with the glasses. The table is probably with each book, and whatever copper-plates belong to it, will be seen from the bound copy. It ought to be possible to find the errata-sheet and the bookbinder's report. If so, all the better, but if not, just send me, if you please, the bound copy. It may also be that I have already inserted the copper-plates into the few copies which are still there. I cannot remember. Send it open, not sealed. I have no news to give you, except that as in Salzburg we are having operas, redoutes, balls, plays and so forth; but at these balls some of those who attend are without masks, while others wear some disguise but no dominos. Wolfgang herewith sends this riddle¹ to Herr Adlgasser, as we were so dense as not to be able to solve his riddle. We send greetings to all our good friends.

(57) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, March 30th, 1768

We are all in good health and, thank God, in good circumstances. The ice is broken! Not only on the Danube, but also in our affairs. Our enemies are beaten! Note well, *here in Vienna*. Nothing can happen at once. By *phlegma* I have transformed beasts into men and left them to their own confusion. The chief reason for this present letter is that I am asking you to tell Herr Wenzel Hebelt² to hand in to His Grace the report on the instruction in the Kapellhaus, which, in the past, I have

¹ Mozart was fond of sending riddles and puzzles to his friends.

² Cp. p. 28, n. 3.

always entrusted to him. Furthermore I ask you to explain to our Father Confessor, with the humble greetings of myself and my family, that I still hold the appointment as instructor in the violin to the Archbishop's Kapellhaus,¹ but that for the last five years, that is, since my first journey to Vienna,² I have left this work to Herr Wenzel. But since on account of my absence I can receive nothing from the Archbishop's exchequer, the authorities should be informed, so that someone else may be appointed *pro instructione*.

Thank you for the copies of my "Violinschule" which you sent. As the copper-plates have turned up, I should very much like to have two or three more copies of the book with the missing copper-plates and also two more copper-plates of the portrait,³ as these are very dirty.

Last week a big concert was given for us at the house of His Highness Prince von Galitzin, the Russian Ambassador. The Dean of the Cathedral and Count von Wolfegg⁴ were there. The opera is getting on well. But it will probably not be performed until after the Emperor's return from Hungary.

(58) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, April 20th, 1768

We had the honour and pleasure of beginning the *Salzburg wedding festivities* here. At my suggestion we held

¹ Since 1744 Leopold Mozart, who was appointed in 1743 fourth violinist in the Hofkapelle, had been entrusted with the teaching of the violin to the boys in the Kapellhaus.

² September 1762.

³ Leopold Mozart's book on the violin contains a portrait of himself. See illustration no. 7. A facsimile copy of the *Violinschule*, edited by Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner, was published in 1922 by Carl Stephenson, Vienna.

⁴ Cp. p. 31, n. 4.

a concert and entertained the wedding guests for a whole evening to the pleasure and satisfaction of everybody. We call it the beginning of the Salzburg wedding festivities, because we are natives of Salzburg.

His Majesty the Emperor has now left for Hungary or rather for the Turkish frontiers. Hence the opera will be performed in June after his return.

(59) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

For you alone.

VIENNA, May 11th, 1768

I have duly congratulated His Grace on his esteemed name-day in a letter which I have just sent off. I have also written to the Chief Steward about the Archbishop's Kapellhaus. So Herr Meisner is going away? And where to? That my pay would stop at the end of March I told you already. It may be true, as people are telling me in their letters, that through the influence of His Grace's brother ¹ I could once more obtain my salary as violin instructor to the Prince's Kapellhaus and as first violinist, if I were to beg for it. His brother knows this nice story, for I told it to him here. But how can I in fairness and honour obtain by begging something which I am not earning? For I am not performing my services in Salzburg, as I feel pretty sure most of the courtiers in Salzburg are saying. On the other hand this is what makes it easy for me to get permission to make a journey to Italy, a journey which, taking all the circumstances into consideration, can now be postponed no longer and for which I have received from the Emperor himself all the necessary introductions for Florence, the Imperial States and Naples. Or should I perhaps sit down in Salzburg with

¹ Count von Schrattenbach. Cp. p. 111, n. 2.

the empty hope of some better fortune, let Wolfgang grow up, and allow myself and my children to be made fools of until I reach the age which prevents me from travelling and until he attains the age and physical appearance which no longer attract admiration for his merits? Is my child to have taken the first step with this opera for nothing, and is he not to hurry on with firm steps along the road which is now so broad and easy to follow?

Here is the copy of the letter from the Chief Steward:

Per espresso comando di S.A. Rma: devo far sapere a V.S. qualmente il Clement^{mo} Principe P^{re}. niente abbia in contrario, che il Sgr: Mozart se ne possi restar fuori a suo piacimento sin tanto che vuole, ed inoltre gli passerà ancora questo mese di marzo il suo salario; ma in avvenire, quando non sii attualmente presente in Salisburgo, sarà bensì mantenuto come prima nel suo servizio, ma durante la sua assenza non gli lascerà più correre il solito salario. Di tanto ho voluto rendere avvisato V: S: etc.¹

You see, how gracious!—I can remain away as long as I like, provided I do not ask to be paid. I am quite satisfied. At least I can stay away without further reproaches. But I shall not be able to leave here for Salzburg before the end of July.² Our furs are now becoming a nuisance to us and I shall send them back shortly by some driver. On the other hand I must—yes, I must ask you to do me a favour. The heat is getting more and more intense, and I am becoming ashamed of appearing at my hosts' houses in cloth garments. Wolfgang too

¹ By express command of His Most Reverend Highness I inform you that our most gracious Prince has no objection to Herr Mozart's staying away as long as he likes and will pay him his salary for the month of March, but that in future when he is not actually in Salzburg he will be retained as before in the Archbishop's service but during his absence will not be paid his usual salary. I have to acquaint you with this decision, etc.

² The Mozarts did not return to Salzburg until January 1769.

needs a lighter costume. So I beg you to send me by the next mail coach my silk suit from Lyons, my red cloth suit (which I need for the return journey) and Wolfgang's light grey camlet suit, my wife's and daughter's Persian silk dresses and a lady's hat with a veil in front, which is to be found in the large round hat-box. Please put in with the rest of the parcel pieces for patching Wolfgang's red and cherry-coloured suit and my English red-brown suit.

One thing more! I wonder if you would speak to Herr Alterdinger¹ about something? I once asked him whether he would not undertake to translate my "Violinschule" into Italian? If he would like to do this, I will pay what he asks. He should begin with the *Preface* and the *Introductions* and then tell me candidly what he thinks I ought to pay him. But, as I wrote it in three months, I hope that it will not be difficult for him to finish the translation in the same time. You will easily guess my purpose.² Only I should like to remind you that, as it is a manual of instruction, it ought not to be translated in a highflown style, but, as it is in German and for the man in the street, in a style which is clear and intelligible.

I thought indeed that Herr Hartmayr would soon devise some other plan, if the redoutes were not allowed. I should still like that house; but, if God does not wish it, no more do I.³ If I had security for my children, I could take some decision. My dear Frau Hagenauer and your family, keep well and in good health. We all send you greetings and I am

your old

MOZART

¹ Probably Rochus Alterdinger, administrator of the Archbishop's household.

² i.e. Leopold Mozart's projected visit to Italy with his son. As far as is known, his *Violinschule* was never translated into Italian.

³ Leopold Mozart was trying to find a house for his family. Cp. p. 101 f.

(60) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, June 4th, 1768

Herr Spitzeder writes that he has had two arias copied. I should like to know how many arias Madame Wodiska sent from Munich. *There ought to be three of them in manuscript; and in addition a book with arias engraved or printed in London with the title "Orione".*¹ If she has not sent these, she has done me out of several arias, and this I should not like at all. That is what happens if one is *bonae voluntatis*, and cannot refuse people anything.

(61) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, June 29th, 1768

I could tell you a very long story of all sorts of the most deeply laid plots and malicious persecutions. But I am too tired to go over these in my mind and would rather save them up *for our conversation, which we shall have shortly.*

Well, thank God, we are all in good health; although envy assails us from all sides. You know, however, that I hold fast to my old motto: *In te, Domine, speravi. Fiat voluntas tua.* What God does not want, I do not want either.

¹ "Orione ossia Diana vendicata", Johann Christian Bach's first opera performed in England, was produced at the King's Theatre on February 19th, 1763, and ran for nearly three months.



LEOPOLD MOZART

Frontispiece to his "Violinschule" (1756)
(Städtisches Museum, Salzburg)

(62) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, July 30th, 1768

You have made everything all right again! We were only afraid, lest perhaps someone in your house should be unwell. On this score we are all the more happy, as we see that the cause of this silence was rather that you were very well and were enjoying the garden. Yet with regard to another matter, that is, our very long stay in Vienna, we are extremely displeased. Indeed, only our honour keeps us here! Otherwise we should have been in Salzburg long ago. But would you like everyone in Vienna to say that little Wolfgang had not been able to compose the opera; or that it turned out to be so wretched that it could not be produced; or that it was not he who wrote it, but his father? Would you wish us to look on in cold blood while such defamations should be circulated in all countries? Would this redound to our honour, nay, to the honour of our most gracious Prince? You will ask: "*What does His Majesty the Emperor say to it?*" Here I can only touch on the matter briefly, for it cannot be described in detail. But you will grasp it. Had I known all that I know now and could I have foreseen the events which have taken place, little Wolfgang would certainly never have written a note, but would have been at home long ago. The theatre is farmed out, or rather entrusted to a certain Affligio,¹ who has to pay some 1000 gulden a year to people whom the court would otherwise have to pay. The Emperor and the whole Imperial Family pay nothing for their boxes. Consequently the court cannot say a word to this Affligio, for everything is undertaken at his

¹ Cp. p. 121, n. 2.

risk; and he is really now in danger of getting into trouble, as you shall soon hear.

His Majesty asked Wolfgang whether he would not like to write an opera and said that he would very much like to see him at the clavier conducting it. He gave Affligio to understand that he would like this, and Affligio thereupon made a contract with us for one hundred ducats. At first the opera was to be performed at Easter. But the poet¹ was the first to prevent this, as, on the pretext of making here and there certain necessary alterations, he kept on delaying, so that by Easter we had received from him only two of the amended arias. Next the opera was fixed for Whitsuntide and then for the return of His Majesty from Hungary. But at this point the mask fell from the face. For in the meantime all the composers, amongst whom Gluck is a leading figure,² undermined everything in order to prevent the success of this opera. The singers were talked over, the orchestra were worked up and every means was used to stop its performance. The singers who, moreover, hardly know their notes and of whom one or two have to learn everything entirely by ear, were now put up to say that they could not sing their arias, which they had nevertheless previously heard in our room and which they had approved of, applauded and described as quite suitable for them. The orchestra were now to say that they did not like a boy to conduct them, and a hundred similar things. Meanwhile some people spread the report that the music was not worth a fig; others said that it did not fit the words, or was against the metre, thus proving that the boy had not sufficient command of the Italian language. As soon as I heard this, I made it quite clear in the most eminent quarters

¹ Marco Coltellini. Cp. p. 122, n. 1.

² Undoubtedly an exaggerated statement, as Schiedermair, vol. iv. p. 396, and Abert, vol. i. p. 123, point out.

that Hasse, the father of music, and the great Metastasio had stated that the slanderers who spread this report should go to them and hear out of their own mouths that thirty operas have been performed in Vienna, which in no respect can touch the opera of this boy, which they both admire in the very highest degree. Then it was said that not the boy, but his father had written it. But here too the credit of the slanderers began to fall. For they dropped *ab uno extremo ad aliud* until they were in the soup. I asked someone to take any portion of the works of Metastasio, open the book and put before little Wolfgang the first aria which he should hit upon. Wolfgang took up his pen and with the most amazing rapidity wrote, without hesitation and in the presence of several eminent persons, the music for this aria for several instruments. He did this at the houses of Kapellmeister Bonno,¹ Abbate Metastasio, Hasse and the Duke de Braganza and Prince von Kaunitz. Meanwhile arrangements have been made for another opera and, as no more objections can be raised, little Wolfgang's is to be performed immediately afterwards. Hundreds of times I have wanted to pack up and go off. If this opera had been an opera seria, I should have left immediately and at the very first moment, and should have laid it at the feet of His Grace. But, as it is an *opera buffa*, and, what is more, an opera which demands certain types of *persone buffe*, I must save our reputation in Vienna, cost what it may. The honour of our most gracious Prince is also involved. His Grace has no liars, charlatans and deceivers in his service, who with his foreknowledge and permission go to other towns in order, like conjurers, to throw dust in people's eyes. No, he sends

¹ Giuseppe Bonno (1710–1788), born in Vienna, son of one of the Imperial footmen, studied composition in Naples. In 1739 he was appointed Court Composer in Vienna, and in 1774, on the death of Gassmann, Court Kapellmeister.

honest men, who to the honour of their Prince and of their country announce to the world a miracle, which God has allowed to see the light in Salzburg. I owe this act to Almighty God, otherwise I should be the most thankless creature. *And if it is ever to be my duty to convince the world of this miracle, it is so now, when people are ridiculing whatever is called a miracle and denying all miracles.* Therefore they must be convinced. And was it not a great joy and a tremendous victory for me to hear a Voltairian¹ say to me in amazement: "*Now for once in my life I have seen a miracle; and this is the first!*" But because this miracle is too evident and consequently not to be denied, they want to suppress it. *They refuse to let God have the honour.* They think that it is only a question of a few years and that thereafter it will become natural and cease to be a Divine miracle. So they want to withdraw it from the eyes of the world. For how could it be more visibly manifested than at a public show and in a large and populous town? But why should we be surprised at persecutions away from home, when almost the same thing has taken place in this child's native town? What a disgrace! What inhumanity! You may wonder perhaps why Prince Kaunitz and other great people, indeed His Majesty the Emperor himself, do not command that the opera be performed. First of all, they cannot command it, as it solely concerns the interest of Signor Affligio (whom some call Count Affligio). In the second place, they might perhaps command him to produce it at some other time. But it was Prince Kaunitz who, against the will of His Majesty, persuaded Affligio to bring to Vienna French players who are costing him more than 70,000 gulden a year and who are ruining him (as they are not drawing the crowds which were hoped for). So now Affligio is throwing the blame on Prince Kaunitz and as

¹ Probably Grimm.

the latter, on the other hand, hoped to induce the Emperor to take an interest in the French theatre and thus defray his (Affligio's) expenses, His Majesty has not appeared at any performance for many weeks. Now you know the annoying circumstances, all of which arose simultaneously and helped to persuade Affligio to reject little Wolfgang's opera and keep his hundred ducats in his pocket. On the other hand these same circumstances prevented everyone from speaking to Affligio in a sharp, commanding and emphatic manner for fear they should have to compensate him for the 70,000 gulden. All this, of course, happened behind our backs. Affligio blamed the singers for the postponement of the opera and said that they could not and would not sing it. The singers, on the other hand, blamed Affligio and made out that he had not only said that he would not produce it, but had himself told them so. Whereas, of course, the truth is that they could always have this or that passage altered, if they so desired. So it is going to be performed. But if, as we shall soon see, some fresh obstacle begins to loom, I shall send my complaint to Their Majesties the Emperor and the Empress and demand such satisfaction as will save our honour before all Vienna and the whole honest world. For it would be no honour for us and no honour for our Salzburg court, if we were simply to allow ourselves to be driven away by persecuting envy and thus, after our departure, enable the wicked to make out to the ignorant public (as they have already done) that little Wolfgang never managed to write the opera at all or that it turned out to be so wretched that it simply could not be performed, and so forth. You see how one has to fight one's way through the world. If a man has no talents, he is unhappy enough; but if he has, envy pursues him in proportion to his ability. Moreover, in addition to all

I have just told you, one of the singers, Signorina Bernasconi, has just caught a bad cold, and Signorina Baglioni is not very well. This again holds us up and will delay the business for at least three weeks. So that with extreme annoyance, such as I never elsewhere experienced on our travels, I have to await the result of this hateful affair. All sensible people must with shame agree that it is a disgrace to our nation that we Germans are trying to suppress a German, to whom foreign countries have done justice by their great admiration and even by public acknowledgments in writing. But by patience and perseverance one must convince people that our adversaries are wicked liars, slanderers and envious creatures, who would laugh in their sleeves if we were to get frightened or tired out and, by going off in a huff, give them the victory. Now, I think, you know my circumstances, although I have only described them in a general way. I should also have reported to our most gracious lord what has happened, if I had not felt some hesitation at disturbing him with such a long story in the midst of more important affairs. We all send our greetings to our Father Confessor and beg him to lay them at the feet of His Grace. Your Joseph¹ will see from this report that my enemies in Salzburg wish us well, since they are spreading the news that little Wolfgang has received 2000 gulden for the opera.

(63) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, *August 6th*, 1768

I should never have dreamt that on the Feast of St. Laurence² I should still be in Vienna. My last letter

¹ A son of Lorenz Hagenauer.

² August 10th.

explained to you very fully why I must still remain on here and what irritation it causes me.

I should be sick of the annoying circumstances which are keeping me here, if I did not know by experience that in the end many an affair takes quite a different turn from what one could ever have hoped. How often has Divine Providence clearly compelled me to go forward or has kept me back!

(64) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, September 13th, 1768

It was a year ago the day before yesterday, September 11th, that we left Salzburg. Could I ever have dreamt then that I should stay a year in Vienna? But who can oppose Fate! I am so annoyed that I could foam at the mouth. The only good thing to be said is that we all, thank God, are well. But I only wish that I could let you know the happy day of our departure!

It is impossible for me to describe our affairs as fully as I should like. I have neither the time nor the patience. You will hear it all when we meet and indeed some amazing things. As soon as our business is over we shall leave immediately.

We sometimes lunch with Father Parhammer¹ and we happened to be with him when the Emperor was laying the foundation stone for the new church.² On that occa-

¹ Ignaz Parhammer (1715-1786), a famous Jesuit Father, who after the emigration of the Protestants from Salzburg in 1733 took an active part in restoring the Catholic Faith. In 1758 he became Father Confessor to the Emperor Joseph and in 1759 took over the management of the Waisenhaus (Orphanage), where he introduced the teaching of music on the model of the Venetian schools of music.

² In summer 1768 the Emperor laid the foundation stone of the new Waisenhauskirche on the Rennweg.

sion His Majesty asked Wolfgang how far he had got with his opera, and talked to him for a long time. Several people heard him do this.

(65) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, September 14th, 1768

I have this very moment received your letter of the 10th. Here is my reply! The reason for my silence was as Madame Wynne has stated. I know Countess von Rosenberg and her sister-in-law. The Countess does not belong to the most select aristocracy, for she is the sister of a wealthy gentleman of private means, a Mr. Wynne,¹ a London acquaintance of mine, whose name I will show you on my list.

The brother of this Mr. Wynne fell in love with a German lady, Cronemann by name, the same who has been singing at Salzburg. Her father was a musician in Holland and her father's brother with several sons is still in Amsterdam. One son is a musician in the service of Prince Conti in Paris and came to see us with Schobert. The mother of this singer attached herself to an Italian Kapellmeister, Paradies,² who, after the death of her husband, took entire charge of the children. When I

¹ Richard Wynne, the father of Elizabeth, chief author of the Wynne diaries, edited by Anne Fremantle, London, 1935. He is not mentioned in the *Reiseaufzeichnungen* of Leopold Mozart, who must refer to some other list. His eldest sister Giustiniana married in 1760 Count Orsini von Rosenberg, Imperial Ambassador to the Venetian Republic, who died in 1765. A portion of this letter which has been omitted contains a long account of Richard's younger brother William, the "wicked uncle" of the Wynne diaries.

² Pietro Domenico Paradies (Paradisi), 1710-1792, born at Naples, was trained by Porpora and made a reputation as a teacher and composer for the harpsichord. He came in 1746 to London, where he lived for many years. According to C. F. Pohl, *Mozart in London*, pp. 176-177, he married off his pupil Miss Cassandra Frederick to Thomas (*sic*) Wynne, a wealthy landowner in South Wales, and her sister to Tommaso Mazzinghi.

was in London he married off this one to Mr. Wynne, and another to Signor Paolo Mazzinghi,¹ a London violinist.

As for Wolfgang's opera all I can tell you is that, to put it shortly, the whole hell of musicians has arisen to prevent the display of a child's ability. I cannot even press for its performance, since a conspiracy has been formed to produce it, if it must be produced, in a wretched fashion and so ruin it. I have had to await the arrival of the Emperor. Otherwise the "bataille" would have commenced long ago. Believe me, I shall leave nothing undone which may be necessary to save my child's honour. I knew how it would be long ago and have suspected it even longer. I even spoke to His Excellency Count von Zeill. The latter, however, believed that all the musicians were in favour of Wolfgang, because he too judged by appearances and knew nothing of the inner wickedness of these beasts. Patience! Time will clear up everything and God lets nothing happen to no purpose.

Farewell to you all. I am your old

MOZART

(66) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, September 24th, 1768

I wrote to-day to His Grace the Archbishop. I hope that there is no foundation for the "bruit" which you reported to me.² But if God has some other purpose for us, then it will not be in our power to alter it. I hope,

¹ Not Paolo, but Tommaso Mazzinghi, violinist at Marylebone Gardens, who died in 1775. He is mentioned in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 36.

² Possibly a rumour that, on account of his prolonged absence, Leopold Mozart would be asked to resign his appointments in the Archbishop's service.

however, that you will not leave me in ignorance for a single moment. On the morning of the 21st I had an audience with His Majesty the Emperor and handed to him my complaints about the theatrical impresario Affligio.¹ His Excellency Count Spork² has already been entrusted with the investigation and Affligio has been ordered to give an explanation; in addition to the hundred ducats for the opera, I am demanding repayment of the expenses which I have incurred here during all this time. But patience! We shall soon know the result. The Emperor was most gracious and promised us full justice.

To-day I have had to draw money again. Heaven will repay everything.

Herr Küffel has entered the service of Prince Esterhazy at Eisenstadt, where Herr Joseph Haydn is Kapellmeister.

(67) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

VIENNA, November 12th, 1768

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception the new church of Father Parhammer's orphanage will be blessed. For this Feast Wolfgang has composed a solemn mass,³ an offertorium⁴ and a trumpet concerto for a boy,⁵ and has dedicated them to the orphanage. Presumably

¹ The autograph of Leopold Mozart's formal complaint to the Emperor Joseph II is in the Zavertal Collection of Mozart relics at Glasgow University and has been published by Farmer and Smith, *New Mozartiana* (Glasgow, 1935), pp. 113-119. The petition was quite unsuccessful.

² Johann Wenzel Spork (1724-1804), Austrian statesman and a connoisseur of music. In 1764 Maria Theresa appointed him Director of Court and Chamber Music.

³ There is no trace of this work. See Köchel, p. 89.

⁴ K. 47: "Veni Sancte Spiritus". WSF, vol. i. p. 243, are inclined to doubt this.

⁵ This has not been preserved.

1769 L. MOZART TO ARCHBISHOP OF SALZBURG L. 69
Wolfgang himself will conduct this music.¹ There are reasons for everything.

(68) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Extract]

[Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

VIENNA, December 14th, 1768

Only now have we been able to conclude our affairs.

The mass, which was produced by little Wolfgang on December 7th at Father Parhammer's orphanage in the presence of the Imperial Court and which he himself conducted, has restored that reputation which our enemies, by preventing the performance of the opera, intended to destroy, and, as the throng was amazing, has convinced the court and the public of the wickedness of our adversaries. I shall give you more details when we meet.² And, what is more, Her Majesty the Empress has sent us a beautiful present.

(69) *Leopold Mozart to Archbishop Sigismund von Schrattenbach*

[Autograph in the Regierungsarchiv, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, March 8th, 1769

YOUR GRACE, MOST WORTHY PRINCE OF THE HOLY
ROMAN EMPIRE, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND LORD!

When Your Grace was recently pleased to allow me most graciously to remain a few months longer in Vienna, you gave orders, however, that until my return my pay

¹ Conducting with a baton was then the custom for church music, whereas operas and orchestral works were generally conducted from the harpsichord. Cp. G. Schünemann, *Geschichte des Dirigierens* (1913), p. 154 f.

² The Mozarts arrived back in Salzburg on January 5th, 1769.

should be withheld.¹ As my stay in Vienna has nevertheless taken place against my will and to my disadvantage and as I could not leave Vienna before without loss of my own honour and that of my child; and as, in addition, both my son and I have composed various works for the Church, and especially for use in the Cathedral,² I now most humbly beg Your Grace not only to pay me for the past month, but as a special favour to give your most gracious order that the sum which has been withheld should also be paid to me. The greater this favour is, the more shall I endeavour to render myself worthy of it and to pray God for Your Grace's welfare.

I and my children send our most humble greetings to Your Grace, our Prince and Lord.

Your most obedient

LEOPOLD MOZART,

Vice-Kapellmeister³

(70) *Mozart to a Girl Friend*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

DEAR FRIEND,

SALZBURG, 1769⁴

Forgive me for taking the liberty of plaguing you with a few lines, but as you said yesterday that you could understand everything, no matter what Latin words I might choose to write down, curiosity has got the better

¹ See p. 126. Schurig, vol. i. p. 188, quotes the order to the Court Pay Office, dated March 18th, 1768, to the effect that "if the court musicians, Mozart, Meisner and Küffel do not turn up in April, they are not to receive any more pay".

² Apart from other works which have disappeared Mozart composed in 1767 three church sonatas, K. 67-69, and in January 1769 a mass, K. 65.

³ The result of this application was that the "applicant was granted his pay for the months of January and February".

⁴ The recipient is unknown. The indefinite date is an addition in a strange handwriting. This is the first letter of Mozart's which has been handed down.

of me and I am writing down for you a few lines made up of various Latin words. When you have read them, please do me the favour of sending me your answer by one of Hagenauer's maids, for our Nannie cannot wait. But you must send me a letter too.

Cuperem scire de qua causa a quam plurimis adolescentibus otium usque adeo aestimatur, ut ipsi se nec verbis nec verberibus ab hoc sinant

abduci,¹

WOLFGANG

MOZART

¹ "I should like to know for what reason idleness is so popular with most young people that it is impossible to draw them from it either by words or by punishments."

Leitzmann, *W. A. Mozarts Leben*, Leipzig, 1926, p. 471 n., suggests that this Latin passage was extracted from some Latin grammar or reading-book at which Mozart was then working. And Schiedermair points out, vol. i. p. 295, n. 1, that probably Mozart was engrossed in Latin studies, seeing that in 1768 and 1769 he composed his first three masses in G major (K. 49), D minor (K. 65) and C major (K. 66).

Mozart's fifth journey was a visit to Italy with his father, who took him to Roveredo, Verona, Milan, Parma, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, and other towns. On their return journey they spent three months in Bologna, where Mozart studied counterpoint under the learned Padre Martini, and nearly four months in Milan, where he carried out a commission to write the first opera "Mitridate, Rè di Ponto" for the 1770-71 carnival season. In Italy Mozart heard several operas and made the acquaintance of the leading Italian singers. He composed too during this time several operatic arias, an oratorio "La Betulia liberata", and his first string quartet. This tour, the first Italian journey, lasted from December 12th, 1769, to March 28th, 1771. It is described in letters from Leopold Mozart to his wife, Mozart occasionally adding letters or postscripts of varying length. Letters 71-137.

(71) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

WÖRGL, *December 13th*, 1769¹

Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock

We reached Kalterl at one o'clock and had for our lunch a piece of preserved veal accompanied by a most fearful stinking smell. With this we drank a few draughts of good beer, for the wine was a laxative.

We reached Lofer after seven. When I had ordered our supper, we went to call on the prefect who was very much annoyed with us for not having gone at once to his house. So, as we had already ordered our meal in the inn, we had it brought to the prefect's house, where we supped, gossiped until ten o'clock and were given a fine room and a good bed. In the morning I drank chocolate and Wolfgang had some excellent soup. We drove until mid-day to St. Johann and arrived this evening at Wörgl, where I sent an invitation to the Vicar, Herr Hartmann Kehlhammer of Chiemsee. He has just come and sends you greetings. It is now ten o'clock and we must go to bed, for to-morrow I have to be up at five. In spite of the roads which were, as I had been told, very bad, I slept soundly, for I saw that we had a very good driver. In these parts, especially from Lofer to St. Johann, there is an extraordinary amount of snow. Keep well and cheerful! I shall write immediately from Innsbruck.

MZT.

¹ From internal evidence and according to Nissen's statement, p. 156, the Mozarts left Salzburg on December 12th, 1769.

(71a) *Mozart to his Mother*

[Autograph in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City]

DEAREST MAMMA!

WÖRGL, December 13th, 1769¹

My heart is completely enchanted with all these pleasures, because it is so jolly on this journey, because it is so warm in the carriage and because our coachman is a fine fellow who, when the road gives him the slightest chance, drives so fast. Papa will have already described the journey to Mamma. The reason why I am writing to Mamma is to show her that I know my duty and that I am with the deepest respect her devoted son

WOLFGANG MOZART

(71b) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City]

MY DEAREST SISTER,

WÖRGL, December 13th, 1769²

Thank God, we have arrived safely at Wörgl. To tell the truth, I must say that travelling is very jolly, that it is not at all cold and that it is as warm in our carriage as in a room. How is your sore throat? Surely our Signor Seccatore³ turned up the very day we left? If you see Herr von Schiedenhofen,⁴ tell him that I am always singing "Tralaliera, Tralaliera" and that I need not put sugar in my soup now that I am no longer in Salzburg. At Lofer we supped and slept in the house of Herr Helmreich, who is prefect there. His wife is an

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.² A second postscript, written in Italian, to his father's letter.³ i.e. Mr. Boring, obviously some Salzburg acquaintance.⁴ Joachim Ferdinand von Schiedenhofen (1747-1823) was a friend of Mozart's. He became later Court Councillor at Salzburg.

X *Echino setacea* m. i.

1769

Siamo arivati à Gio: gol grazia Dio & felice finalmente, se ven confessor la Verità, devo dir così: che è sì allegro di viaggiare e che non c'è no Dominie, e che ^{nella} nostra camera fa sì rada come nella camera. Come va col mal di gola? non è venuto il medesimo giorno che siamo partiti il nostro signor scattone? se tu vedi il signor de ~~mille~~ Schiden hoxen dice, che carito sempre: Tralaliera, tralaliera, e figli, he non è necessario adesso di ceter dei zufferi nella suppa, stak non con a dal dopungo. à ter ver prassente dormimò dal sig: d. Helmeich che è prefetto cà. La sua moglie è una brava signora^a è la sorella del signor moll. egli mi ha fame! ho gran gusto di mangiare, vivvi intanto bene, addios.

P. 5: un Complimento a Suo ^{il} Signor Zioni amico
al signor Hagener (ab mercante) alla sua moglie
ai suoi figli e figlie (alla signora Rosa e al
suo marito) e al signor Adolpho / signor Zeder ^{il signor} e al signor
Mung domanda in vecchiaia se lui non ha
creduto una volta ancora che fosse in letto in vecchiaia.

POSTSCRIPT FROM MC CART TO HIS SISTER (December 13th, 1769)

Autograph in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City

excellent lady. She is the sister of Herr Moll. I am hungry. I am longing to eat something. Meanwhile, farewell. Addio.

P.S.—My compliments to all my good friends, to Herr Hagenauer (the merchant), his wife, his sons and his daughters, to Madame Rosa ¹ and her husband, to Herr Adlgasser and Herr Spitzeder. As for Herr Hornung,² ask him from me whether he has again made the mistake of thinking that I was in bed instead of you.

WOLFGANG MOZART

(72) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

INNSBRUCK, December 15th, 1769

Friday, at six o'clock in the evening

We have been here half an hour already. At noon we were in Schwaz. The country near Innsbruck seemed to me to resemble somewhat the road towards Hallein near Kaltenhausen; and Innsbruck itself is similarly situated. Otherwise so far I have nothing to tell. Thank God, we are well. We are lodging at the "Weisses Kreuz".³ If you have anything to write to me, you can send the letter here. If in the meantime I depart, I shall first leave a message at the Post Office that letters should be forwarded to Bozen. You have only to address your letters:

A. M. Mozart, Maître de Chapelle de la Musique de

¹ Rosa Barducci, a portrait painter, who in 1764 married Johann Baptist Hagenauer, Court Sculptor in Salzburg, whom she had met in Florence. See p. 18, n. 3.

² Joseph Hornung, a baritone in the service of the Salzburg court.

³ The information given in the letters written by Leopold Mozart and his son during their first journey to Italy is supplemented by notes kept by Mozart himself during their stay in Innsbruck, Bozen, Roveredo and Naples. The autograph of these notes, which were published by A. Sandberger, *Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters*, 1901, is in the Munich State Library. These notes, together with those kept by Leopold Mozart in the other Italian towns they visited, are also reproduced in A. Schurig, *Leopold Mozarts Reiseaufzeichnungen* (1920), pp. 49-54.

S.A.S. Le Prince Archevêque de Salzbourg.

In a fit of absentmindedness I took away with me on my watch the key of our clavichord. I return it herewith, as it is unnecessary to carry it about with me so far. See that it is not lost. Farewell! Farewell to all! Wolfgang and I kiss you and Nannerl, and I am your old

MZT.

I am giving this letter now to the Vienna post.

(73) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

INNSBRUCK, *December 17th, 1769*

Sunday night, December 17th, I think, for

I no longer possess a calendar of this year

His Excellency Count Spaur,¹ the brother of our Salzburg member of the Cathedral Chapter, on my announcing my arrival through my servant, not only sent his servant immediately to welcome me and to tell me that his carriage would fetch us on Saturday at two o'clock and drive us to his house, but with his wife received me most graciously and offered to place his carriage at our service, an offer which I accepted. Early on Sunday morning I received a note from him inviting us to a concert at five o'clock, which was to take place at the house of Count Leopold Künigl. Meanwhile I made use of the carriage, drove twice to Herr von Kalckhammer, then to Baron Christiani, where I chatted for three quarters of an hour about all sorts of things, then to His Excellency Baron Enzenberg, and finally at five o'clock to the concert. Wolfgang was presented with a very beautiful concerto which he played there at sight. As usual we were received

¹ Count Franz Josef Spaur (1725-1797) was Imperial Judge of Appeal at Innsbruck.

with all honours and were brought home later by Count Spaur in person. In short, we are perfectly satisfied. To-morrow I intend to pack up my things, which will not take long, as I did not unpack much, and on Tuesday, God willing, I propose to leave. Please give Herr von Schiedenhofen my obedient thanks both for the letter of recommendation which he sent me and for the kind apology which he made in my stead and which is really justified. Please ask him to give my thanks and my greetings to Herr Major. I shall write to Herr von Schiedenhofen myself as soon as I have time. I hope that you are all well. I shall write again from Bozen. You must keep all our letters. I purposely left at home the various parts of the opera,¹ even the violin parts, and only took the score with me. But we forgot to take a few arias for Wolfgang. It does not matter, however, for we shall get enough arias. A certain Count Attems, who spoke to us here, is going to Salzburg with his wife. He studied there many years ago and he is an old acquaintance of mine. He will perhaps call on you in order to hear Nannerl play something to him. We kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times. Farewell to all! I am your old

MOZART

⟨The present was twelve ducats.⟩²

(74) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOZEN, *December 22nd*, 1769

We arrived safely at Bozen³ yesterday evening. To-day I took my two letters to the post and lunched with Herr Kurzweil. To-morrow at mid-day we are invited to

¹ Probably Mozart's "La finta semplice", written in Vienna 1768, and performed in Salzburg 1769.

² Passages in angular brackets are in cypher in the original. See p. xviii.

³ In Bozen the Mozarts stayed at the inn "Zur Sonne".

Herr Stockhammer, to whom Herr Ranftl gave us an introduction, and this evening we are going to Herr Antoni Gummer. I myself do not yet know whether we shall stay here over Christmas or leave to-morrow evening. Meanwhile, I think that you had better write to me at Roveredo, where I shall call at the post. In addition, I am leaving instructions at all Post Offices and my name as well, which is as well known everywhere as a bad half-penny. We are, thank God, in good health. Here is a sheet from the Innsbruck paper.¹ I hope that you are both well. Good-bye! Our greetings to all our good friends. I write in haste and I am your old

M.Z.T.

I and Wolfgang kiss you a thousand times.
Herr Kurzweil sends you his greetings.

(75) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

VERONA,² January 7th, 1770

I am very sorry not to have received your first letter, which is probably lying at the Bozen Post Office. I shall make enquiries, for it will have been forwarded there from Innsbruck. *Thank God, we are well!* Let me tell you so at the outset. It would have been helpful if you had told me how many letters you have received from me, for I sent you one from Wörgl, one by the hired coachman, one from Innsbruck by post and one from Bozen.³ We only spent a day and a half in Bozen. We had hardly arrived at Roveredo⁴ when a certain Christiani, who took

¹ Quoted by Nissen, p. 157.

² The Mozarts arrived at Verona on December 27th and stayed at the "Due Torri".

³ Letters 71, 72, 73 and 74.

⁴ The Mozarts arrived at Roveredo on December 24th and stayed at the inn "Zur Rose".

the woman's part in the play "The Child of Cato" at the Collegio Rupertino, turned up at once and on behalf of his brother invited us to lunch on the following day. And who was this brother? That very same Nicolaus Christiani who was Ecclesiastical Commissioner in Salzburg and my pupil on the violin, and who is now the chief man in Roveredo and the whole district, that is, Lieutenant of the County representing Her Majesty the Empress. You will remember him. As soon as we entered his house, he said that Wolfgang was like you, for he remembered your appearance quite well. The nobles gave a concert in the house of Baron Todeschi. And who was this Baron Todeschi? That same person whom Herr Giovanni once brought to us in Vienna. You will perhaps remember him. It is hardly necessary to mention how greatly Wolfgang has been doing himself credit. In the afternoon of the following day we went to the organ of the principal church, and, although only six or eight of the leading people knew that we were coming, we found all Roveredo assembled there and some very strong fellows had to go ahead and make way for us to the choir, where we then had to wait for over five minutes before we could reach the organ, as everyone wanted to get close to us. We spent four days in Roveredo. We have standing invitations here from Marchese Carlotti and also from Signor Locatelli.¹ We have lunched twice with Marchese Carlotti and also with Count Carlo Emily and twice with Count Giusti who has a beautiful garden and picture-gallery. You will perhaps find them mentioned in Keyssler's *Reisebeschreibung*.² We dined yesterday with Signor Locatelli and to-day there was absolute confusion, which I must describe to you in

¹ Not the famous violinist Pietro Locatelli (1693-1764), as Abert, vol. i. pp. 177 and 331, seems to suggest.

² Johann Georg Keyssler, *Neueste Reise durch Deutschland, Böhmen, Ungarn, die Schweiz, Italien und Lothringen*, Hanover, 1740-1741. The Baedeker of the eighteenth century.

greater detail. We were invited to the house of a certain honest fellow, Signor Ragazzoni. Signor Lugiati,¹ the Receiver-General of Venice, had asked some courtiers to request me to allow Wolfgang to have his portrait painted.² Yesterday morning he had the first sitting and to-day after church he was to have the second one and we were to drive there too. Signor Lugiati himself went to Signor Ragazzoni and begged him to leave us to him, to which the latter had to agree, though most reluctantly, because Lugiati is very powerful in Venice. So this morning after church we were to go to his house to sit once more for the painter before we went on to lunch. But again an even greater person appeared, to wit, the Bishop of Verona, of the house of Giustiniani, who sent us, through Signor Locatelli, an invitation not only to call on him after church, but to lunch with him. On hearing, however, that Wolfgang's portrait was being painted and that we wanted to leave, he let us lunch with Signor Lugiati, but kept us until after one o'clock. Progress was then made with the portrait and we did not sit down to lunch until three o'clock. Afterwards we drove to the Church of San Tommaso in order to play on the two organs there; and although we only decided to do this while we were at table and although only a few tickets had been sent to Marchese Carlotti and Count Pedemonte, nevertheless such a crowd had assembled that we had hardly room to get out of the coach. The crush was so great that we were obliged to go through the monastery.

¹ Pietro Lugiati (1730-1802), a famous connoisseur and patron of music. Nissen, p. 197 f., quotes an Italian letter, dated April 22nd, 1770, which Lugiati wrote to Frau Mozart about her son, describing him as "un portente di Natura nella musica".

² This oil painting for which Mozart sat on January 6th and 7th, 1770, was probably done by a painter of the name of Cignaroli, who is mentioned in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 50. Possibly Gianbettino Cignaroli (1706-1770), the famous portrait painter, who died in December of that year, was the artist. See illustration no. 9.

But in a moment so many people had rushed up to us that we should not have been able to proceed at all, if the Fathers, who were already waiting for us at the monastery doors, had not taken us into their midst. When the performance was over, the throng was even greater, for everyone wanted to see the little organist. As soon as we were seated in our carriage, I told the coachman to drive us home, where we have locked ourselves in our room and I have begun to write this letter. But I have had to tear myself away, for they would not have left us in peace long enough to finish it. We are driving out to-morrow with Signor Locatelli to see the Anfiteatro and other rare sights of the town. Then we shall lunch with him and drive round afterwards to pay farewell calls. The day after to-morrow we shall pack and on Wednesday evening, God willing, we shall travel to Mantua which, although it is near, is almost a winter day's journey on account of the filthy road. Now my paper is at an end. Farewell. I am your old

MZT.

(75a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Copy in the possession of Dr. L. Scheibler, Bonn*]

DEAREST SISTER!

VERONA, *al sette di Januario*, 1770

I have had an aching feeling, because I have been so long waiting in vain for an answer. I have had good reason too, because I have not yet received your letter. Here ends the German booby and the Italian one begins. Lei è più franca nella lingua italiana di quel che mi ho imaginato. Lei mi dica la cagione perchè lei non fu nella commedia che hanno giocato i cavalieri? Adesso sentiamo sempre opere: una è titolata: il Ruggiero.¹ Oronte, il

¹ Probably, as Schiedermair, vol. i. p. 4, n. 2, suggests, the opera by Pietro Guglielmi (1727-1804), which had already been performed in Venice.

padre di Bradamante, è un principe (fa il signor Afferi), un bravo cantante, un baritono, ma ¹ forced when he sings falsetto, but not as much as Tibaldi in Vienna. Bradamante, figlia di Oronte, innamorata di Ruggiero (she is to marry Leone, but she does not want him), fa una povera Baronessa, che ha avuto una gran disgrazia, ma non so che. Recita under an assumed name, but I do not know it, ha una voce passabile, e la statura non sarebbe male, ma distona come il diavolo. Ruggiero, un ricco principe, innamorato di Bradamante, un musico, canta un poco in the manner of Manzuoli ed ha una bellissima voce forte ed è già vecchio, ha cinquantacinque anni ed ha una flexible throat. Leone, who is to marry Bradamante, is very rich, but whether he is rich off the stage, I do not know. Fa una donna, la moglie di Afferi. Ha una bellissima voce, ma è tanto susurro nel teatro che non si sente niente. Irene fa una sorella di Lolli,² del gran violinista, che abbiamo sentito a Vienna. She has a muffled voice and always sings a semiquaver too late o troppo a buon' ora. Ganno fa un signor, che non so come egli si chiama, è la prima volta che lui recita.³ After each act there is a

¹ You are more fluent in Italian than I had imagined. Please tell me the reason why you did not go to the play which the courtiers acted? At present we are always hearing operas. One of them is "Ruggiero". Oronte, father of Bradamante, is a prince. Signor Afferi takes this part. He is a fine singer, a baritone, but, etc.

² Antonio Lolli (c. 1730-1802), a famous violinist who after touring with Nardini became leader at Stuttgart and subsequently at St. Petersburg. His sister is described in the *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 50, as a singer and the wife of Signor Amelli, a dancer.

³ Bradamante, daughter of Oronte, is in love with Ruggiero, etc. Her part is sung by a poor Baroness, who has had a great misfortune, but I don't know what it was. She is singing, etc. Her voice is tolerably good and she has not a bad presence, but she sings devilishly out of tune. The part of Ruggiero, a rich prince, who is in love with Bradamante, is sung by a castrato, who sings rather in the manner of Manzuoli and has a very fine powerful voice and is already old. He is fifty-five and has, etc. His part is sung by a woman, Afferi's wife. She has a most beautiful voice, but there is so much whispering in the theatre that you can't hear anything. Irene's part is sung by a sister of Lolli,

ballet. There is a good dancer here called Monsieur Ruesler. He is a German and dances very well. One of the last times we were at the opera (but not the very last time) we asked M. Ruesler to come up to our palco (for we have a free entrance to the palco of Marchese Carlotti, as we have the key) and there we had a talk with him. A propos, everyone is masked now and it is really very convenient when you wear your mask, as you have the advantage of not having to take off your hat when you are greeted and of not having to address the person by name. You just say, "servitore umilissimo, Signora Maschera". Cospetto di Bacco, what fun! But the funniest thing of all is that we go to bed between seven and half past seven. Se lei indovinasse questo, io dirò certamente che lei sia la madre di tutti indovini.¹ Kiss my mother's hand for me. I kiss you a thousand times and assure you that I shall always remain

your sincere brother

WOLFGANG MOZART

Portez-vous bien et aimez-moi toujours.

(76) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MANTUA,² *January 11th, 1770*

We arrived here yesterday evening and went to the opera³ an hour later, at six o'clock. Thank God, we are well. Wolfgang looks as if he had been through a campaign, the great violinist, whom we heard in Vienna. She has a muffled voice and always sings a semiquaver too late or too soon. The part of Ganno is taken by someone whose name I do not know. He is singing for the first time.

¹ If you guess this I shall certainly say that you are the mother of all guessers.

² The Mozarts reached Mantua on January 10th and stayed at the "Croce Verde".

³ For Mozart's account of the opera, which was Hasse's "Demetrio", see pp. 161-162.

paign, for his face is reddish-brown, especially about the nose and mouth, for instance, just like the face of His Majesty the Emperor. This is due to the air and to the open fires. My beauty has not yet suffered, or I should be in despair. I have not yet anything to write about from here. To-morrow we are invited to lunch with Count Francesco Eugenio D'Arco and then I shall be able to let you know more about this town. Meanwhile I must tell you something about Verona. We have seen the Amphiteatrum and the Museum Lapidarium, which you will read about in Keyssler's *Reisebeschreibung*. I am bringing back a book on the antiquities of Verona. Herr von Helmreich, to whom I send greetings, will surely lend you the other two parts of Keyssler, so that, although you are not with us, you can at least travel at home in imagination. I should make the letters too heavy and too dear, if I were to send along the newspaper notices which have appeared about Wolfgang in Mantua and other places. But I enclose this one,¹ in which there are two mistakes, for it says "the present *Kapellmeister*" and "not yet thirteen years old", instead of fourteen. But you know how it is; journalists write as it occurs to them and whatever comes into their minds. I could send you along other comments too, for in Verona the poets vied with one another in composing verses about him. Here is a copy of a sonnet which a learned dilettante jotted down in our presence.² Kapellmeister Daniele Barba also sang extempore the most beautiful verses about Wolfgang.

On the 16th in the Hall of the Accademia Filarmonica

¹ Nissen, pp. 169-170, reproduces this cutting from a Verona newspaper of January 9th.

² This sonnet by Signor Zaccaria Betti, described in the *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 50, as "poeta dilettante", is quoted by Nissen, pp. 162-163. Nissen, p. 163, to his version of this letter adds "and of another poem by Meschini", and quotes the poem.

there will be the usual weekly concert to which we are invited.¹ Then we shall leave immediately for Milan and, if the weather is cold and the roads are frozen, we shall travel through Cremona.² If it is mild and the roads in consequence bad, we must go through Brescia. It is very quiet here and one never hears a word about anything. It is just like being in Germany. By my honour I swear I have hardly time to write this letter and on account of it we have had to miss the opera to-day. As soon as we reach Milan I shall write to you again; and you must write to me at Milan. You may add below: per ricapito del Signor Troger, Segretario di S. Eccellenza il Signor Conte Carlo di Firmian.³ Now I must go to bed. Farewell to you and Nannerl. We kiss you a thousand times. We drink your health every day. Wolfgang never forgets to do this. Good-bye. I am your old

MOZART

All kinds of greetings to all our good friends. I cannot write to anybody, for I am hustled to death. Nothing but dressing and undressing, packing and unpacking, and withal no warm room, so that one freezes like a dog. Everything I touch is as cold as ice. And if you were to see the doors and locks in the rooms! just like prisons! Post the enclosed letter to Herr Friederici⁴ at Gera, so that it may be forwarded quickly and safely. It is an order for a harpsichord.

¹ For the programme of this concert and for the comment of a Mantuan newspaper, see Nissen, pp. 170-174. Rudolf Lewicki in *MM*, Nov. 1920, p. 30, gives the Italian text of the latter.

² The Mozarts took the route through Cremona. See *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 50.

³ Count Carlo di Firmian (1716-1774), who had been Governor-General of Lombardy since 1759, was a native of Salzburg.

⁴ Christian Ernst Friederici (1712-1779), a well-known manufacturer of clavier and the first to make upright instruments. Equally famous was his son Christian Gottlob Friederici (1750-1805).

(77) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, January 26th, 1770

I have received from Herr Troger your letter of the 12th. We reached Milan¹ at noon on the 23rd. On the 24th your letter arrived and with it your first note which, at my request, Herr Antoni Gummer called for at the Bozen Post Office and forwarded to me. You complain that for three weeks you have had no word from me. But I wrote to you from Verona and from Mantua.² You ought to have received my first letter from Verona, as I posted it there on January 7th. The second letter cannot have reached Salzburg yet, for I only posted it in Mantua on the 15th. At mid-day on the 10th we left Verona and reached Mantua in the evening, as I believe I have already told you. I wish you could see the hall where the concert took place, the so-called Teatrino della Accademia Filarmonica. In all my life I have never seen anything more beautiful of its kind; and as *I hope that you are carefully collecting all our letters*, I shall describe it to you later when we meet. It is not a theatre, but a hall built with boxes like an opera house. Where the stage ought to be, there is a raised platform for the orchestra and behind the orchestra another gallery built with boxes for the audience. The crowds, the general shouting, clapping, noisy enthusiasm and cries of "Bravo" and, in a word, the admiration displayed by the listeners, I cannot adequately describe to you.

Meanwhile some reports will doubtless have reached Salzburg not only from Roveredo but also from Verona and Mantua.

Herewith I enclose another poem composed by a lady, Signora Sartoretti, who entertained us in Mantua. On

¹ The Mozarts stayed at the Augustinian monastery of San Marco.

² Letters 75 and 76.

the following day her servant brought us on a beautiful plate an exceedingly fine bouquet with red ribbons below and a large piece of four ducats entwined in the ribbons; above was the poem, a copy of which I enclose.¹ I can assure you that everywhere I have found the most charming people and that in all towns we have had our particular friends, who have been with us until the last moment before our departure and have done everything to make our stay a pleasant one. I enclose a Mantuan newspaper, which we only received in Milan. Among other things you will find in it the programme of the music which was performed at the concert.² You must know, however, that neither this concert in Mantua nor the one in Verona were given for money, for everybody goes in free; in Verona this privilege belongs only to the nobles who alone keep up these concerts; but in Mantua the nobles, the military class and the eminent citizens may all attend them, as they are subsidised by Her Majesty the Empress. You will easily understand that we shall not become rich in Italy and you will admit that we shall do well enough if we earn our travelling expenses; and these I have always earned. But I assure you that although there are only two of us, the expenses are not small, and I fear that we have paid out about seventy ducats. It is already six weeks since we left Salzburg. Even if you live *a pasto* in Italy and hardly ever lunch at home, yet supper, room, firewood and so forth are all so dear, that after nine to eleven days in an inn you seldom get away with a bill for less than six ducats. I often thank God that I left you at home. Firstly, you would not have been able to stand the cold. Secondly, it would have cost us a great deal of money and we should not have been so free to live in the way in which we now do; for here *we are staying at the Augustinian monastery of*

¹ For this poem see Abert, vol. ii. p. 932.

² Cf. p. 157, n. 1.

S. Marco; not that we do so free, by any means! But we can live here comfortably and safely and we are near His Excellency Count Firmian. We have three large guest rooms. In the first we have a fire, take our meals and give audiences; in the second I sleep and we have put our trunk there; in the third room Wolfgang sleeps and there we keep our other small luggage. We each sleep on four good mattresses and every night the bed is warmed, so that Wolfgang, when he goes to bed, is always quite happy. We have a brother, Frater Alfonso, especially for our service and we are very well looked after. But I cannot tell you how long we shall stay here. His Excellency the Count is suffering from a cold. He wanted very much to give a concert in his house and to invite the Duke of Modena. So I have not been able to deliver the other letters of introduction, because this concert must take place first, as I think it will, on Tuesday or Wednesday next, for His Excellency is already better. I told you that Wolfgang had got red hands and a red face from the cold and the open fires. He is quite well now. Madame Sartoretti in Mantua gave him some skin cream to rub on his hands every evening and in three days they were all right; and now he looks as he did before. *Otherwise, thank God, we have always been well*; and the change of air only gave Wolfgang a kind of dry cough which he shook off long ago. We shall hardly hear Herr Meisner sing in Florence, for not only will our stay here be a rather long one, but, as Turin is so near, we shall undoubtedly take a trip there. We are also proposing to spend a short time in Parma and Bologna, and thus we shall not reach Florence until the beginning of Lent.

Address all your letters in future to Mr. Troger, as you have been doing lately. I am your old faithful

L. MZT.

We kiss you both a thousand times.

(77a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Stadtarchiv, Karlsbad]

MILAN, January 26th, 1770

I rejoice with my whole heart that you had such a good time during that sleigh-drive and I wish you a thousand opportunities of amusement so that you may spend your life very merrily. But one thing distresses me, and that is, that you have made Herr von Mölk¹ sigh and suffer so frightfully and that you did not go sleigh-driving with him, so that he might have upset you. How many handkerchiefs will he not have used that day, weeping on your account. No doubt he will have previously taken an ounce of tartar, which will have purged his wretchedly dirty body. I have no news except that Herr Gellert, the poet,² has died at Leipzig and since his death has written no more poetry. Just before I began this letter I composed an aria³ from "Demetrio",⁴ which begins:

Misero tu non sei:
tu spieghi il tuo dolore,
e, se non desti amore,
ritrovi almen pietà.

Misera ben son io
che nel segreto laccio
amo, non spero e taccio,
e l' idol mio nol sa.

The opera at Mantua was charming. They played "Demetrio". The prima donna sings well, but very softly;

¹ Anton Joseph, son of Court Chancellor Felix von Mölk, was a friend of Mozart and in love with Nannerl.

² Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769), who since 1751 had been Professor of Philosophy at Leipzig University, enjoyed in his day a great reputation as a poet and man of letters. He died on December 13th, 1769.

³ This composition has not been preserved.

⁴ Hasse's opera on a text by Metastasio which was performed at Mantua.

and when you do not see her acting, but only singing, you would think that she is not singing at all. For she cannot open her mouth, but whines out everything. However, we are quite accustomed to that now. The seconda donna looks like a grenadier and has a powerful voice too, and, I must say, does not sing badly, seeing that she is acting for the first time. The primo uomo, il musico, sings beautifully, though his voice is uneven. His name is Caselli. Il secondo uomo is already old and I do not like him. His name is ——. As for the tenors, one is called Otini.¹ He does not sing badly, but rather heavily like all Italian tenors, and he is a great friend of ours. I do not know the name of the other one. He is still young, but not particularly good. Primo ballerino—good. Prima ballerina—good, and it is said that she is not hideous, but I have not seen her close to. The rest are quite ordinary. A grotesco was there who jumps well, but cannot write as I do, I mean, as sows piddle. The orchestra was not bad. In Cremona it is good. The first violin is called Spagnoletto. The prima donna is not bad; she is quite old, I should say, and not good-looking; she acts better than she sings and she is the wife of a violinist called Masi, who plays in the orchestra. The opera was: *La Clemenza di Tito*.² Seconda donna, young, not at all bad on the stage, but nothing out of the ordinary. Primo uomo, musico, Cicognani—a delightful voice and a beautiful cantabile. The other two castrati, young and passable. The tenor's name is: non lo so.³ He has a pleasant way with him, and resembles as though he were his natural son, Leroy in Vienna, who came to Geneva.

Ballerino primo, good. Ballerina prima, good but very plain. There was a woman dancer there, who did not

¹ Appears in the *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 50, as "Uttini".

² Opera by J. A. Hasse.

³ I don't know it.

dance badly and, what is very remarkable, was not bad-looking on the stage and off it. The others were quite ordinary. A grotesco was there too, who whenever he jumped let off a fart. As for Milan I really cannot tell you very much. We have not yet been to the opera, but we have heard that it has not been a success. Aprile,¹ primo uomo, sings well and has a beautiful even voice. We heard him in a church, when there happened to be a great festival. Madame Piccinelli from Paris, who sang at our concert, is acting in the opera. Monsieur Pick,² who danced in Vienna, is dancing here too. The opera is called: "Didone abbandonata".³ This opera will soon come to an end and Signor Piccinni,⁴ who is writing the next opera, is here. I have heard that his is called: "Cesare in Egitto".⁵ Here there are also feste di ballo which begin as soon as the opera is over. The wife of Count von Firmian's steward is a Viennese. Last Friday we dined there and we are dining there again next Sunday. Farewell. Kiss my mother's hands a thousand times in vece mia.⁶ I remain, true till death, your brother

WOLFGANG DE MOZART

The Honourable Highdale,

Friend of the Counting-house.

¹ Giuseppe Aprile (1738-1814), a male contralto, was trained in Naples and from 1763 onwards sang in all the principal theatres of Italy and Germany.

² His real name was Le Picq.

³ The composer of this opera has not been identified.

⁴ Niccolò Piccinni (1728-1800) was for a time the most popular of Italian operatic composers. His first successes were in Naples, but he achieved a veritable triumph in Rome in 1760 with his opera buffa "La Cecchina, ossia la buona figliuola". He moved in 1776 to Paris, where his first French opera "Roland", produced in July 1778, brought him a crowd of admirers who ranged themselves against Gluck and his partisans.

⁵ Abert, vol. i. p. 181, n. 2, points out that the original score of Piccinni's opera bears the title "Cesare e Cleopatra".

⁶ On my behalf.

(78) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, February 3rd, 1770

I thought that you would receive my letters gradually. I hope that by this time my letter from Mantua too and the one from Milan will have reached you. This then is my eighth letter. I have nothing to say, save that, thank God, we are well; that our hands, especially Wolfgang's, are quite all right again; that the steward's wife made the skin cream for us very successfully and according to your recipe; that yesterday we were at the dress rehearsal of the new opera, "Cesare in Egitto"; that this opera is excellent and that we both saw and spoke to Maestro Piccinni and Madame Piccinelli; that for the last fortnight we have had the most beautiful weather; that every day Wolfgang looks forward to his well-warmed mattresses; that he cannot write a letter to you because he is composing two Latin motets¹ for two castrati, one of whom is fifteen and the other sixteen years old, who asked him to compose them, and to whom, as they are friends of his and sing beautifully, he could not refuse anything; that it is very distressing to me to see and hear these boys and to know that I cannot take them back to Salzburg; that I foresee that we shall stay longer in Milan than I expected; that His Excellency Count Firmian has not yet completely recovered from his cold; that during the last few days I have again found an account in the papers of how the inhabitants literally waylaid us in Bozolo, and about Wolfgang's skill and so forth; that Wolfgang sends you his thanks for your congratulations;

¹ Probably K. 143 is one of these motets.

that I and Wolfgang kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times and that I am ever your

faithful husband

MOZART

Have our two guns been cleaned? Is Nannerl practising the harpsichord regularly?

(79) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

MILAN, *February 10th, 1770*

You will, I hope, have received my letters of January 27th and February 3rd, and also my letter from Mantua.¹ What I certainly foresee is that we shall remain here until the end of the carnival. His Excellency Count von Firmian is now better and on Wednesday, February 7th, we had the honour of lunching with him for the first time. After lunch he presented Wolfgang with the nine volumes of Metastasio's works, the Turin edition, one of the most beautiful, and very handsomely bound. You can well imagine that this present is very welcome to me as well as to Wolfgang. His Excellency is much impressed by Wolfgang's skill and marks us out for his special courtesies and distinctions. It would take too long to describe in detail the evidence of his knowledge which Wolfgang has given in the presence of Maestro Sammartini² and of a number of the most brilliant people, and of how he has amazed them. You know how it is on these occasions, for you have seen it often enough.

Meanwhile we have had the opportunity of hearing

¹ Letters 77 (dated January 26th), 78 and 76.

² Giovanni Battista Sammartini (c. 1700–1775) was a prolific composer for instruments and voices and became maestro di cappella to more than half the churches in Milan, for which he furnished masses on all the great festivals.

various kinds of church music and yesterday we listened to the High Mass or Requiem for old Marchese Litta, who to the annoyance of his enormous family died during the carnival, although they would have gladly allowed him to go on living until Lent. The Dies Irae of this Requiem lasted about three quarters of an hour. At two o'clock in the afternoon it was all over and we lunched about half past two.

You must not expect me to give you a description of the church services here. I am far too irritated to do so. They merely consist of music and of church adornment. Apart from these the most disgusting licentiousness prevails.

This very moment I have come in from a vesper service, which lasted over two hours, so that I have only had time to fetch this letter and finish writing it in the steward's quarters of Count Firmian's house. I also wanted to see whether there was not a letter from you. But I found nothing. You are very lazy. We have been here a long time and although this is the third letter which I have written from Milan, I have so far had no reply. All that I can do is not to write to you for a few weeks. Wolfgang looks forward from post-day to post-day to a letter from you and yet nothing arrives. Addio. I am your old

MOZART

(79a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

MILAN, *February 10th*, 1770¹

Talk of the devil and he will appear. Thanks and praise be to God, I am quite well and I can scarcely await

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

the hour when I shall receive an answer from you. I kiss Mamma's hand and to my sister I send a pock-mark of a kiss and I remain the same old . . . old what? . . . the same old buffoon,

WOLFGANG in GERMANY, AMADEO in ITALY,

DE MOZARTINI

(79b) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

MILAN, *February 10th, 1770*¹

I kiss you and Nannerl, but only once, because you do not write.

Herr Troger sends greetings to you. Tell Mlle Troger that I am very much obliged to her brother for having found us such comfortable quarters, where we are well looked after and have a brother specially chosen to serve us.²

(80) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Gemeentemuseum, The Hague*]

MILAN, *February 17th, 1770*

Praise be to God, we are both well. That the winter, as you say, is not so dangerous in Italy as the summer, I can well believe. So we hope that God will spare us. And if one does not ruin one's health by irregular living and unnecessary stuffing and swilling and if one has otherwise no natural weakness, there is nothing to fear, for everywhere we are in God's hands. Wolfgang will not spoil his health by eating and drinking. You know how he controls himself; and I can assure you that I have never seen him take such care of himself as he does in

¹ A postscript added after Mozart's.

² Frater Alfonso. See p. 160.

this country. Whatever does not seem right to him he leaves and often he eats very little, yet none the less he is fat and cheerful and gay and jolly all day long.

The tailor has just called with cloaks and cowls which we have had to order. I looked at myself in the mirror, as we were trying them on, and thought of how *in my old age I too have had to take part in this tomfoolery*. The costume suits Wolfgang amazingly well. After having had to make this foolish expenditure, my only consolation is that one can use these costumes again for all sorts of things and can make linings, kitchen cloths and so forth, out of them.

To-morrow the Duke and the Princess of Modena, the future bride of the Archduke Ferdinand,¹ are coming to Count Firmian's to hear Wolfgang play. In the evening we are driving en masque to the gala-opera and afterwards we shall attend the ball. Then we shall drive home with our great friend, Signor Don Ferdinando,² who is steward to the Count. Next Friday there will be a concert for the general public and we shall then see what profit we shall make. But on the whole we shall not earn much in Italy. The main thing is that there is the greatest enthusiasm and understanding here and that the Italians see how much Wolfgang knows. Otherwise one must generally accept admiration and bravos as payment. In this connection I must tell you that everywhere we have been received with the greatest courtesy imaginable and that on all occasions we have been asked to meet the leading nobles. Wolfgang kisses most humbly the hands of Her Excellency Countess von Arco³ and

¹ Mozart was commissioned later by the Empress Maria Theresa to compose a dramatic serenata "Ascanio in Alba" for the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand in October 1771.

² Don Fernando Germani, steward to Count Firmian.

³ Wife of Count Georg Anton Felix von Arco, Chief Chamberlain to the Archbishop of Salzburg.

thanks her for the kiss she sent, which is far more precious to him than many young ones.

(80a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Gemeentemuseum, The Hague*]

MILAN, *February 17th, 1770*¹

Here I am, now you have me. Dear little Marianne, with all my arse I rejoice that you had such a frightfully good time. Tell Nurse Ursula, the one, I mean, with the cold arse, that I still maintain that I sent back all her songs to her. But *in any case* if, engrossed in my high and important thoughts, I swept the song off to Italy, I shall not fail, should I find it, to stuff it into a letter. Addio. Farewell, my children. I kiss Mamma's hands a thousand times and send you a hundred kisses or smacks on your marvellous horseface. Per fare il fine,² I am your, etc.³

(81) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *Shrove Tuesday*,⁴ 1770

Last Saturday we had to drive unexpectedly to the opera and ball with the steward,⁵ so I was not able to write to you. Our concert, which took place on Friday,⁶ went off in the same way as our concerts have done everywhere and therefore no further description is necessary. We are well, God be praised, and although we are not rich, yet we always have a little more than what is barely necessary. On Monday or Tuesday of the

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

³ The autograph breaks off here.

⁵ Don Fernando Germani.

² To conclude.

⁴ February 27th.

⁶ February 23rd.

second week in Lent, with God's help we shall leave Milan for Parma. We should like to go off sooner, but Count Firmian wants to give a big concert for the ladies in his house in the first week of Lent;¹ and other things will have to be arranged. Here the inhabitants will still be eating meat to-morrow and on Thursday; every day operas and balls will still take place; and on Saturday the last ball will be held. This is according to the use of S. Ambrosio, which the whole town follows.² In the monasteries, however, they observe the Roman customs and begin Lent on Ash Wednesday. But on that day and on Thursday all the priests run out of the monasteries to their acquaintances in the town and invite themselves to eat meat. What do you think of that? Oh, later on I shall tell you a hundred nice stories of the same kind, which are not at all edifying but extremely annoying. I am quite delighted that Salzburg is so gay now and that you too have some entertainment. Give my best greetings everywhere. Before I leave here I shall write to the Chief Steward.³ Go on enclosing the letters to Herr Troger even if I have left Milan, for he will certainly forward them. Farewell, I must close. Wolfgang is busy composing two arias.⁴ I kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times and I remain *

your old

MOZART

Basil's⁵ accident not only distressed us very greatly, but cost Wolfgang many tears. You know how sensitive

¹ This concert was given on March 12th and is described on p. 173.

² In the liturgical year according to the Ambrosian rite, fasting began on the first Sunday in Lent and not on Ash Wednesday.

³ Count von Firmian, brother of Count Carlo di Firmian, Governor of Lombardy.

⁴ Probably two of the four arias which Mozart composed for Count Firmian's concert. See p. 173, n. 3.

⁵ Basilius Amann (1756-1785), son of Privy Councillor Franz Anton von Amann of Salzburg, was a friend of Mozart.

he is. God grant that Basil may recover. I wish it from my heart and send him our greetings.

(81a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *Shrove Tuesday*, 1770¹

And I kiss Mamma and you. I am utterly confused with all the things I have to do. It is impossible for me to write more.

WOLFGANG

(82) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *March 3rd*, 1770

To-day, March 3rd, is the last day of carnival. Every day during the week whole companies of masqueraders have paraded through the town. Of these the most important were: firstly, the *facchinata* or *facchin-maschera*; secondly, the *mascherata* of the *petits-mâtres*; and finally, the *mascherata* of the so-called *chicchera*, which took place to-day and which is only another procession of the *petits-mâtres*, but this time they all ride either in carriages or on horseback. It was not at all a bad show. Further, there were to-day a number of carriages with *cavaliers en masque*; and a great many other masked persons were to be seen in the streets. In a word, everyone is either in the street or at a window.

Recently I had to miss a post-day and now the day of our departure is drawing near. But you will certainly receive one more letter from me from Milan, as we shall

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

not get away from here before the 12th, 13th or 14th. You will understand that I have unpacked all our belongings and must now pack everything again. The luggage has, moreover, increased a good deal and I should like to send home a few things. When we left Mantua it was bitterly cold and we bought two fine foot-bags, which cost five ducats. We had to take these, as cheaper ones were not to be had. They are of grey cloth, lined with wolf's fur and trimmed with fine laces and tassels. They have done us excellent service and without them we should have fared badly in the Italian sedia.

Now I must close. Farewell. I kiss you both. My greetings to all Salzburg.

I am your old

MOZART

(82a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the possession of the Wittgenstein family, Vienna*]

CARA SORELLA MIA,

MILAN, *March 3rd*, 1770

Indeed I rejoice with my whole heart that you have had such a good time. But perhaps you think that I have not been having a good time. Indeed I have, and I cannot remember how often, but I think we have been to the opera six or seven times and then to the festa di ballo which, as in Vienna, begins after the opera, but with this difference that there the dancing is more orderly. We have also seen the facchinata and the chiccherata. The facchinata is a mascherata, a beautiful sight, so called because people dress up as facchini or valets. There was a barca with a number of people in it, and many persons went on foot, and there were four to six bands of trumpeters and drummers and a few companies of fiddlers and of players on other instruments. The chiccherata which we saw to-day is also a mascherata. *Chiccheri* is

the Milanese word for the people we call petits-mâîtres or, let us say, coxcombs. They all rode on horseback and it was a charming affair. I am now as heartily glad that Herr von Amann¹ is better as I was grieved when I heard of his accident. What sort of mask did Madame Rosa wear and also Herr von Mölk and the Prince and Herr von Schiedenhofen? If you know, please write and tell me and you will do me a great favour. To-day Count Firmian's steward has invited us to celebrate our last day with him, and we shall have much to chatter about. Addio. Farewell. Next post-day I shall write you a Milanese letter.

I am, etc.

WOLFGANG MOZART

P.S. Kiss Mamma's hands for me 100000000000 times. Greetings to all our good friends and a thousand greetings to you from Catch-me-quick-and-then-you-have-me and from Don Cacarello, especially from behind and²

(83) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *March 13th, 1770*

It was impossible for me to write last Saturday, because Wolfgang had to compose for the concert held yesterday at Count Firmian's, three arias and a recitative with violins,³ and I had to copy the violin parts myself and then have them duplicated, so that they should not be stolen. Over one hundred and fifty members of the leading nobility were present, the most important of them being

¹ See p. 170, n. 5.

² The autograph breaks off here.

³ K. 88, 78, 79 (on texts from Metastasio's "Artaserse") and K. 77 (on a text from Metastasio's "Demofonte"), an aria in the grand style with an accompanied recitative.

the Duke, the Princess and the Cardinal. We have now decided to leave Milan, God willing, on Thursday, that is, the day after to-morrow. But as we are not leaving until mid-day and as we are travelling in a vettura, we shall not reach Parma until Saturday morning. You will realise that I have an amazing number of things to do, the more so as on account of our long stay the whole trunk has had to be unpacked. Between this evening and to-morrow another matter has to be decided. For Wolfgang has been asked to write the first opera here for next Christmas.¹ If this is settled, you will be glad, for then, as far as we can judge, we shall certainly reach home sooner than we should otherwise have done. Indeed it will take us all our time to reach Rome for Passion week. You know that Rome is a place where one simply must stay. Then we shall go on to Naples, which is such an important centre that even if a *scrittura*² does not bring us back to Milan to write the opera, some circumstance may easily arise to keep us there during the whole of next winter. For if the *scrittura* is concluded, the libretto will be sent to us. Wolfgang can then think things out a little and, travelling via Loreto, we can be back in Milan by Advent. Further, as the composer is not obliged to stay on after the opera has been staged, we can then get home via Venice within a year. But I leave it all to Providence and to the ordering of God.

As this is my most strenuous week, I beg you to make excuses for me and to give my congratulations to all who are called Joseph.³ You know how tedious, sad and trying a departure is. Please give especially my respectful greetings and apologies to our Father Confessor.⁴

¹ "Mitridate, Rè di Ponto."

² A written contract.

³ March 19th being St. Joseph's Day.

⁴ Abbé Joseph Bullinger, tutor to the family of Count Arco, and lifelong friend of the Mozarts.

Continue to address your letters, as you have done hitherto, to Herr Troger who will forward them to me safely.

As soon as I reach Bologna or Florence I shall write to you, and perhaps also from Parma.

To-morrow we are having a farewell dinner with His Excellency,¹ who is giving us letters of introduction for Parma, Florence, Rome and Naples. I cannot tell you how gracious he has been to us during the whole period of our stay. I would have written before now to the Chief Steward,² if I had not had to wait until to-morrow in order to do so more fully. I kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times and I am your old

MOZART

(83a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *March 13th*, 1770³

I send greetings and kiss Mamma and my sister millions of times, and, thank God, I am well. Addio.

WOLFGANG

(84) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOLOGNA, *March 24th*, 1770

We arrived to-day at Bologna⁴ with your last letter, which we found at the post, as Herr Troger forwarded

¹ Count Firmian, Governor of Lombardy.

² Count Firmian of Salzburg. No doubt Leopold Mozart was writing to ask for an extension of leave of absence, as his son had been commissioned to write the next opera for Milan.

³ A postscript to his father's letter.

⁴ The Mozarts left Milan on March 15th and travelled to Bologna by way of Lodi, Piacenza, Parma and Modena. At Lodi Mozart composed his first string quartet, K. 80.

it with some others from Count Firmian. Thank God, we are well and we live in hopes that God will keep us so. We shall not stay here more than four days and we shall only spend about five or six days in Florence. So with God's help we shall reach Rome at the latest on Tuesday or Wednesday in Passion Week; and we shall certainly see the Functiones on Holy Thursday.

I wrote from Parma to the Chief Steward, thanking him for the favours we had enjoyed in the house of Count Firmian and requesting him to tell His Grace that Wolfgang is to write the opera for Milan and asking that he should obtain leave of absence for me. I wrote to His Grace by to-day's post, sending him my most humble wishes for election day and asking for leave of absence on account of Wolfgang's opera. So find out whether these two letters have arrived safely. The *scrittura* has already been drawn up and exchanged between both parties; so all that is now required is His Grace's permission. Actually the contract was drawn up in Count Firmian's house. We are to receive 100 *cigliati* and free lodging. The opera is to begin in the Christmas holidays. The recitatives must be sent to Milan in October and we must be there by November 1st so that Wolfgang may write the arias. The *prima donna* and *seconda donna* are Signora Gabrielli¹ and her sister.² The tenor is Signor Ettore,³ who is now Cavaliere Ettore, as he wears a certain order. The *primo uomo* and the others have not yet been chosen. Perhaps Manzuoli will sing. Signora Gabrielli is known throughout Italy to be an extremely conceited fool who besides squandering all her money

¹ Catterina Gabrielli (1730-1796) was born in Rome and studied under García and Porpora. She was a famous *prima donna* of her time, and toured Europe with her sister Francesca as *seconda donna*.

² Francesca Gabrielli (1735-1795).

³ Guglielmo D'Ettore, a member of the Munich opera, who was appearing in Venice and Padua with great success.

does the most idiotic things. We shall meet her on our travels in Rome or Naples, as she is coming up from Palermo, and we shall then do homage to her as a queen and praise her to the skies, as that is the way to curry favour. In Parma, Signora Guari,¹ who is also called Bastardina or Bastardella, invited us to dinner and sang three arias for us. I could not believe that she was able to reach C sopra acuto, but my ears convinced me. The passages which Wolfgang has written down² occurred in her aria and these she sang, it is true, more softly than her deeper notes, but as beautifully as an octave stop in an organ. In short, she sang the trills and the passages exactly as Wolfgang has written them down, note for note. Further, she has a good deep alto down to G. She is not beautiful, and yet not ugly, but occasionally she has a wild look in her eyes, like that of people who are subject to epilepsy, and she limps with one foot. Otherwise she has a good presence, a good character and a good reputation. Count Firmian gave Wolfgang a snuff-box set in gold containing twenty cigliati.

This is the most expensive place which we have so far struck in Italy. We are staying, it is true, at the best inn, the "Pellegrino", but we have also the honour of paying a ducat a day. The prices here have risen, as there are more people in the town than there were a few years ago. Of expelled Jesuits alone there are more than a thousand. Farewell! I am glad that Nannerl is working hard. But she must not sing more than she thinks is good for her chest. We both kiss you millions of times. Addio. I am your old

MOZART

¹ Lucrezia Agujari (1743-1783) was born at Ferrara as the natural child of a nobleman, and was always announced in the playbills as La Bastardina or Bastardella. She was celebrated for the unusual extent of her vocal range.

² See pp. 179-180.

(84a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[From Nissen, pp. 184-186]

Oh you busy thing! BOLOGNA, *March 24th*, 1770

As I have been idle for so long, I have been thinking that it would not be a bad idea if I did some work again for a short while. Every post-day, when letters arrive from Germany, I enjoy eating and drinking far more than usual. Please write and tell me who is singing in the oratorios and let me know their titles as well. Tell me also how you like Haydn's¹ minuets and whether they are better than his earlier ones. I rejoice from my heart that Herr von Amann has recovered. Please tell him to take good care of himself and to avoid violent exercise. Please do not forget this. But tell him also that I often think of him and of how in Triebenbach² we used to play at workmen and of how he acted the name Schrattenbach³ by means of a bag of shot and by making the sound *sh*. Tell him also that I often remember his saying to me: "Shall we split ourselves up?" and how I always replied: "Good Gracious, no!" I shall soon send you a minuet which Mr. Pick danced in the theatre and which everyone danced to afterwards at the feste di ballo in Milan, solely in order that you may see how slowly people dance here. The minuet itself is very beautiful. It comes, of course, from Vienna and was most certainly composed by Deller or Starzer.⁴ It has plenty of notes. Why? Because it is a stage minuet which is danced slowly. The minuets in Milan, in fact the Italian minuets generally, have plenty

¹ Michael Haydn.² A suburb of Salzburg.³ An allusion to the Counts von Schrattenbach, one of whom, Sigismund, was Archbishop of Salzburg from 1753 to 1772, and another of whom, Franz Anton, the Mozarts had met in Brünn in 1767.⁴ Florian Deller (1729-1773) and Joseph Starzer (1726-1787) were well-known composers of ballet music in Vienna.

of notes, are played slowly and have several bars, *e.g.*, the first part has sixteen, the second twenty or twenty-four.

In Parma we got to know a singer and heard her perform very beautifully in her own house—the famous Bastardella¹ who has (1) a beautiful voice, (2) a marvellous throat, (3) an incredible range. While I was present she sang the following notes and passages:



¹ Lucrezia Agujari. See p. 177, n. 1.

(85) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

BOLOGNA, *March 27th–28th*, 1770

From Parma I wrote to the Chief Steward and from here on the 24th I wrote to His Grace and to you. I await your reply as to whether all these letters have arrived safely. There was a concert yesterday at the house of Count Pallavicini, to which His Eminence the Cardinal¹ and the leading nobles were invited. I have already introduced to you Count Carl von Firmian; and now I should like you to know Count Pallavicini also. They are two gentlemen who in all respects have the same outlook, friendliness, magnanimity, placidity and a special love for and insight into all branches of knowledge. On Sunday I was privileged to pay my respects to Count Pallavicini and to hand him the letter from Count Firmian. As soon as he heard that I intended to be in Rome in Holy Week he immediately said that he would try to arrange to have the pleasure to-morrow not only of hearing this extraordinary young virtuoso himself but of granting the same privilege to the leading nobles of the town. I shall not describe all the circumstances, nor how, for instance, we were fetched in His Excellency's

¹ Cardinal Legate Antonio Colonna Branciforte.

carriage and waited upon; I shall only say that about one hundred and fifty members of the leading nobility were present. The famous Padre Martini¹ was also invited and, although he never goes to concerts, he came nevertheless to this one, which began at about half past seven and lasted until half past eleven, because the nobles refused to break up the party. Signor Aprile and Signor Cicognani sang. We are leaving the day after to-morrow, Thursday the 29th, and shall arrive in Florence on Friday evening, where we shall stay until the 5th and then continue our journey to Rome, which we hope to reach at mid-day on the 11th, if God places no obstacle in our way.

What especially pleases me is that we are extraordinarily popular and that Wolfgang is admired here even more than he has been in all the other towns of Italy; the reason is that Bologna is the centre and dwelling-place of many masters, artists and scholars. Here too he has been most thoroughly tested, and the fact that Padre Martini, the idol of the Italians, speaks of him with great admiration and has himself set him all the tests, has increased his reputation all over Italy. We have visited him twice and each time Wolfgang has worked out a fugue, for which the Padre had only written down with a few notes the *ducem* or *la guida*. We have also visited Cavaliere Broschi² or the so-called Signor Farinelli, on his estate outside the town. Here we have met Spagnoletta,³ who is to be the prima

¹ Giovanni Battista Martini (1706-1784), a Franciscan father, was one of the most important scientific musicians of the eighteenth century. In 1725 he became maestro di cappella of the church of San Francesco at Bologna, where he spent the rest of his life teaching and writing. Scholars from all parts of the world came to Bologna to consult him. In 1774-1775 he published a work on counterpoint, and at the time of his death he was working at the fourth volume of his great *Storia della musica*.

² Carlo Broschi, called Farinelli (1705-1782), born in Naples, was the most famous male soprano of his day. He was trained by Porpora and, after a series of triumphs in all the theatres of Italy, in Vienna and in London, and a prolonged stay at the court of Philip V of Spain, he retired in 1762 to his villa near Bologna.

³ Giuseppa Useda, La Spagnoletta.

donna in the opera, which is being performed in May, that is, instead of Gabrielli, who is still in Palermo and has let down the people of Bologna, just as she probably will let down the people of Milan also.

We have met here Signor Manfredini,¹ the castrato, who, travelling with Herr Panter from Russia by way of Vienna, came to see us in Salzburg.

A certain old Signor Abbate Zanardi sends his greetings to Herr Andrino. A few people have been asking for Kapellmeister Lolli.² Herr Brinsecchi and many persons have been asking for our Court Statuarius.³ All send their greetings along with mine.

We have been to the Instituto and have admired the fine statues of our Court Statuarius. What I have seen in Bologna surpasses the Museum Britannicum. For here one can see not only the rarities of nature but *everything that deserves the name of science*, preserved like a dictionary in beautiful rooms and in a clean and orderly fashion. Indeed you would be amazed. I refuse to say anything about the churches, the paintings, the fine architecture and the furnishings of the various palaces, for indeed I can hardly write for drowsiness, as it is past one o'clock. Wolfgang has been snoring for a long time and I fall asleep as I write.

I kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times. My greetings to all Salzburg. I am your faithful and sleepy husband

MOZART

It was not at all a bad idea to send the ball minuet to catch us at Bologna to be arranged for the clavier, as there is

¹ He was brother to the famous Vincenzo Manfredini (1737-1799), maestro di cappella and author of the *Difesa della musica moderna*.

² Giuseppe Francesco Lolli of Bologna was Kapellmeister in Salzburg from 1763 until 1778.

³ Johann Baptist Hagenauer, a relative of the Hagenauer family, was architect and sculptor to the Salzburg court. He had studied in Florence and Bologna.

no one in Salzburg who could do this. Indeed Wolfgang was exceedingly pleased and thanks Herr von Schiedenhofen and Nannerl. He will write himself very soon. I wrote this letter yesterday after he had gone to bed and I am adding a few lines to-day while he is still asleep, for the post leaves almost immediately. Herewith he sends the minuet which Mr. Pick danced in the theatre in Milan. Again we send our greetings to all our good friends and I beg Herr von Schiedenhofen, Herr von Mölk and others who have written to me not to take it amiss that I do not reply. I hope they will bear in mind how much a traveller has to do, especially as I am single-handed. *Kommabit aliquando zeitus bequemus schreibendi. Nunc kopfus meus semper vollus est multis gedankibus.*¹ Wolfgang kisses you and Nannerl a thousand times.

(85a) *Mozart to Herr von Schiedenhofen*

[Autograph in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania]

BOLOGNA, March 28th, 1770²

For Herr von Schiedenhofen

Please forgive me for never writing to you, but as I had no time, I could not do my duty. Here is a minuet which Signor Pick danced at Milan.

(86) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

FLORENCE, April 3rd, 1770

We arrived safely in Florence³ on the evening of March 30th. On the 31st we spent the whole day indoors

¹ Sometime there will come a convenient time for writing. At present my head is always full of many thoughts.

² An enclosure in his father's letter.

³ The Mozarts stayed at the "Aquila".

and Wolfgang stayed in bed until lunch, as he had caught a slight cold from the rain and the violent wind through which we drove in the mountains. I made him take tea and violet juice and he perspired a little. On the morning of April 1st we drove at ten o'clock to Count von Rosenberg,¹ who received us immediately, although more than fifty people were in the antechamber, and this because we brought a letter from Count Firmian and because he had already heard about us from Count Joseph von Kaunitz,² who reached Florence the day before our arrival and is staying with him. He had dined with us in Bologna at the house of Count Pallavicini. Count Rosenberg at once sent us to the Duca De Salviati at the court with a message that he was to present us to the Grand Duke.³ We heard the sermon and mass in the chapel and after the service we had an audience. The Grand Duke was uncommonly gracious, asked at once for Nannerl, said that his wife was very anxious to hear Wolfgang play, and spoke to us for a full quarter of an hour. Yesterday evening, April 2nd, we were fetched and driven to the castle outside the town, where we remained until after ten o'clock. Everything went off as usual and the amazement was all the greater as Marchese Ligniville,⁴ the Director of Music, who is the finest expert in counterpoint in the whole of Italy, placed the most difficult fugues before Wolfgang and gave him the most difficult themes, which he played off and worked out with the greatest ease. Nardini, that excellent violinist, accom-

¹ Franz Xaver Wolf Orsini-Rosenberg (1723-1796) was Imperial Ambassador to the court of Tuscany from 1766 to 1772. In 1776 he was appointed Chief Chamberlain to the Viennese court and Director of the Court Theatres, and subsequently played an important part in Mozart's life.

² Imperial Ambassador to the Neapolitan court.

³ Subsequently Emperor Leopold II, 1790-1792. He had heard the Mozart children perform in Vienna in 1762. See p. 7.

⁴ Marchese Eugenio De Ligniville, Duca di Conca, who was Director of Music at the court of Tuscany from 1765 to 1790. *

panied him. This afternoon we are going to see Manzuoli, whom we met yesterday in the street and who sends you his greetings. The castrato Nicolini who was with Guadagni¹ in Vienna is here also. I am very sorry that we have to leave on Friday in order to reach Rome in time. I should like you to see Florence itself and the surrounding country and the situation of the town, for you would say that one should live and die here. During these few days I shall see all that there is to be seen. I must close, for the post is leaving. Wolfgang and I send our greetings to all; we kiss you a thousand times and I am your old

MOZART

(87) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

ROME, April 14th, 1770

We arrived here safely on the 11th at noon.² I could have been more easily persuaded to return to Salzburg than to proceed to Rome, for we had to travel for five days from Florence to Rome in the most horrible rain and cold wind. I am told here that they have had constant rain for four months and indeed we had a taste of it, as we went on Wednesday and Thursday in fine weather to St. Peter's and to the Sistine Chapel to hear the Miserere during the mass, and on our way home were surprised by such a frightful downpour that our cloaks have never yet been so drenched as they then were. But I will not give you a long description of that dreadful journey. Picture

¹ Gaetano Guadagni (c. 1725-c. 1797), one of the most famous male contraltos of the eighteenth century. From 1748 to 1753 he sang in London in Handel's oratorios.

² The Mozarts, after spending a few days in an uncomfortable lodging-house, took rooms in the house of the Papal Courier Steffano Uslenghi in the Piazza del Clementino. See pp. 190-191.

to yourself a more or less uncultivated country and the most horrible, filthy inns, where we got nothing to eat save here and there eggs and broccoli; while on fast-days they sometimes made a fuss about giving us the former. Fortunately we had a good supper at Viterbo and slept well. There we saw St. Rosa of Viterbo, whose body like that of St. Catherine at Bologna can be seen in a well-preserved condition.¹ From the former saint we took away as a remembrance a fever antidote and relics, from the latter a belt. On arriving here on the 11th, we went after lunch to St. Peter's and then to mass. On the 12th we were present at the Functiones, and when the Pope² was serving the poor at table we were quite close to him, as we were standing beside him at the top of the table. This incident was all the more amazing as we had to pass through two doors guarded by Swiss guards in armour and make our way through many hundreds of people. And moreover you must note that we had as yet no acquaintances. But our fine clothes, the German tongue, and my usual freedom of manner which led me to make my servant order the Swiss guards in German to make way for us, soon helped us through everywhere. They took Wolfgang for some German courtier, while some even thought that he was a prince, which my servant allowed them to believe; I myself was taken for his tutor. Thus we made our way to the Cardinals' table. There Wolfgang happened to be standing between the chairs of two Cardinals, one of whom was Cardinal Pallavicini, who made a sign to him and said: "*Will you*

¹ The body of St. Rosa (*d.* 1252), who incited the people to rise against the Emperor Frederick II, is preserved in a side-chapel of the Church of Santa Rosa at Viterbo. That of St. Catherine Vigri (*d.* 1463), Abbess of the Poor Clares, is in the chapel which bears her name in the Church of Corpus Domini at Bologna.

² Clement XIV (1705-1774), formerly Cardinal Ganganelli. He became Pope in 1759 and his reign was rendered famous by the dissolution of the Jesuit order.

be so good as to tell me in confidence who you are?" And Wolfgang told him. The Cardinal showed the greatest astonishment and said: "*Ah, you are the famous boy, about whom so many things have been written to me*". Whereupon Wolfgang asked him: "*Are you not Cardinal Pallavicini?*" The Cardinal replied: "*Yes, I am, but why?*" Then Wolfgang told him *that we had letters to deliver to His Eminence and that we were going to pay him our respects*. The Cardinal appeared to be delighted, remarked that Wolfgang spoke Italian very well and among other things added: "*Ik kann auch ein benig deutsch sprechen*". When we were leaving, Wolfgang kissed his hand and the Cardinal took off his berretta and bowed very politely. You have often heard of the famous Miserere¹ in Rome, which is so greatly prized that the performers in the chapel are forbidden on pain of excommunication to take away a single part of it, to copy it or to give it to anyone. *But we have it already*. Wolfgang has written it down and we would have sent it to Salzburg in this letter, if it were not necessary for us to be there to perform it. But the manner of performance contributes more to its effect than the composition itself. So we shall bring it home with us. Moreover, as it is one of the secrets of Rome, we do not wish to let it fall into other hands, *ut non incurramus mediate vel immediate in censuram Ecclesiae*. We have already examined St. Peter's church thoroughly and we shall certainly not neglect anything that should be seen in Rome. To-morrow, God willing, we shall see His Holiness pontificate. You cannot conceive how conceited the clergy are here. Any priest who

¹ The Miserere of Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652). Abert, vol. i. p. 189, n. 2, draws attention to a slight exaggeration on the part of Leopold Mozart, inasmuch as according to Burney the Pope had had this beautiful Miserere copied for the Emperor Leopold I, the King of Portugal and Padre Martini, and Burney himself was handed copies in Rome and Florence. See Burney, *Present State of Music in France and Italy*, 2nd edition, 1773, p. 285 ff.

has the slightest association with a Cardinal, thinks himself as good as he, and as each Cardinal, when on business connected with His Holiness, drives with a cortège of three or four carriages, each of which is filled with his chaplains, secretaries and valets, I am looking forward to to-morrow, when we shall walk past all these proud gentlemen and leave them in ignorance as to our identity. For we have not yet presented ourselves anywhere, because the Functiones are now taking place. On Monday we shall begin to deliver our twenty letters of introduction.

Though I am glad that neither of you undertook this journey with us, yet I am sorry that you are not seeing all these Italian towns, and especially Rome. It is useless and quite impossible to describe it in a few words. Once more I advise you to read Keyssler's *Reisebeschreibung*. Two hours after our arrival we went en passant into the German College and found there Herr von Mölk in excellent health and other acquaintances also. Out of regard for him I am going to let Wolfgang perform before the whole College, as they would like to hear him. With the help of Abbate Marcobruni we immediately took a lodging in a private house. But as there is only one room here and we must have two rooms in order to receive callers, we are going to move this evening into more spacious quarters. To-day and yesterday I have been a bit of an invalid, for I have taken three digestive powders; but, thank God, I feel well. Wolfgang is splendid and sends herewith a contredanse.¹ He would like Herr Cirillus Hofmann² to make up the steps for it; when the two violins play as leaders, only two persons should lead the dance; but whenever the orchestra comes in with all the instruments, the whole company should dance together. It would be by far the best arrangement if it were danced by five couples. The first couple should begin the first

¹ K. 123.

² Dancing master at the Salzburg court.

solo, the second dance the second and so on, as there are five solos and five tutti passages.

Pray earnestly to God Almighty for our good health. We shall certainly do our share, for I can assure you that we take all possible care and that Wolfgang pays as much attention to his health as if he were the most grown up person. May God keep you both likewise in good health. I am your old

MOZART

Wolfgang and I kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times.

(87a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

ROME, April 14th, 1770¹

Praise and thanks be to God, I and my wretched pen are well and I kiss Mamma and Nannerl a thousand or 1000 times. I only wish that my sister were in Rome, for this town would certainly please her, as St. Peter's church and many other things in Rome are *regular*. The most beautiful flowers are now being carried past in the street—so Papa has just told me. I am a fool, as everyone knows. Oh, I am having a hard time, for in our rooms there is only one bed and so Mamma can well imagine that I get no sleep with Papa. I am looking forward to our new quarters. I have just now drawn St. Peter with his keys and with him St. Paul with his sword and St. Luke with my sister and so forth. I have had the honour of kissing St. Peter's foot in St. Peter's church and as I have the misfortune to be so small, I, that same old dunce,

WOLFGANG MOZART,
had to be lifted up.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

(88) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

ROME, April 21st, 1770

Your letters of the 2nd and the 6th are, I presume, the replies to my two letters from Bologna. Meanwhile you will have received a letter from Florence and my first one from Rome, in which I gave you a hasty description of the bad weather we had and of our tiresome journey, but forgot to mention that we arrived at noon amid thunder and lightning and that the weather at a good hour's distance from Rome received us with crackling and flashes and thus accompanied us to our destination in the same way as great men are welcomed by the firing of big guns. So far we have had rain all the time and to-day is the first on which we have been able to visit one or two places in safety. We have met a great many Englishmen here and amongst others Mr. Beckford,¹ whose acquaintance we made at Lady Effingham's² in London and with whom as well as with some other Englishmen we walked for a couple of hours this morning in the garden of the Villa Medici, which belongs to the Grand Duke of Florence. We have moved out of our first lodging and Herr Marcobruni, *who sends you his greetings*, has brought us to the house of the Papal courier, Signor Uslenghi, in the Piazza del Clementino. Here we are very comfortable and the wife and daughter of the landlord vie with one another in waiting upon us. The

¹ Probably Peter Beckford (1740-1811), a well-known sportsman and traveller and the author of *Familiar Letters from Italy*, published in 1805. He was cousin to William Beckford (1760-1843), the author of *Vathek*. Burney, *op. cit.* p. 268, who was in Rome during the summer of 1770, mentions a Mr. Beckford who gave a musical party at his house.

² Elizabeth, Countess of Effingham, a sister of William Beckford, the famous Lord Mayor of London and the father of the author of *Vathek*.

husband is in Portugal and so they treat me as if I were the master of the house. We all dine together and we have a large room which, as it gets the morning sun, is very healthy. When friends come to see us, all the other rooms are at our disposal and, as the daughter is beginning to learn the clavier, we have a harpsichord too. I send special greetings to Herr von Schiedenhofen and I am much obliged to him for making Nannerl play often upon the harpsichord. I shall certainly write to him soon myself. I cannot tell you anything about our affairs, for I am tired; the further we have penetrated into Italy, the greater has been the general amazement. Moreover Wolfgang's knowledge does not stand still, but increases from day to day; so that the greatest connoisseurs and masters are at a loss for suitable words to express their admiration. Two days ago we were at the house of a Neapolitan Prince San Angelo. Yesterday we were at the house of Prince Chigi, where amongst others were present the so-called King of England or Pretender,¹ and the Secretary of State Cardinal Pallavicini. Before long we are to be presented to His Holiness. But before I close I must describe a charming incident.

In Florence we came across a young Englishman, who is a pupil of the famous violinist Nardini. This boy,² who *plays most beautifully* and who is the same age and the same size as Wolfgang, came to the house of the

¹ Charles Edward, the young Pretender (1720-1788). He was then living in Rome under the name of Count of Albany.

² Thomas Linley (1756-1778), eldest son of Thomas Linley, composer and singing master at Bath, at an early age displayed extraordinary skill on the violin. He studied under Nardini in Florence, and on his return to England became leader and solo-player at his father's concerts in Bath and composed sacred and operatic music. He was drowned at the age of twenty-two. Burney, *op. cit.* p. 255, has the following remarks about Linley and Mozart: "My little countryman, Linley, who had been two years under Signor Nardini, was at Florence when I arrived there and was universally admired. The *Tommasino*, as he is called, and the little Mozart are talked of all over Italy as the most promising geniuses of this age."

learned poetess, Signora Corilla,¹ where we happened to be on the introduction of M. De L'Augier. The two boys performed one after the other throughout the whole evening, constantly embracing each other. On the following day the little Englishman, a most charming boy, had his violin brought to our rooms and played the whole afternoon, Wolfgang accompanying him on his own. On the next day we lunched with M. Gavard, the administrator of the grand ducal finances, and these two boys played in turn the whole afternoon, not like boys, but like men! Little Tommaso accompanied us home and wept bitter tears, because we were leaving on the following day. But when he heard that our departure would not take place until noon, he called on us at nine o'clock in the morning and gave Wolfgang with many embraces the following poem, which Signora Corilla had to compose for him on the previous evening.² Then he accompanied our carriage as far as the city gate. I should like you to have witnessed this scene. I now close with devoted greetings to all our friends and I am your old

MOZART

We kiss you both a thousand times.

(88a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the possession of D. Salomon, Berlin*]

CARA SORELLA MIA!

ROME, April 21st, 1770

I am delighted that you liked the minuet I sent you from Bologna,³ I mean, the one which Signor Pick

¹ The assumed name of Maddalena Morelli, a famous poetess of her day, who was crowned on the Capitol in 1776. Burney, *op. cit.* p. 259 f., praises also her musical gifts and adds in a footnote, "She has almost every evening a conversazione or assembly, which is much frequented by the foreigners and men of letters at Florence".

² The poem is to be found in Nissen, p. 195, and Abert, vol. ii. p. 934.

³ See p. 183.

danced at Milan. I hope that you have received the contredanse which I enclosed in my first letter from Rome.¹ Do tell me quite frankly how you like it.

Please try to find the arithmetical tables. You know that you wrote them down yourself. I have lost my copy and so have quite forgotten them. So I beg you to copy them out for me with some other examples in arithmetic and send them to me here.

Manzuoli is negotiating with the Milanese to sing in my opera. With that in view he sang four or five arias to me in Florence, including some which I had to compose in Milan,² in order that the Milanese, who had heard none of my dramatic music, should see that I am capable of writing an opera. Manzuoli is demanding a thousand ducats. It is not known for certain whether Gabrielli will come. Some say that De Amicis will sing. We are to meet her in Naples. I should like her and Manzuoli to take the parts. Then we should have two good acquaintances and friends. The libretto has not yet been chosen. I recommended to Don Ferdinando and Herr von Troger a text by Metastasio.³

At the moment I am working at the aria: *Se ardire, e speranza*.⁴

(89) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania*]

MY DEAR SISTER,

ROME, April 25th, 1770⁵

I assure you that every post-day I look forward with an incredible eagerness to receiving some letters from

¹ K. 123. Cp. p. 188.

² See p. 173, n. 3.

³ The text which was ultimately chosen was one by Vittorio Amadeo Cigna-Santi, a poet of Turin. It was a free adaptation of Parini's translation of Racine's "Mithridate" and had already been set to music by Quirino Gasparini and performed at Turin in 1767.

⁴ K. 82. The words were taken from Metastasio's "Demofoonte".

⁵ This letter is in Italian.

Salzburg. Yesterday we were at San Lorenzo and heard vespers, and this morning the mass which was sung, and in the evening the second vespers, because it is the festival of the Madonna del Buon Consiglio. During the last few days we have been to the Campidoglio and have seen several fine things. If I were to write down all that I have seen, this small sheet would not suffice. I have played at two concerts and to-morrow I am playing at another. This evening we saw a contralto singer, a castrato, who was very like Signor Meisner, whom by the way we shall have the honour of meeting at Naples. Immediately after lunch we play boccia. That is a game which I have learnt in Rome. When I come home, I shall teach it to you. Tell Signor Mölk that I am delighted and rejoice with him that his father is in better health and that I ask him to be so kind as to convey my respects to his father, his mother, his sister, his brother and his cousins and to all his relatives. Please do what I asked you to do the last time I wrote to you and please send me a reply about this. When I have finished this letter I shall finish a symphony which I have begun.¹ The aria is finished.² A symphony³ is being copied (my father is the copyist, for we do not wish to give it out to be copied, as it would be stolen). My greetings to all my friends and please kiss Mamma's hands for me, for I am (Tra la liera)

WOLFGANGO in GERMANIA,
AMADEO MOZART in ITALIA

ROMA caput mundi,

April 25th, 1770,

and next year 1771.

Behind as in front

And double in the middle.

I kiss you both.

¹ In the opinion of WSF, vol. i., p. 306 f., this symphony is K. 81. But it may be K. 95 or K. 97. See Köchel p. 126.

² K. 82.

³ Either K. 95 or K. 97.

(90) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

ROME, April 28th, 1770

It is still cold, not as cold as in Salzburg, but not as warm as it ought to be in Rome, for there are always bitter winds and dull clouds. But as soon as the sun peeps out it is very hot.

We have been at the house of Principessa Barbarini, where we met Prince Xaver of Saxony¹ and, for the second time, the Pretender or so-called King of England, and Cardinal Pallavicini, and amongst others a courtier who knew us in our Paris days. To-day at the house of the Ambassadors di Malta² we met a courtier who knew us when we were in Vienna, the Swedish envoy who met us in London and Count von Wallerstein. The Duca di Bracciano has sent us an invitation for to-morrow to the concert which is being held by the Duca di Attems. We are lunching on Monday with the Augustinians, the same order which also has a house in Salzburg. The General will be present.³

With God's help we shall leave on May 12th by the procaccio for Naples, where we have already ordered a lodging. For the last fortnight the roads thither have been very unsafe and a merchant has been killed. But the sbirri and the bloodthirsty Papal soldiers were immediately sent out from Rome and we hear that a skirmish

¹ Prince Xaver of Saxony (1730-1806), who since 1769 had been living in France and Italy under the name of Comte de la Lusace, was the second son of King August of Saxony and had been Regent of Saxony from 1763 to 1768.

² Probably Cavaliere Santarelli, Cappellano di Malta and maestro di cappella to Pope Clement XIV. When Burney visited him in 1770 he was engaged in writing a history of church music, which, however, was never published. See Burney, *op. cit.* p. 277 ff.

³ His name, Padre Vasquez, appears in the *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 53.

has already taken place in which five sbirri and three robbers were killed, four robbers taken prisoner and the rest dispersed. But they have now drawn nearer the Neapolitan borders and, if it is true that they have killed a Neapolitan courier on his way to Spain, every effort will be made from Naples to clear up the roads. I shall not leave here until I know that they are safe; and in the procaccio one is in a large company.

Thank God, Wolfgang is in good health except for a slight toothache on one side of his face as usual.

We kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times and I am
your old

MOZART

(90a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

ROME, April 28th, 1770¹

I kiss my sister's face and Mamma's hands. I have not yet seen any scorpions or spiders nor do people talk or hear anything about them. Mamma will surely recognise my handwriting? She ought to let me know this quickly, or I shall sign my name underneath.

(91) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

ROME, May 2nd, 1770

The latest news is that Herr Meisner arrived from Naples at mid-day and is off again in two days to Florence and thence straight on to Salzburg; so he will turn

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

up there shortly. He sends his greetings to you all. I have already written to His Grace. You want to know whether Wolfgang still sings and plays the fiddle? He plays the fiddle, but not in public. He sings, but only when some text is put before him. He has grown a little. I am neither fatter nor thinner; and we have got accustomed to Italian food. We are leaving sooner than I expected, because I have the opportunity of travelling to Naples with four Augustinians. So we shall be off on May 8th. Otherwise I have nothing to write about. I trust that God will keep both you and Nannerl well and allow us not only to reach Naples in good health and return here but also to reach home safely later on. I shall not stay longer than about five weeks in Naples; then I shall travel through Loreto to Bologna and Pisa and those parts and so spend the hottest season in the coolest and healthiest spot. We kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times and I am your old

MZT.

Herr Meisner and Wolfgang performed to-day in the German College.¹

(91a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

ROME, May 2nd, 1770²

Praise and thanks be to God, I am well and kiss Mamma's hand and my sister's face, nose, mouth, neck and my bad pen and arse, if it is clean.

WOLFGANGO MOZART. ROME, 1770

¹ The autograph of this letter has a short postscript added by Meisner.

² A postscript to his father's letter.

(92) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

NAPLES, May 19th, 1770

You will have received my last letter from Rome, dated May 2nd. I am sorry that I had to leave you without letters for such a long time, for in the meantime you will both have been very anxious. We left Rome on May 8th at ten o'clock in the morning together with three other sedie or two-seated carriages and we had a light lunch at one o'clock in the Augustinian monastery at Marino. On the evening of the 11th we were again well fed in an Augustinian monastery at Sessa and at noon on the 12th we arrived at the Augustinian monastery at Capua, intending to reach Naples in the evening. It happened, however, that on that Sunday, the 13th, the veiling of a lady was to take place in the convent, where one of my travelling companions, Padre Segarelli, had been confessor some years previously. He was to be present at this veiling and begged us to remain there too. Thus we saw the ceremony, which was very magnificent and for which a Kapellmeister with three or four carriages of virtuosi arrived on the evening of the 12th and began the proceedings with symphonies and a *Salve Regina*. They all stayed in the Augustinian monastery, so you can imagine that on that evening we went to bed very late. The veiling, or rather the service, did not take place, however, until noon on Sunday, and the whole affair was over at about three o'clock. Apart from the ladies and gentlemen who were intimate friends no one save us two was invited to table in the convent. It would be impossible to describe everything that took place. We slept until ten o'clock next morning and after lunch we drove to Naples, where we arrived early in the evening

and spent two nights in a house belonging to the Augustinian monastery of S. Giovanni a Carbonara. But we are now lodging in a house where we pay ten ducati d'argento or four ducats a month in our money. We drove yesterday to Portici to call on the minister, Marchese Tanucci,¹ and we shall drive out there again to-morrow. We had dreadful roads and a very cool breeze. We have left our fine cloth suits in Rome and have had to put on our two beautifully braided summer costumes. Wolfgang's is of rose-coloured moiré, but the colour is so peculiar that in Italy it is called colore di fuoco or flame-coloured; it is trimmed with silver lace and lined with sky-blue silk. My costume is of the colour of cinnamon and is made of piqué Florentine cloth with silver lace and is lined with apple green silk. They are two fine costumes, but, before we reach home, they will look like old maids. Yesterday evening we called on the English ambassador, Hamilton,² a London acquaintance of ours, whose wife³ plays the clavier with unusual feeling and is a very pleasant person. She trembled at having to play before Wolfgang. She has a valuable instrument, made in England by Tschudi,⁴ which has two manuals and a pedal, so that the two manuals can be disconnected by the action of the foot. We found at Hamilton's house Mr.

¹ The Marchese Bernardo Tanucci (1698-1783), Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Naples, was famous for his long struggle against the power of the Vatican and for his active influence in securing the dissolution of the Jesuit Order in 1773. The marriage of Ferdinand IV to Caroline of Austria proved, however, his undoing. He attempted to oppose her influence and was deprived of his office in 1776. He was a man of wide interests and was responsible for the first excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

² William Hamilton (1730-1803), diplomatist and antiquarian, had been Ambassador to the Court of Naples since 1764.

³ William Hamilton's first wife, Miss Barlow, whom he married in 1758, was a gifted musician. She died in 1782. Burney, *op. cit.* p. 333, praises her performance.

⁴ Burkhardt Tschudi (1702-1773), famous harpsichord-maker and founder of the house of Broadwood. The Mozarts had known him in London. See *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 38.

Beckford and Mr. Weis, also London acquaintances. We lunched on the 16th with Tschudi,¹ who had been in Salzburg and requested me to convey his greetings to Count Spaur and to all his good friends and very many compliments to you especially and to Nannerl. He embraced us constantly, particularly on our arrival and departure, and offered us his services on all occasions. The day before yesterday we met in the street M. Meurikofer² from Lyons, who was looking everywhere for us; he had left a card for us with his address at the Augustinian monastery and at last had run into us by chance. He came back with us to our lodging and then took us to his house. We were to have lunched with him to-morrow, but as we have to drive to Portici, we have had to cancel this arrangement. He sends cordial greetings to you all. He is in partnership here with a friend and both have offered their services to me in all eventualities. You will surely remember him, a dark young man, who often had to sing that Italian song for Wolfgang with his spectacles on his nose. I cannot yet say how long we shall stay here. The matter is entirely out of my hands. It may be five weeks or five months, but I think that it will be five weeks. It all depends on circumstances.

On the Feast of St. Philip and St. James³ while I was hearing High Mass in the Church of the Holy Apostles in Rome, I saw before me a well-known face. Its owner came up; and who do you think he was? Why, our former servant Porta. He was neatly dressed, with lace cuffs, a gold watch and so forth. He had been with the French troops in Corsica. On the following day, just as Herr Meisner was coming in, he came to offer me his services. I refused to have anything to do with him and turned

¹ Baron Fridolin Tschudi. He is mentioned in the *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 54.

² A Swiss merchant in Lyons.

³ May 1st.

a deaf ear. Ask Herr Meisner, for he saw him. The fellow is an adventurer.

On reading the article about the Miserere, we simply burst out laughing. There is not the slightest cause for anxiety. Everywhere else far more fuss is being made about Wolfgang's feat. All Rome knows and even the Pope himself that he wrote it down. There is nothing whatever to fear; on the contrary, the achievement has done him great credit, as you will shortly hear. You will see to it that the letter is read out everywhere, so that we may be sure that His Grace hears what Wolfgang has done. If the portraits are good likenesses, you may pay the painter whatever you like.

Now I must close, for we are off to the Imperial Ambassador Count von Kaunitz. Farewell, we kiss you and Nannerl 1000 times and

I am your old

MOZART

I trust that your cold left you long ago.

(92a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

CARA SORELLA MIA,

NEAPEL, *il* 19 maggio, 1770

Alla vostra lettera non saprei veramente rispondere, perchè non avete scritto niente quasi. I menuetti del Signor Haydn¹ vi manderò quando avrò più tempo, il primo già vi mandai. Ma <I don't understand. You say that they have been stolen. Did you steal them? Or what do you mean?>

Vi prego di scrivermi presto e tutti i giorni della posta. Io vi ringrazio di avermi mandato questi arithmetical business, e vi prego, se mai volete avere mal di testa, di

¹ Michael Haydn of Salzburg, brother of Joseph Haydn.

mandarmi ancora un poco di questi feats. Perdonatemi che scrivo sì malamente, ma la ragione è perchè anche io ebbi un poco mal di testa.¹ I very much like the twelfth minuet of Haydn, which you have sent me; and you have set the bass to it exceedingly well and without the slightest mistake. You must try your hand at such things more often.

Mamma must not forget to see that both our guns are cleaned. Tell me, how is Mr. Canary? Does he still sing? And still whistle? Do you know what makes me think of him? Because there is a canary in our front room which makes a noise just like ours. A propos, I suppose Herr Johannes² has received the letter of congratulation which we intended to write to him? But if by any chance he has not received it, I shall tell him myself when I get back to Salzburg what would have been in it. Yesterday we put on our new clothes and we were as beautiful as angels. But I fear that they are the only beautiful things we shall bring home. Addio. Farewell. Remember me to our Nannie and tell her to pray for me earnestly.

I am

WOLFGANG MOZART

The opera, which Jommelli is composing, will begin on the 30th.³ We saw the King and Queen at mass in the court chapel at Portici and we have seen Vesuvius too. Naples is beautiful, but it is as crowded as Vienna and

¹ I really don't know how to reply to your letter, because you wrote almost nothing. When I have more time, I shall send you Herr Haydn's minuets. I have already sent you the first one. But, etc. Please write to me soon and write every post-day. Thanks for sending me that arithmetical business and, if you ever want to have a headache, please send me a few more of these feats. Forgive me for writing so badly, but the reason is that I too have had a slight headache.

² Johannes Hagenauer, a son of Lorenz Hagenauer.

³ Niccolò Jommelli (1714-1774), who had been Court Kapellmeister in Stuttgart from 1753 to 1768, had returned to Italy and settled in his native village, Aversa, near Naples. The opera to which Mozart refers was "Armida abbandonata", the first one which Jommelli composed on his return to Naples and which was performed on May 30th, 1770, at the Teatro San Carlo.

Paris. And of the two, London and Naples, I do not know whether Naples does not surpass London for the insolence of the people; for here the lazzaroni have their own general or chief, who receives twenty-five ducati d'argento from the King every month, solely for the purpose of keeping them in order.

De Amicis is singing in the opera. We have been to see her.¹ Cafaro² is composing the second opera and Ciccio di Majo the third.³ It is not yet known who is composing the fourth. Go regularly to Mirabell⁴ to hear the Litanies and to listen to the Regina Coeli or the Salve Regina and sleep soundly and do not have any bad dreams. Give Herr von Schiedenhofen my fiercest greetings, "Tralaliera, Tralaliera", and tell him to learn to play on the clavier the repeating minuet, so that he *does* not forget it. He must *do* so soon, so that he may *do* me the pleasure of accompanying him one day. *Do* remember me to all my good friends, and *do* keep well and *do* not die, so that you may *do* another letter for me and that I may *do* another for you and that we may keep on *doing* until we are *done*. For I am the man to go on *doing* until there is nothing more to *do*.

Meanwhile I *do* remain

WOLFGANG MOZART

¹ The autograph has "and she recognised us at once", which Mozart struck out.

² Pasquale Cafaro (1706-1787), a well-known Neapolitan composer of operas and oratorios. His "Antigono" was performed in Naples on August 13th, 1770.

³ Francesco (Ciccio) di Majo (1740-1771), son of Giuseppe di Majo (1698-1772), had been a pupil of Padre Martini and from 1759 onwards had been composing operas regularly. "Eumene", the last one on which he was working, was completed by Insanguine and was performed in Naples on January 20th, 1771.

⁴ Schloss Mirabell, built in 1606 by Archbishop Wolf Dietrich, was remodelled in a baroque style during the years 1721-1727. It is now divided up into private dwellings. The gardens are still kept in the style of the eighteenth century.

(93) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

NAPLES, May 22nd, 1770

In the meantime you will have received my letter of the 19th. Two days ago we went for a walk on the Molo and whom do you think we met? Why, our good friend, Mr. Donker,¹ tall, handsome Donker of Amsterdam, who for the last three years has been living here with the French consul. This consul was present on the evening when we dined with Donker in Amsterdam. We lunched with him yesterday and in the afternoon we called on the wife of the Imperial Ambassador, Countess von Kaunitz, née Princess von Öttingen. We shall soon have finished paying visits. Marchesa Tanucci, the Prime Minister's wife, sent her steward to me yesterday with a message that the latter was to be at my disposal to take us round everywhere and show us all the rare sights of Naples. This distinction amazes everyone, as this Prime Minister is really a king and has enormous influence. Yesterday Herr Meurikofer took us to the opera buffa, which is excellent. Old Principessa di Belmonte² saw us at once and greeted us most cordially, although our box was a good distance from hers.

I write in haste. I kiss you and Nannerl 1000 times. Herr Donker sends cordial greetings to you and to Nannerl and I am your old

M.Z.T.

¹ Donker appears in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 45.

² Principessa di Belmonte-Pignatelli, famous for her friendship with Metastasio.

(93a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

NAPLES, *May 22nd*, 1770¹

Praise and thanks be to God, I am well and kiss Mamma's hands and kiss you both a thousand times.

(94) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

NAPLES, *May 26th*, 1770

This is the third letter which I am writing to you from Naples. The situation of this town pleases me more and more every day and Naples itself is on the whole not ugly. But I only wish that the natives were not so godless and that certain people, who do not for a moment imagine that they are fools, were not so stupid as they are.² And the superstition! Here it is so deeply rooted that I can say with certainty that heresy now rules supreme and that everyone treats this state of affairs with indifference. I shall explain this to you later on. I hope to bring back copper engravings of the views and rare sights of Naples, such as I already possess of Rome. God be praised, we are both well. The tailor has in hand two costumes, which I chose with the assistance of M. Meurikofer. Mine is of Pompadour, or rather, dark red shot moiré, lined with sky-blue taffeta and trimmed with silver buttons. Wolfgang's is of apple-green shot moiré, with silver buttons and lined with rose-coloured taffeta.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Abert, vol. i. p. 191, n. 1, suggests that "certain people" is an allusion to the King and Queen of Naples.

On Monday we are giving a concert, which Countess von Kaunitz, the Imperial Ambassador's wife, Lady Hamilton, Principessa Belmonte, Principessa Francavilla, Duchessa Calabritta are organising and which, I think, will bring us in at least one hundred and fifty zecchini. Indeed we need money, for, if we leave, we shall have a long journey during which we shall not be able to earn anything and, if we remain, we shall have to hold out for five months. It is true that here we should always be able to earn enough for our needs, but I am still determined to leave in three weeks. We hope to be presented to the King and Queen next week.

Farewell to you and Nannerl. We kiss you both and I am your old

MZT.

My greetings to the whole of Salzburg.

(95) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

NAPLES, *May 29th*, 1770

I am probably writing far too often and you will be surprised to see a letter from me every post-day! But this is a precaution on my part, lest perhaps some letter should go astray. We are rather far from one another and a letter from Salzburg to Naples takes fourteen days. This is my fourth letter from here. I still intend to leave Naples on June 16th, if nothing prevents us. Yesterday we gave our concert, which was a great success and brought us in a considerable sum. The court returns to town to-morrow, May 30th, to celebrate the King's name-day with an opera and other festivities. If we leave here on the 16th we shall go to Marino and

stay at the Augustinian monastery, as the Prior has begged us to do. For he wants to accompany us to Genazzano and show us the miraculous image of Maria del Buon Consiglio.¹ As it is not a long journey, I have accepted his offer in order to see this sacred image. Thus we can spend six or seven days with our friends in Rome and then start on our journey to Loreto. By leaving here at the time I have stated we shall see, so to speak, the whole of Italy. For, if we feel inclined, we shall travel on through the country beyond Loreto to Bologna or even to Florence and thence to Pisa, Lucca and Leghorn and spend the two hot months in the most suitable spot, probably going on to Milan via Genoa. If Wolfgang had not already the *scrittura* for the opera in Milan, he would have obtained one for Bologna, Rome or Naples, for he has received offers from all these places. So far we have not had to endure great heat, as it has been raining the whole time. Yesterday we had a violent wind and heavy rain; and it is quite unusual for Naples not to have greater heat. All the same we shall return home fairly well tanned, for the air has that effect, and, as soon as the sun appears, you notice at once that you are in Naples. You yourself know that Wolfgang is always longing to be brown.

I must close, for this very moment a footman has come from the Principessa di Francavilla with an invitation to drive to her house, as she wants to see us. My greetings to all Salzburg. We kiss you and Nannerl 1000 times and I am your old

MZT.

Wolfgang can hardly wait for the post-days and he begs you to write sometimes twice a week, especially if

¹ Genazzano, 30 m. S.E. of Rome, is noted for its pilgrimage-chapel to the Madonna del Buon Consiglio.

there is anything new to tell. But in Salzburg it does not take long to jot down news.

Vesuvius has not yet given me the pleasure of appearing to burn or rather, to spit fire. Very occasionally you see a little smoke. But one of these days we shall inspect it at close quarters.

(95a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania*]

MY DEAREST SISTER,

NAPLES, *May 29th*, 1770¹

The day before yesterday we were at the rehearsal of Signor Jommelli's opera, which is well composed and which I really like. He himself spoke to us and was very polite. We have also been to a church to hear some music composed by Signor Ciccio di Majo, which was most beautiful. He too spoke to us and was most gracious. Signora De Amicis sang marvellously well. Thank God, we are in very good health, and I am especially when a letter comes from Salzburg. I beg you to send me a letter every post-day, even if you have nothing to write about. I should like to have one merely in order to receive some letter every time the post comes in. I hope that you received my letter which contained passages in another language, which you will surely have understood or made out.² It would not be a bad plan if sometimes you were to send me a little note in Italian. I have nothing more to write to you about, except to ask you to give my greetings to all my friends, male and female, and especially to Herr von Schiedenhofen, who no doubt has already received the letter which my father wrote to him. Please give my

¹ This letter is in Italian.

² No doubt Mozart is referring to his letter of May 19th, which has passages in Italian. See p. 201.



EMPRESS MARIA THERESA

From an engraving by Petersen after a portrait by Du Greuse
(Dr. Ludwig Schiedermaier, Bonn)

greetings to Herr von Amann and ask him how he is and then let me know. Addio.

May 29th, 1770.

WOLFGANGO AMADEO MOZART

Kiss my mother's hand for me.

(96) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

NAPLES, *June 5th*, 1770

I only received to-day—June 5th—your letter of May 18th. You will have received by now my first four letters from here.¹ Our concert went off very well, but I cannot write anything yet about the court. The Principessa di Francavilla has given us a handsome present and we are hoping for a few more trifles. You will be very much disappointed that I do not send you more details about our takings, but I refrain from doing so on purpose, because in Salzburg only the earnings are considered and the expenses ignored and because there are very, very few people who realise what travelling costs. Let it suffice if I tell you that, thank God, we lack nothing that is necessary to enable us to continue our travels in an honourable fashion. One of the finest sights is the daily *passeggio*, when in a few hundred carriages the nobles go out driving in the afternoon until Ave Maria to the Strada Nuova and the Molo. The Queen too goes out driving very often, always on Sundays and on holidays. As she drives along the sea-coast, guns are fired off on the ships, and on the right and on the left the carriages stop and their occupants salute her as she passes them. As soon as it is twilight, the flambeaux are lighted on all the carriages and produce a sort of illumination.

¹ Letters 92-95.

Since we drive there daily and always in a carriage belonging to some lord, I have two flambeaux, that is, the servant of the lord who has sent his carriage has one and our servant has the other. However, that is no great expense, as flambeaux are very cheap here. One sees several carriages with four flambeaux carried by four footmen. Her Majesty the Queen always greets us with quite exceptional friendliness. On Whit Sunday we were at the great ball given by the French Ambassador on the occasion of the betrothal of the Dauphin.¹ Two invitation cards had been sent to us. I am still determined to leave for Rome on the 16th with the procaccio, or possibly on the 20th, if I secure a private sedia in which I shall travel with the Imperial Ambassador Count Kaunitz.

I kiss you and Nannerl 1000 times and I am your old
MZT.

(96a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[From Nissen, pp. 209-210]

CARA SORELLA MIA,

NAPLES, June 5th, 1770

Vesuvius is smoking furiously to-day. Thunder and lightning and all the rest. We gorged ourselves to-day with Herr Doll.² He is a German composer and a fine fellow.³ Now I shall begin to describe my way of life. Alle nove ore, qualche volta anche alle dieci mi sveglio, e poi andiamo fuor di casa, e poi pranziamo da un trattore, e dopo pranzo scriviamo, e poi sortiamo, e indi ceniamo, ma che cosa? Al giorno di grasso, un mezzo pollo, ovvero un piccolo boccone d'arrosto; al giorno di magro, un piccolo

¹ Louis (later Louis XVI) to Marie Antoinette of Austria.

² Joseph Doll was "secondo maestro" at the Conservatorio di Sant' Onofrio in Naples, where he died in August 1774. See S. di Giacomo, *Il Conservatorio di Sant' Onofrio*, 1924, p. 159 f.

³ These first sentences and others in this letter are in Salzburg dialect.

pesce; e di poi andiamo a dormire.¹ Est-ce que vous avez compris? Let us talk Salzburgish for a change, for it is more sensible. Thank God, we are well, my father and I. I hope that you too are well and Mamma also. Naples and Rome are two sleepy towns. What a beautiful handwriting mine is, is it not?

Write to me and do not be so lazy. Altrimenti avrete qualche bastonata da me.² Quel plaisir! Je te casserai la tête. I am already looking forward to the portraits, and I am curious to see what they are like. If I like them I shall have similar ones done of my father and myself.³ Tell me, little girl, where have you been? The opera here is one of Jommelli's; it is beautiful, but too serious and old-fashioned for the theatre. De Amicis sings amazingly well and so does Aprile, who sang in Milan. The dances are wretchedly pompous. The theatre is beautiful. The King has had a rough Neapolitan upbringing and in the opera he always stands on a stool so as to look a little taller than the Queen. She is beautiful and gracious, and on the Molo (that is a drive) she bowed to me in a most friendly manner at least six times.

P.S.—I kiss Mamma's hand.

(97) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

NAPLES, June 9th, 1770

We shall hardly receive a letter from you here in reply to my first letter from Naples, for it is still definitely fixed

¹ I wake up at nine, sometimes even at ten, and then we go out, and then we lunch at an eating-house, and after lunch we write, and then we go out, and then we have supper, and what do we eat? On ordinary days half a chicken or a small slice of roast meat; on fast days a little fish; and then we go to bed.

² Otherwise I shall give you a whipping.

³ Evidently Frau Mozart and Nannerl had had their portraits painted. These have disappeared.

that we leave either on the 16th with the procaccio or on the 22nd with the mail coach. So I shall get your letters in Rome. If you write as soon as you receive this one, I can still pick up your reply in Rome or Herr Marcobruni can forward it. Before I leave here I shall write once or twice and tell you where to send your letters. In some respects it is a pity that we cannot stay longer in Naples, for during the summer there are many pleasant things to be seen and there is a perpetual variety of fruits, vegetables and flowers from week to week. The situation of the town, the fruitfulness of the country, the liveliness of the people, the rare sights and a hundred beautiful things make me sorry to leave. But the filth, the crowds of beggars, the hateful and godless populace, the disgraceful way in which children are brought up, the incredible frivolity even in the churches, make it possible quite calmly to leave behind what is good. Not only shall I bring back all the rare sights in several beautiful copper engravings, but Herr Meurikofer has given me a fine collection of Vesuvius lava, not of the lava which everyone can obtain easily, but choice pieces with a description of the minerals which they contain, rare and not easy to procure. If God permits us to return home in good health, you will see many beautiful things. Keep well, both of you. We kiss you both 1000 times and I am your old

MOZART

Our servant has brought news this very moment that the sedia which we hoped to get is at my service. So I shall leave with the mail coach on the 20th and reach Rome in twenty-six hours; whereas with the procaccio I should have to spend four and a half days on the road, which, although it is very beautiful, has the most abominable inns. Our remembrances to Herr Meisner, who can describe these inns to you. The sedia belongs to the General

of the Augustinian Fathers. We are lunching to-morrow at the Augustinian monastery of S. Giovanni a Carbonara, where a great feast is being held.

During the coming week we shall visit Vesuvius, the two buried cities, where ancient rooms are being excavated, then Caserta and so forth, in short, all the rare sights, of which I already possess engravings.

(98) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*From Nissen, pp. 211-212*]

NAPLES, *June 16th, 1770*

We cannot leave after all on the 20th, as Count Kaunitz will not be ready by that date. On the 13th we drove in a carriage to Pozzuoli, and then took ship to Baia, where we saw the baths of Nero, the subterranean grotto of Sibylla Cumana, Lago d'Averno, Tempio di Venere, Tempio di Diana, Sepolcro d'Agrippina, the Elysian fields, the Dead Sea, where Charon was ferryman, la Piscina Mirabile, the Cento Camerelle, and so forth. On the return journey we visited many old baths, temples, underground rooms, Monte Nuovo, Monte Gauro, Molo di Pozzuoli, Colosseo, Solfatara, Astroni, Grotta del Cane, Lago d'Agnano, but especially the Grotto di Pozzuoli and Virgil's grave. We lunched to-day with the Carthusians on the hill of San Martino and visited all the sights and rarities of the place and admired the view. On Monday and Tuesday we are going to Vesuvius, Pompeii, Herculaneum and its excavations, Caserta and Capo di Monte. All this is going to cost money.

(98a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[From Nissen, p. 212]

NAPLES, June 16th, 1770¹

I too am still alive and always merry as usual and I simply love travelling. I have now been on the Mediterranean too. I kiss Mamma's hand and Nannerl 1000 times and am your Simple Simon of a son and Jack Pudding of a brother.

(99) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

ROME, June 27th, 1770

We reached Rome yesterday evening at eight o'clock, having done in twenty-seven hours with the mail coach the same journey which previously took us four and a half days with the vettura. But indeed we flew. Count Kaunitz only arrived to-day. I thought it wise to travel by ourselves, as one often does not find enough horses at the post-stages, and thus one is given the pleasure of sitting and waiting half a day for their return. So we left Naples by ourselves and I announced everywhere that I was the steward of the Imperial Ambassador, because in these parts the stewards of such personages are very highly respected. Thus not only did I ensure a safe journey, but I was given good horses and quick service; and at Rome it was not necessary for me to go to the Customs Office for the usual examination, for at the gate I was received with a deep bow, and was simply told to drive on to my destination, at which I was so pleased

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

that I threw a few paoli in their faces. As we had only slept for two out of the twenty-seven hours of our journey and had only eaten four cold roast chickens and a piece of bread in the carriage, you can well imagine how hungry, thirsty and sleepy we were. Our good hostess—Signora Uslenghi—gave us some nice well-cooked rice and we just ate two lightly boiled eggs each. As soon as we got to our bedroom, Wolfgang sat down on a chair and at once began to snore and to sleep so soundly that I completely undressed him and put him to bed without his showing the least sign of waking up. Indeed he went on snoring, although now and then I had to raise him and put him down again and finally drag him to bed sound asleep. When he awoke after nine o'clock in the morning, he did not know where he was nor how he had got to bed. Almost the whole night through he had lain in the same place. God be praised, we are well.

While we were in Naples the impresario Signor Amadori, who met and heard Wolfgang at Jommelli's house, made him an offer to write an opera for the Teatro Reale San Carlo, which, on account of our Milan engagement, we could not accept. Whereupon the impresario said that he quite understood that it would not be worth our while to travel as far as Naples for one single opera, but that he hoped that Wolfgang would soon write an opera in Bologna or Rome. He begged us to inform him if this should be possible, so that he might immediately send us the *scrittura* for the Teatro Reale. Hornung has asked us for arias. You can give him whatever he wants. You can also give Spitzeder anything he may desire. They can choose and take what they like, provided they return them eventually. You and Nannerl are well, we hope. We kiss you both 1000 times. I am

your old

MOZART

(100) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

ROME, June 30th, 1770

You ask whether Wolfgang has begun his opera? Why, he is not even thinking of it. You should ask us again when we have reached Milan on November 1st. So far we know nothing either about the cast or about the libretto. But now we do know who will be the primo uomo and the tenor. Santorini, who sang during the last carnival in Turin, will be the primo uomo and Ettore will be the tenor. We found Santorini here; he called on us yesterday and said that he believed that the first opera would be "Nitteti".¹ Basta! We still have plenty of time.

You ask whether we played before the King of Naples? No, indeed! We did not get beyond the stock compliments which the Queen paid us wherever she met us. She has no influence and what sort of a fellow the King is it is perhaps wiser to speak of than to write about. You can easily imagine what kind of place the court is. The young violinist, Lamotte,² who is in the service of the Empress and has come to Italy at her command and at her expense, spent a long time in Naples and stayed on for an extra three weeks, because he was given to understand that the King and Queen would hear him. But they never did. Later on I shall tell you several amusing things about that court and you shall see the King's portrait.

I hope to be able to let you know soon what we are going to do here. I have been obliged either to stay indoors or to limp about very slowly. So I have not yet been

¹ Composed by Johann Adolf Hasse.

² Franz Lamotte (c. 1751-1781), born in Vienna, at the age of twelve played a violin concerto before the Empress, who sent him to Italy to study, and on his return in 1772 took him into the court service.

able to pay my respects to princes and cardinals. In my first letter I did not mention this, but as the limb is now improving, I shall describe my unfortunate accident. You know that two horses and a postillion are equal to three beasts. During the last stage to Rome the postillion kept on lashing the horse which was between the shafts and therefore supporting the sedia. Finally the horse reared, stuck fast in the sand and dirt which was more than half a foot deep, and fell heavily on one side, pulling down with him the front of the two-wheeled sedia. I held back Wolfgang with one hand, so that he should not be hurled out; but the plunge forward pulled my right foot so violently to the centre bar of the falling dashboard that half the shin-bone of my right leg was gashed to the width of a finger. I should mention that the dashboard could not be attached and had thus fallen back. On the following day my injury seemed rather serious, as my foot was very much swollen; and I have spent the greater part of yesterday and to-day in bed. But now, as I write, my leg is much better and the wound, though it is very long, looks healthy; it has almost ceased to suppurate and, what is more, I have no pain. I have only used the white ointment and shall apply nothing else. Perhaps this accident had to happen, for otherwise you would have packed the ointment and lint to no purpose. I am only sorry that there is so little plaster. By the next post please tell me how it is made. You must not worry, for with God's help the leg will heal. I am only annoyed at having to stay longer in Rome than I intended; not on account of Rome itself, which I like very much, but on account of the journey which is still before us. But God will protect us, and the great heat has not yet come.

Farewell to you and Nannerl. I kiss you both 1000 times and I am your old

MOZART

(101) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

ROME, July 4th, 1770

I have nothing to write to you about except that, thank God, my foot is well. On the other hand I have slight rheumatism in my left shoulder. In eight or ten days at the latest we shall travel to Bologna by way of Loreto. This very moment a servant of Cardinal Pallavicini has invited us to lunch with His Eminence to-morrow. We are dining on Friday with His Excellency the Tuscan Ambassador, Baron Sant' Odile. To-morrow we are to hear a piece of news which, if it is true, will fill you both with amazement. For Cardinal Pallavicini is said to have been commanded by the Pope to hand Wolfgang the cross and diploma of an order.¹ Do not say much about this yet. If it is true, I shall write to you next Saturday. When we were at the Cardinal's house a few days ago he once or twice called Wolfgang "Signor Cavaliere". We thought that he was joking, but now I hear that it is true and that this is behind to-morrow's invitation. Addio! Farewell! I must hurry, for the post is going. Wolfgang cannot send you a letter, as he is writing to the son of Field-marshal Pallavicini in Bologna. We kiss you 1000 times.

MOZART

Wolfgang grew noticeably in Naples.

(102) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[From Nissen, p. 215]

ROME, July 7th, 1770

What I wrote the other day about the cross of an order is quite correct. It is the same order as Gluck's and is

¹ The Order of the Golden Spur, which Pope Clement XIV conferred on Mozart on July 8th, 1770.

worded as follows: *te creamus auratae militiae equitem*. Wolfgang has to wear a beautiful gold cross, which he has received. You can imagine how I laugh when I hear people calling him "Signor Cavaliere" all the time. To-morrow we are to have an audience with the Pope.

(102a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph published in the Schweizerische Musikzeitung, March 17th, 1928*]

C.S.M.

ROME, *July 7th, 1770*¹

I am amazed to find how well you can compose. In a word, the song is beautiful. Try this more often. Send me soon the other six minuets by Haydn.² Mademoiselle, j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble serviteur et frère Chevalier de Mozart. Addio.

(103) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*From Nissen, p. 216*]

BOLOGNA, *July 21st, 1770*

We congratulate you on your common name-day³ which is just past, and we wish you both good health and more especially the grace of God. For that is all we need. Everything else comes of its own accord.

We heard mass in Cività Castellana, and afterwards Wolfgang played on the organ. The day on which we performed our devotions in Loreto happened to be the 16th. I bought six little bells and various other trifles. In addition to other relics I am bringing back from Rome a piece of the Holy Cross. We visited the fair in

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Michael Haydn. Cf. p. 201.

³ July 16th.

Sinigaglia. We arrived here yesterday, having left Rome on the 10th. Count Pallavicini has offered us everything we require, and I have accepted his carriage.

If Wolfgang continues to grow as he is doing, he will be quite tall by the time we get home.

(103a) *Mozart to his Mother*

[From Nissen, p. 217]

BOLOGNA, *July 21st, 1770*¹

I congratulate Mamma on her name-day and I hope that she may live many hundreds of years and enjoy good health. I always ask this of God and pray for this every day and I shall always pray every day for both of you. It is impossible for me to send presents, but I shall bring home a few little bells from Loreto and candles and bonnets and veils. Meanwhile, farewell, dear Mamma. I kiss Mamma's hands a thousand times and remain till death

her faithful son.

(103b) *Mozart to his Sister*

[From Nissen, p. 217]

BOLOGNA, *July 21st, 1770*

I hope that God will always grant you good health and will let you live another hundred years and will let you die when you have reached a thousand. I hope that you will get to know me better in the future and that then you will decide how much you like me. I have no time to write

¹ This note and the following one are postscripts to his father's letter. The one to his sister is in Italian.

much. My pen is not worth a fig nor is he who is holding it. We do not yet know the title of the opera which I have to compose in Milan. Our hostess in Rome gave me as a present the "Arabian Nights" in Italian. It is very amusing to read.

(104) *Leopold Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[From Nohl, "*Mozart nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen*",
pp. 112-113]

BOLOGNA, *July 28th, 1770*

If I were to observe punctiliously the rules of good behaviour, I should indeed be ashamed to appear before you with such a wretched scrap of paper. But as I am certain that you are accustomed to judge people not by their outward appearance but by their inner and true worth, I do not hesitate to wish you from an honest heart, even on this small piece of paper, thousands of pleasures, years without number and, above all, constant good health, not only on your name-day¹ but at all times. And united with all my dear ones in your friendship, which is so precious to us, I send my best greetings. God keep you for the consolation and happiness of your excellent wife, to whom I send special greetings, and for the support of your dear children, who in the future will surely bring you nothing but honour, joy and pleasure. Again, united to you and your beloved wife in friendship, I send my wishes and remain your most

obediently devoted and at the moment
limping friend

MOZART

¹ August 10th.

(104a) *Mozart to Lorenz Hagenauer, Salzburg*

[Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin]

BOLOGNA, July 28th, 1770¹

I too slip in amongst the number of friends who are congratulating you and confirm all my father's cordial wishes and present my compliments to you and to dear Frau Hagenauer.

Your most obedient servant

WOLFGANGO AMADEO MOZART

(105) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the possession of Messrs.
Braus-Riggenbach, Basel]

BOLOGNA, July 28th, 1770

You will have received my first letter from Bologna, dated July 21st. I have now been nine days here and have not left my room, but have been either in bed or sitting up with my foot resting on a chair. But I hope that by the time you read this letter I shall have been out walking a few times. Well, this joke will cost me twelve ducats. For it is no fun being ill in an inn. If I had taken in a thousand doppi in Naples I could have got over this expense. All the same I still have more money than we need, and so we are content and praise God.

We received yesterday the libretto and the list of the singers. The title of the opera is: *Mitridate, Rè di Ponto*, and the text is by a poet of Turin, Signor Vittorio Amadeo Cigna-Santi. It was performed there in 1767.² The characters are:

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.² Set to music by Abbate Quirino Gasparini (? -1778), who was maestro di cappella at the court of Turin from 1760 to 1770.

Mitridate, Rè di Ponto	Il Signor Guglielmo D'Ettore
Aspasia, promessa sposa di Mitridate	Signora Antonia Bernasconi, prima donna
Sifare, figlio di Mitridate, amante d'Aspasia	Signor Santorini, soprano, primo uomo ¹
Farnace, primo figlio di Mitridate, amante della medesima Aspasia	Signor Cicognani, contra alto
Ismene, figlia del Rè dei Parti, amante di Farnace	Signora Varese, seconda donna, soprano
Arbate, governatore di Ninfea	Soprano
Marzio, tribuno romano	Tenore ²

We knew Signora Bernasconi already. Signor Santorini sang for us in Rome. Cicognani is here and is a good friend of ours. D'Ettore is also here.

We like the two portraits³ very much; but, in order to appreciate them, one must not look at them closely, but from a distance. For pastels are not like miniatures. They are rather oily; but at a distance much of the roughness disappears. Besides, we are satisfied, so that is enough. Wolfgang thanks you and his sister and all his good friends for the good wishes. We kiss you both a thousand times and I am

your old

MZT.

You can imagine what our household is like, now that I cannot get about. You know what Wolfgang is.

¹ Nissen, p. 218, in his version of this letter adds the remark "who sang for the first time during the last carnival in Turin". Actually the part of Sifare was taken by Pietro Benedetti. See Köchel, p. 143.

² Eventually the parts of Arbate and Marzio were filled by Pietro Muschietti and Gasparo Bassano respectively.

³ See p. 211.

(105a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the possession of Messrs. Braus-Riggenbach, Basel*]

MY DEAREST SISTER, BOLOGNA, *July 28th, 1770*¹

I must confess that I am frightfully pleased that you have sent us the portraits, which I like very much. I have no more news to send you. Kiss my mother's hand a thousand times for me. I kiss you 1000000 times and remain your most humble servant

WOLFGANGO AMADEO MOZART

(106) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOLOGNA, *August 4th, 1770*

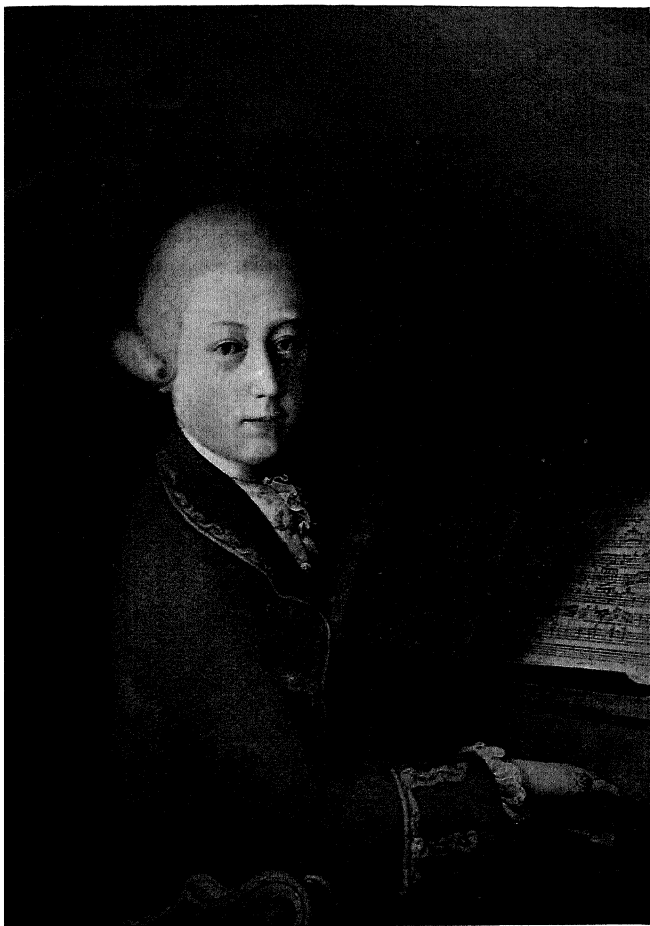
I am still writing from my bed. Not that my right foot is still dangerously disabled. No, thank God, it is better, though the skin is now peeling and the leg looks as if I had had chicken-pox. But apart from my desire to spare this right foot and so prevent any fresh inflammation, I cannot get about on account of my left foot, as, during the night, I had severe pain and slight inflammation in my big toe and in the other toes of that foot, a pain rather like gout, which prevents me from walking. I shall hardly get away from this inn under twenty ducats, if that does the trick! Well, in God's name, let the devil take the money, if only one escapes with one's skin!

We have not yet had any heat and I am glad, for otherwise I should have lost heart at having to remain on my bed all this time.

During the last few days Mysliwecek² came to see me

¹ A postscript in Italian to his father's letter.

² Joseph Mysliwecek (1737-1781) was born in Prague, studied in Italy and composed several operas for Naples, Bologna and Munich. The Italians called him "Il divino Boëmo".



MOZART (1770)
From a portrait by (?) Cignaroli
(M. Alfred Cortot, Paris)

and so did Manfredini, the castrato, who visited us in Salzburg on his way home from Russia. His brother, Kapellmeister Manfredini,¹ has also been to see us, and a certain Schmidt, who gave a concert in Berne, whom Schulz² (to whom we send our greetings) will remember well. Mysliwecek has obtained the scrittura for the first opera of the 1772 carnival in Milan, that is, a year after our Wolfgang's opera. My last letter gave you details about the first opera in Milan and the singers. The second is to be "Nitteti". Farewell. We kiss you a thousand times and I am your old Mozart, who at the moment is impatient, gouty and bedridden.

(106a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Copy formerly in the *Musikhistorisches Museum von W. Heyer, Cologne*]

Bologna, August 4th, 1770³

I am heartily sorry that Jungfrau Martha is so ill and I pray every day that she may recover. Tell her from me that she should not move about too much and that she should eat plenty of salt meats.

A propos! Did you give my letter to my dear Sigmund Robinig?⁴ You say nothing about it. If you see him, please tell him not to forget me altogether. It is impossible for me to write a better hand, for this pen is for writing music and not for letters. My fiddle has now been restrung and I play every day. But I add this simply

¹ Vincenzo Manfredini (1737-1799), maestro di cappella in Bologna and author of a famous work, "Difesa della musica moderna", and many other treatises on music.

² There were two brothers of this name, both bassoon-players in the Salzburg court orchestra. See A. J. Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 34.

³ A postscript to his father's letter.

⁴ Sigmund Robinig (1760-1823), son of Georg Joseph Robinig von Rottenfeld (1711-1760), a wealthy mine-owner in the district of Salzburg. He was a friend of Mozart's.

because Mamma wanted to know whether I still play the fiddle. More than six times at least I have had the honour of going alone to a church and to some magnificent function. In the meantime I have composed four Italian symphonies,¹ to say nothing of arias, of which I must have composed at least five or six,² and also a motet.³

Does Deibl⁴ often visit you? Does he still honour you with his entertaining conversation? And the Honourable Karl von Vogt?⁵ Does he still deign to listen to your unbearable voice? Schiedenhofen must help you to write lots of minuets; otherwise—not a single lump of sugar for him.

If I had the time, I ought to plague both Mölk and Schiedenhofen with a few lines. But, as this most necessary condition is lacking, I beg them to forgive my slackness and to allow me to postpone this honour to some future date.

Opening bars of various *Cassations*:⁶



¹ Probably K. 81, 84, 95, 97. See Köchel, p. 129.

² K. 77, 78, 79, 82, 88, 143.

³ Possibly K. 117. See WSF, vol. i. p. 285 f.

⁴ Franz de Paula Deibl (?-1785), flautist and oboist in the Salzburg court orchestra. See A. S. Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 35.

⁵ Karl Vogt, violinist in the service of the Salzburg court. He is described in Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 29, as "a serious performer, who can produce a full and powerful tone".

⁶ K. 63, 99, 62. "Cassation", "divertimento", "serenade" and "Finalmusik" are terms used to describe a kind of composition, often consisting of eight or ten movements, which was performed at court functions, at weddings and during banquets. The derivation of the word "cassation" has been much discussed. WSF, vol. i. p. 201, maintain that "cassation" is connected with "casser", that is to say, that it was used originally for music, the movements of which need not be played in sequence.



There, I have granted your request. I hardly think that it can be one of my compositions, for who would dare to pass off as his own a composition by the Kapellmeister's son, whose mother and sister are in Salzburg?¹ Addio! Farewell. My sole amusement at the moment consists in dancing English steps and in pirouetting and cutting capers. Italy is a sleepy country! I am always drowsy! Addio! Farewell.

August 4th, 1770.

WOLFGANG MOZART

My greetings to all my good friends! I kiss Mamma's hand!

(107) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

A country house outside BOLOGNA, August 11th, 1770

On the 4th, that is, the day after you wrote to me, you will have received a letter from me dated July 28th; and in the meantime my letter of August 4th will also have

¹ Evidently Nannerl had written to say that some Salzburg composer had passed off one of Mozart's compositions as his own.

reached you. After hearing mass in Bologna we arrived yesterday about noon at this country house, which is situated almost the same distance from the town as Maria-Plain is from Salzburg. At last we have now slept our fill. I need not send you a description of all the fine things here, for you can picture to yourself the rooms and beds. Our sheets are of finer linen than many a nobleman's shirt, everything is of silver, even the bedroom sets, and the nightlights and so forth. Yesterday evening we went for a drive in two sedias, that is, Wolfgang, the Countess and the young Count in one, and I and His Excellency the Field-marshal¹ in the other. We have two servants to wait on us, a footman and a valet. The former sleeps in our anteroom in order to be at hand in case of necessity. The latter has to dress Wolfgang's hair. His Excellency has put us into the first rooms, which in Salzburg we should call the ground floor. Since in summer the upper rooms get all the heat, these are the best rooms, as we do not feel the slightest heat the whole day long nor particularly during the night. In addition to our rooms we have the *sala terrena* where we take our meals and where everything is fresh, cool and pleasant. The young Count, who is about Wolfgang's age and is sole heir to the property, is very talented, plays the clavier, speaks German, Italian and French and has five or six masters every day for lessons in various sciences and accomplishments. He is already Imperial Chamberlain. You can well believe that this young lord and Wolfgang are the best of friends. We shall remain here some time, but I do not know for how long; perhaps for the rest of the month, till the great heat is over. And my foot? Thank God, it is well. The wound has healed up completely and the skin is gradually peeling off. But since I have to use the foot during the day, however much I try to avoid doing so, the lower*part, near

¹ Count Pallavicini.

the ankle, becomes slightly swollen by the evening. During the night, however, the swelling always disappears and it becomes less noticeable every day. My host and hostess never let me stand, but insist on my remaining seated with my foot propped up on another chair. Why, even at mass to-day two chairs were put ready for me in the chapel. We have mass daily at about noon and the young Count serves. After mass there is said a rosary, the litany, the *Salve Regina* and the *De Profundis*.

We invite you to partake of the finest figs, melons and peaches! I am delighted to be able to tell you that, thank God, we are well. Give my greetings to Kapellmeister Lolli and tell him that I shall certainly deliver his messages and that I have already spoken to some old acquaintances of his.¹ We forgot to congratulate Nannerl on her name-day. When I was laid up with my foot my old melancholy thoughts came to me very often. It is sad to hear that living is becoming dearer in Salzburg. Are no means being devised to meet the rise in prices? Give special greetings to Schiedenhofen and his gracious mother. I shall soon reply to his letter. I must stop, for His Excellency's letters are being sent to town and this one must go with them. We kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times. Wolfgang has just now gone out driving with the Countess. We send greetings to all and I am your old

MOZART

(108) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the possession of Oscar Bondy, Vienna*]

BOLOGNA, *August 21st, 1770*

Thank God, my foot is now quite well.

We are still alla Croce del Biacco, the country house

¹ See p. 182, n. 2.

which belongs to Count Bolognetti, but which Count Pallavicini has taken for a few years. The great annual festival, which the members of the Bologna Philharmonic Society celebrate most magnificently with vespers and high mass, takes place on the 30th. We are going to hear it, and then we shall probably leave Bologna.

(108a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the possession of Oscar Bondy, Vienna*]

BOLOGNA, August 21st, 1770¹

I too am still alive and, what is more, as merry as can be. I had a great desire to-day to ride on a donkey, for it is the custom in Italy, and so I thought that I too should try it. We have the honour to go about with a certain Dominican, who is regarded as a holy man. For my part I do not believe it, for at breakfast he often takes a cup of chocolate and immediately afterwards a good glass of strong Spanish wine; and I myself have had the honour of lunching with this saint who at table drank a whole decanter and finished up with a full glass of strong wine, two large slices of melon, some peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a whole plate of cloves and two full saucers of milk and lemon. He may, of course, be following some sort of diet, but I do not think so, for it would be too much; moreover he takes several little snacks during the afternoon. Addio. Farewell. Kiss Mamma's hands for me. My greetings to all who know me.

WOLFGANG MOZART

P.S. We have made the acquaintance of a certain German Dominican, called Pater Cantor, who has asked

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

me to give his kind regards to Herr Hagenauer, the sculptor,¹ at Salzburg. He tells me that when Hagenauer was in Bologna he always confessed to him. Addio.

(109) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOLOGNA, *August 25th, 1770*

I wrote to you on the 21st, and I suppose that, if letters to Germany are delayed in Innsbruck as long as letters from Germany are, you will receive two letters at once. We are still in the country and, thank God, we are well. So I have no news whatever for you. You must not worry if my letters do not arrive punctually, for, as we are out of town, it often happens that there is no opportunity either of writing letters or of posting them. Meanwhile continue to address yours to Bologna, although when you receive this letter it is possible that we shall be about to leave. The weather is beautiful, neither too warm nor too cold. As there is a Dominican Father here, a German from Bohemia, to whom our Court Statuarius used to confess, we performed our devotions to-day in the Parish Church, which was all the more convenient as this Father accompanied us. We were quite alone there, as the peasants attend mass early in the morning. We confessed and took communion and then, having performed together the stations of the Cross, we returned to the castle, which is only two hundred feet away, and where the Dominican held mass and said the rosary for my host. So you ought to have two fine gold halos made for us in Salzburg; for we shall certainly return home as saints.

¹ Johann Baptist Hagenauer (1732-1810), a relative of the Mozarts' landlord, had been sculptor and architect to the Salzburg court since 1767.

Thank God my foot, or rather, my feet, are well. I still keep a small protection on the ankle of my wounded foot, more as a precaution than as a necessity, for it still swells slightly every evening. But that is not surprising, as during the journey I was not able to take care of it; and then for three whole weeks it was never used and the skin had almost completely peeled off. I do not desire a repetition of this joke, especially when travelling; indeed it was the very last thing I wanted.

I am trying hard to devise a means of lightening my luggage, which is getting more and more bulky, for in Milan I shall be picking up a great many things which we left behind. If I can send a few articles from here to Bozen, I shall certainly do so. But I am not sure that I can. Aboveall, books and music, which are always accumulating, cause me much inconvenience. As soon as I reach Milan, I shall have to have nearly all Wolfgang's cravats and shirts altered. He will have to wait until then, for Frau Theresa, the wife of Count Firmian's steward,¹ can do me this service. Everything he wears is rather tight for him and he has removed all the silk threads which were wound round his diamond ring, which however still has a little wax in it. But you must not think that he has grown very tall. It is only that his limbs are becoming bigger and stronger. He has no longer any singing voice. It has gone completely. He has neither a deep nor a high voice, not even five pure notes. He is most annoyed, for he can no longer sing his own compositions, which he would sometimes like to do.

The book, my "Violinschule," has not yet arrived in Bologna. Perhaps Brinsecchi is to receive it in a bale of linen? Find this out from Haffner, to whom I send greetings. If it reaches me in Bologna, I shall have the pleasure of handing it to Padre Martini in person. Now I must

¹ Don Fernando Germani.

stop, so as not to miss the post. We kiss you and Nannerl a thousand times and I am your old

MOZART

(110) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOLOGNA, *September 1st, 1770*

You will have received my letter of August 25th. Not only are we still in the country as the guests of His Excellency Count Pallavicini, but we shall very probably remain here for some time and then proceed straight to Milan via Parma. I am very sorry to have to miss Leghorn, but I still have hopes of seeing Genoa. If we have time and if I feel inclined, we can do so from Milan.

My foot has kept me for a long time in Bologna; and now it will soon be time to think rather of the recitatives for the opera than of a protracted journey and of visits to various towns. For, when you are moving from place to place, and have little or no time, you really cannot do anything. Moreover this is the season when everyone goes into the country and none of the gentry are to be found in town. So we shall arrive in Milan a little earlier, perhaps by a month, than we are due. Meanwhile, continue to write to Bologna. His Excellency arranged for us to be driven into town on the 30th in order to hear the mass and vespers of the Accademia Filarmonica, which had been composed by ten different masters; that is to say, one wrote the Kyrie and Gloria, another the Credo, and so forth. Thus each psalm of the vespers was set to music by a different Kapellmeister, who in each case conducted his own composition. But they all had to be members of the Academy.¹

¹ Burney, *op. cit.* p. 230 ff., gives a lengthy description of this performance. Signor Petronio Lanzi, President of the Academy, had composed the Kyrie

We lunched with Brinsecchi who did us very well. Please give my greetings to Haffner and tell him how excellently we were entertained. The weather is very mild and the great heat is over. A few days ago we had a thunderstorm and amazingly heavy rain. It was so steamy that one could hardly breathe. That was the end of the heat. I am very sorry to hear that prices are still rising in Salzburg. What will happen to all of us who have to live on our monthly pay?

Wolfgang read Nannerl's long story with much pleasure, but as he has gone out driving with the Countess, he cannot write. I have stayed indoors to write this letter and I must send one to Milan also. So I must stop. We kiss you both a thousand times and I am your old

LEOP MOZART

(III) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOLOGNA, *September 8th, 1770*

I have received your letter of August 24th and I hope that my letters of August 21st and 25th and September 1st have now reached you. Brinsecchi has not yet received my "Violinschule".

I shall reply later on about the other matters you mention. We are still in the country and, thank God, we are well. I have written to Milan to find out whether our rooms there are available and to ask that they be got ready, for we shall arrive there a month earlier than we expected, that is, by the beginning of October at latest, instead of at

and Gloria, and Signor Lorenzo Gibelli, a pupil of Padre Martini, the Credo. Burney goes on to say: "I must acquaint my musical reader that at the performance just mentioned, I met with M. Mozart and his son, the little German whose premature and almost supernatural talents so much astonished us in London a few years ago, when he had scarce quitted his infant state".

the beginning of November. And, as I have not been able to visit Leghorn, I shall take a short trip from Milan to the Borromean Islands, which are not far off and are well worth seeing.

We both kiss you a thousand times and I am your old
LEOP MOZART

(111a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOLOGNA, *September 8th*, 1770¹

In order not to fail in my duty, I will add a few words myself. Please write and tell me to what Brotherhoods I belong and let me know what prayers I must offer for them. I am this moment reading "Télémaque" and have already got to the second part. Meanwhile, farewell.

WOLFGANG MOZART

I kiss Mamma's hand.

(112) *Mozart to Thomas Linley, Florence*

[*From Giulio Piccini Jarro, "L'origine della maschera di Stentorello", 1898, pp. 5-6*]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BOLOGNA, *September 10th*, 1770²

Here is a letter at last! Indeed I am very late in replying to your charming letter addressed to me at Naples, which, however, I only received two months after you had written it. My father's plan was to travel to Loreto via Bologna, and thence to Milan via Florence,

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² This letter and its postscript are in Italian. Jarro states that he copied them from the autograph in the possession of Novello. No doubt this is the letter to which Edward Holmes refers in his *Life of Mozart*, 1845 (reprinted by J. M. Dent, 1921, p. 54, n. 1), where he states that the late Rev. Ozias Linley, of Dulwich College, possessed a letter written by Mozart to his brother Thomas in Italian and esteemed this document, in the handwriting of the composer of "Don Giovanni", beyond all price.

Leghorn and Genoa. We should then have given you a surprise by turning up unexpectedly in Florence. But, as he had the misfortune to gash his leg rather badly when the shaft-horse of our sedia fell on the road, and as this wound not only kept him in bed for three weeks but held us up in Bologna for another seven, this nasty accident has forced us to change our plans and to proceed to Milan via Parma.

Firstly, we have missed the suitable time for such a journey and, secondly, the season is over, as everyone is in the country and therefore we could not earn our expenses. I assure you that this accident has annoyed us very much. I would do everything in my power to have the pleasure of embracing my dear friend. Moreover my father and I would very much like to meet again Signor Gavard and his very dear and charming family, and also Signora Corilla and Signor Nardini, and then to return to Bologna. This we would do indeed, if we had the slightest hope of making even the expenses of our journey.

As for the engravings you lost, my father remembered you; and his order arrived in time for two other copies to be kept for you. So please let me know of some means of sending them to you. Keep me in your friendship and believe that my affection for you will endure for ever and that I am your most devoted servant and loving friend

AMADEO WOLFGANGO MOZART

(112a) *Leopold Mozart to Thomas Linley, Florence*

[From Giulio Piccini Jarro, "*L'origine della maschera di Stentorello*", 1898, p. 6]

BOLOGNA, September 10th, 1770¹

Please give our greetings to all our friends.

LEOPOLDO MOZART

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter.

(113) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

BOLOGNA, September 18th, 1770

Baron Riedheim who arrived in Bologna on the 15th left to-day. As I only heard this yesterday and could not go myself, I sent the footman into Bologna. Riedheim wrote a note to me and I hope to see him in Milan. We like the minuets very much. Wolfgang has no time at the moment to write to his sister, but he will do so as soon as he can. We send you both many millions of kisses and I am your old

MOZART

If you are so keen to travel to Italy, we invite you to the opera at Milan.

(114) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph formerly in the Musikhistorisches Museum
von W. Heyer, Cologne]

BOLOGNA, September 22nd, 1770

We are still in the country, but we shall certainly return to town to-morrow or Thursday. Send your next letter to Milan and to the same address, M. Leopold Troger, Secrétaire de la Chancellerie, à Milan.

Both here and in Rome we have been hearing lately of a great movement, the object of which is to suppress the religion of the Jesuits. The House of Bourbon absolutely refuses to be pacified and both Spain and France are still most insistently urging the Pope to dissolve the order. Furthermore a violent book has appeared in Naples, the author of which is a certain Marchese Spiriti. It is a

refutation of a Papalist theologian, Father Mamachi, a Dominican, who some time ago wrote a very powerful book in favour of the clergy, that is to say, on behalf of the *Immunitas Ecclesiae* and the right of the Church to possess property; and in it he attacked the ruling lords and their ministers rather sharply. Now this Marchese Spiriti wrote against this book in a very satirical vein, doubtless at the instigation of the Spanish, Portuguese and Neapolitan courts.¹

To-day I am not at all inclined for writing, as I am suffering from a pain in my shoulder, which is just as if someone had run a knife through my shoulder-blade. You and Nannerl must keep well. We send you many thousands of kisses o o o o o o; and I am your old

MZT.

(114a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph formerly in the *Musikhistorisches Museum von W. Heyer, Cologne*]

BOLOGNA, September 22nd, 1770²

I hope that my Mamma is well, and you too; and I should like you to answer my letters more carefully in future, for it is surely far easier to reply to questions than to make up something for oneself. I like Haydn's³ six minuets better than the first twelve. We have often had to perform them for the Countess.⁴ We should like to

¹ Tommaso Maria Mamachi (1713-1792) was a great Dominican scholar and historian of Christian antiquities. His principal work was his *Originum et antiquitatum Christianorum libri XX*, Rome, 1749-1755. The writing to which L. Mozart here refers was his *Del diritto libero della Chiesa d'acquiritare e di possedere beni temporali*, Rome, 1769. Mamachi was an active controversialist and his polemical writings gained him many enemies. Among these was the Marchese Spiriti, who attacked him in his *Mamachiana, per chi vuol divertirsi*, 1770.

² A postscript to his father's letter.

³ Michael Haydn.

⁴ Wife of Count Pallavicini.

Bologna 29 Feb. 1770.

[illegible]

then the first stone must be by hand, and so it will be the
 if the second stone is not by hand, and so it will be the
 or the last stone is, but the stone is in the hand, and the

[illegible]

LETTER FROM LEOPOLD MOZART TO HIS WIFE, WITH POSTSCRIPT FROM MOZART
(September 28th, 1770) (Page 1)

Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence

Facsimile 2]

[Facing p. 239.]

be able to introduce the German taste in minuets into Italy, where they last nearly as long as a whole symphony. Excuse my wretched writing. I could do better, but I am in a hurry. We should like to have two small calendars for next year. Addio.

C. W. MOZART

I kiss Mamma's hand.

(115) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence]

BOLOGNA, September 29th, 1770

God willing, we shall leave Bologna on October 6th or 8th. Both Wolfgang and I are dreadfully distressed about good little Martha. God give her strength! What is to be done? We cannot get her out of our minds all day long. Wolfgang began the recitatives for the opera to-day. We kiss you both 1000,000,000 times.

You will have already heard that relations between the Pope and Portugal are again on a friendly footing. But people are very much afraid that the Jesuit order will be dissolved. For Bishop Palafox,¹ who in his day was so grievously persecuted by the Jesuits, is to be beatified. I could tell you about several disputes of this kind, but they would hardly interest you. It is a great misfortune that

¹ Jean de Palafox de Mendoza (1600-1659), Spanish theologian, after serving as a layman on the Council of the Indies, took orders and was appointed in 1639 Bishop of Puebla-de-los-Angeles (Angelopolis) in Mexico, where he had certain differences with the Jesuits. The question was submitted to Pope Innocent X, and Palafox returned to Europe in 1643 to plead his cause. The King of Spain, satisfied with his conduct, gave him in 1653 the bishopric of Osma. He died a few years later, leaving a great reputation for piety. In 1694 the first steps were taken to procure his beatification. The case was not, however, introduced until 1726, when, in spite of the strong support of the Spanish Government, it was decided that this honour should not be conferred upon one who had been the declared enemy of the Jesuits.

now-a-days in Catholic countries, even in Italy, the most disgraceful pamphlets are being published against the authority of the Pope and the immunity of the clergy.

(115a) *Mozart to his Mother*

[*Autograph in the possession of Frau Floersheim-Koch, Florence*]

BOLOGNA, *September 29th, 1770*¹

To make the letter a little fuller, I will also add a few words. I am sincerely sorry to hear of the long illness which poor Jungfrau Martha has to bear with patience, and I hope that with God's help she will recover. But, if she does not, we must not be unduly distressed, for God's will is always best and He certainly knows best whether it is better for us to be in this world or in the next. She should console herself, however, with the thought that after the rain she may enjoy the sunshine. I kiss Mamma's hands. Farewell. Addio.

WOLFGANG MOZART

(116) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*From Mitteilungen für die Mozartgemeinde in Berlin,*
October 1910, pp. 230-231]

BOLOGNA, *October 6th, 1770*

I received to-day your letter of September 14th, although I rather expected one dated the 28th. It is the fault of the Tyrolese and Italian posts that letters are delayed for a week or a fortnight. We have now been back in town for five days and have witnessed the festival of St. Petronius, which was celebrated here most magnificently and on the occasion of which there was performed in the huge church of St. Petronius a musical work in

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

which all the musicians of Bologna took part. We intended to leave for Milan on Monday or Tuesday. But something is keeping us here until Thursday, *something* which, if it really happens, will do Wolfgang extraordinary honour.¹ I have a great deal to do and that is the reason why I cannot write to Frau Hagenauer for her name-day, as I had intended. So I must ask you to convey our greetings. I hardly have time to scrawl this letter; and now for the next few post-days you will have no letters until you receive one from Milan.

Padre Martini has already received the book.² We are the best of friends. The second part of his own work is now ready.³ I shall bring back both parts. We are at his house every day and have long discussions on the history of music.

So you have had three concerts? Well, three cheers! And you did not invite us? We should have appeared in a trice and then flown away again. We kiss you both many ten thousand millions of times and I am

your old

MZT.

(116a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*From Mitteilungen für die Mozartgemeinde in Berlin,*
October 1910, pp. 231-232]

BOLOGNA, October 6th, 1770⁴

We received your letter too late, but it does not matter, as the Italian post is extremely irregular. I rejoice from

¹ Leopold Mozart is referring to the prospect of his son's admission to membership of the Accademia Filarmonica of Bologna.

² Leopold Mozart's *Violinschule*, which was published in 1756. According to Köchel, p. 133, the autograph of Mozart's minuet K. 122, composed at Bologna in August 1770 and sent to Salzburg, contains a few lines in his father's handwriting, asking Frau Mozart to send him a copy of his treatise, which he wished to present to Padre Martini.

³ Padre Martini's *Storia della Musica*, the first volume of which had appeared in 1757.

⁴ A postscript to his father's letter.

my heart that you enjoyed yourself so much and I wish that I had been there. I hope that Jungfrau Martha is better. I played the organ to-day in the Dominican Chapel. Congratulate Frau Hagenauer and Theresa from me and tell them that I wish from my heart that they may live to celebrate the anniversary of Father Dominic's ordination¹ and that we may all live together again very happily. It looks as though you did not receive the letter in which I enclosed a note for Sigmund,² for I have not had a reply. Addio. Farewell. I kiss Mamma's hand and I send congratulations to all Theresas, and greetings to all other friends in our house and elsewhere. I hope that I shall soon hear those Pertl chamber symphonies and perhaps blow a little trumpet or play on a little pipe by way of accompaniment.³ I have heard and seen the great festival of St. Petronius in Bologna. It was beautiful, but very long. They had to fetch trumpeters from Lucca for the salvo, but they played abominably.

Addio.

WOLFG. MOZART

(117) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *October 20th*, 1770

We arrived in Milan, thank God, safe and sound at five o'clock in the evening of the 18th. We had to spend a whole day in Parma, as the surprisingly heavy rains had made the rivers rise so high that no one could cross

¹ Dominicus Hagenauer, a son of the Mozarts' landlord, had entered the monastery of St. Peter in Salzburg, of which he became Abbot in 1786.

² Sigmund Robinig. Cf. p. 225, n. 4.

³ Mozart is referring to the informal concerts in his Salzburg home, to which his father alludes in the last paragraph of his letter. Frau Mozart's maiden name was Anna Maria Pertl.

them. We drove during the whole afternoon of the 14th through a terrific thunderstorm and frightfully heavy rain; yet my luggage did not get wet, for I had covered it well with double waterproof cloth. For nearly three weeks I had had very painful rheumatism in my right arm; and this pain I took with me on the journey. But so far from getting worse, it is, on the contrary, noticeably better, although I have not yet got rid of it completely. But note that I am not, nor have I been, treating it in any way. It will have to go as it came. The motion of the sedia did not do it any good. But I said to myself, evil must banish evil. So owing to the thunderstorm and heavy rain it was a rather unpleasant journey, and with my bad arm a rather painful one.

We left Bologna a few days later than we had intended, for by a unanimous vote the Accademia Filarmonica received Wolfgang into their society and awarded him the diploma of Accademico Filarmonico. He won this honour under all the normal conditions and after a previous examination. For on October 9th he had to appear in the Hall of the Academy at four o'clock in the afternoon. There the Princeps Academiae and the two Censores, who all three are old Kapellmeisters, put before him, in the presence of all the members, an antiphon taken out of an antiphonario, which he had to arrange for four parts in an anteroom, into which the Bedellus led him, locking the door behind him. When Wolfgang had finished it, it was examined by the Censores and all the Kapellmeisters and Compositores. Then a vote was taken, which was done by means of white and black balls. As all the balls were white, Wolfgang was called in and all the members clapped their hands as he entered and congratulated him, and the Princeps of the Academy informed him, on behalf of the company, that he had passed the examination. He thanked them and then the

ceremony was over. Meanwhile Brinsecchi and I were locked in the library of the Academy on the other side of the hall. All the members were surprised that Wolfgang had finished his task so quickly, seeing that many candidates had spent three hours over an antiphon of three lines. For I must tell you that it is not at all an easy task, as in this kind of composition many things are not allowed and of these Wolfgang had been told previously. Yet he had finished it in less than half an hour.¹ Later the Bedellus brought the certificate to our house. It is in Latin and contains among others the following words:—*testamur Dominum Wolfgangum Amadeum etc.—sub die 9 mensis octobris anni 1770 inter academiae nostrae magistros compositores adscriptum fuisse, etc.*² This distinction does Wolfgang all the more credit as the Academia Bonnoniensis is more than a hundred years old³ and, apart from Padre Martini and other eminent Italians, only the most distinguished citizens of other countries are members of it.⁴

Farewell to both. We kiss you 100000 times and I am your old

MOZART

(117a) *Mozart to his Mother*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MY DEAR MAMMA,

MILAN, *October 20th, 1770*⁵

I cannot write much, for my fingers are aching from composing so many recitatives. Mamma, I beg you to

¹ Dr. Alfred Einstein points out in Köchel, p. 134, that the autograph of Mozart's work (K. 86) contains certain corrections made by Padre Martini and that the register of the Bologna Academy states that Mozart finished it "in less than an hour".

² Nissen, p. 226, reproduces the text of the diploma of the Bologna Academy, dated October 10th, 1770.

³ The Bologna Academy was founded in 1666.

⁴ The statutory conditions were that the candidate for membership should be not less than 20 years old and should have spent a year in the junior class of singers and players. These conditions were waived in the case of Mozart.

⁵ A postscript to his father's letter.

pray for me, that my opera may go well and that we may be happy together again. I kiss Mamma's hand a thousand times and I have many things to say to my sister, but what? God and I alone know. If it is God's will, I shall soon, I hope, be able to tell them to her myself. Meanwhile I kiss her 1000 times. My greetings to all my good friends. We have lost our good little Martha, but with God's help we shall meet her in a better place.

(118) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*] [*From "Deutsche Arbeit", vol. v., February 1906, p. 348 f.*]

MILAN, *October 27th*, 1770

You will have received my first letter from Milan, dated October 20th. By the same post I wrote to the Archbishop. Tell me whether he received my letter, for no doubt you will hear about it soon. Thank God, we are well. As the heavy rain has continued, we have been out of the house very little. Spagnoletta, whom you saw in Lyons, is here and is to sing in Verona during the carnival. She tells us that the tenor is coming from Germany and is in the service of a court not far from Bavaria. Perhaps it is Meisner? For I know that Meisner could have got a contract for the theatre in Verona, and I presume therefore that it is he. Let me know this at once. God willing, we shall leave here after the middle of January and travel to Venice by way of Brescia, Verona, Vicenza and Padua, in order to see the end of the carnival, which this year is very short, and to hear some of the concerts given in Lent, which, as everyone tells me, is the best season for performances. I am only sorry that afterwards we shall have a filthy and perhaps even a dangerous journey home, as it is no joke travelling through the mountains in spring, when the snow is melting. I am still thinking of leaving

Italy through Carinthia, for I have now seen the Tyrol and, unless there is some necessity for it, it is no fun, I think, for me to cover the same route twice after the fashion of dogs. Meanwhile please ask Johann and Joseph Hagenauer to let me know whether I can find private rooms in some comfortable house in Venice. On my way through I shall certainly stay for a short time in Brescia, Verona and the other places which I have mentioned, in order to see the operas; and therefore I shall not arrive in Venice until February, and perhaps not even until the beginning of the week after Candlemas.

Herr Haffner, to whom I send warmest greetings, promised me to send us letters of introduction for Venice. If he still would like to do so, he could send them in advance to a friend there, so that I may find them when I arrive. When we were in Bologna Mysliwecek visited us very often and we constantly went to see him. He often mentioned Johannes Hagenauer and, of course, Herr Cröner.¹ He was writing for Padua an oratorio,² which he has probably finished by now. He is then going to Bohemia. He is an honest fellow and we became intimate friends.

Our lodgings here are not far from the theatre. They consist of a large room with a balcony, three windows and a fireplace, and of a bedroom about the same size with two large windows but no fireplace. So, provided we do not freeze to death, we shall be sure not to smell, for we have enough air. The bed is about nine feet wide. We are rather a long way from Count Firmian's house, but this time we have to be near the theatre.

We wish you both good health and, above all, cheaper

¹ Possibly one of the large family of Bavarian musicians who served the Electoral court at Munich.

² Dr. A. Einstein suggests the oratorio "Il Tobia", which Mysliwecek wrote for Padua in 1769, or possibly his "Giuseppe riconosciuto", of which the year of performance is not known.

living, as your letters always contain the sad news that prices are going up. What will become of Salzburg, if some means are not devised of establishing a sound régime? With the small pay we get we shall in time all be beggars. The poor court servants have hardly enough to satisfy their hunger; and their children who learn nothing, because there is no money, will grow up to be idlers, and in about twenty years the town will be full of useless people living in misery, a burden both to the court and to the whole community. In a few years' time others will have to admit that what I say is true. If everyone is to be allowed to marry and if a population is required for a town, it should be known beforehand how the means of subsistence is to be found for all these people.

We kiss you 100,000,000 times and I am your old

MOZART

(118a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[From "*Deutsche Arbeit*", vol. v., February 1906, p. 349]

DEAREST SISTER!

MILAN, October 27th, 1770¹

You know what a great chatterbox I am—and was, when I left you. But at the moment I am talking in signs, as the son of the house is deaf and dumb from birth. Now I must work at my opera. I am heartily sorry that I cannot let you have the minuets you asked for, but, God willing, you may perhaps have them at Easter—and me too. I cannot write anything more, and I do not know what to write about, as there is no news. Farewell and pray for me. I kiss Mamma's hand, and I send greetings to all my acquaintances, and I am, as always, your brother

WOLFGANG MOZART

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

(119) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[From Nissen, pp. 230-231]

MILAN, November 3rd, 1770

Wolfgang thanks you for your congratulations on his name-day¹ and hopes that, if God in His goodness allows us to meet again, he will be able to reward you for all your good wishes by giving you joy and pleasure.

I cannot think of anything to write to you about, except that, thank God, we are well and wish that New Year's Day or at least Christmas were here already. For until then there will always be something to do or to think about, perhaps some small worry to make one foam at the mouth and have an unpleasant time. But patience! Thanks be to God that this great undertaking is nearly over, and, God be praised, once more in honourable fashion. With His help, we shall nibble our way through these unavoidable annoyances which every Kapellmeister has to face with this canaille of virtuosi.

(119a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Städtisches Museum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 3rd, 1770²

DEAREST DARLING LITTLE SISTER,

I thank Mamma and you for your sincere good wishes and I burn with eagerness to see you both in Salzburg soon again. To return to your congratulations I must say that I almost suspected that it was Martinelli who composed those Italian wishes. But as you are always such a clever sister and as you managed to arrange it so

¹ October 31st.² A postscript to his father's letter.

deftly by adding immediately under your Italian wishes Martinelli's greetings in the same handwriting, I simply could not detect it and said at once to Papa: "Ah! If only I were so clever and smart!" And Papa said: "Yes, I agree". Then I said: "I am sleepy". And he said—just this very moment: "Stop writing". Addio. Pray to God that my opera may go well. I kiss Mamma's hand and I send greetings to all my friends and am, as always, your brother

WOLFGANG MOZART, whose fingers are
tired from writing.

(120) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *November 10th, 1770*

I have received the miscellany which our good friends have sent us and we are both of us very glad that you had such a good time in Triebenbach. If our excellent friends sometimes add a joke to your letters, they will be doing a good deed, for Wolfgang is now busy with serious matters and is therefore very serious himself. So I am delighted when he occasionally gets hold of something really funny. By the way, I ask my friends to excuse me for not writing to anyone. I now feel less inclined to write than ever and later on you will be astounded to hear what a storm we have been through, to weather which presence of mind and constant thought were necessary. God be praised, we have won the first battle and have defeated an enemy, who brought to the prima donna's house all the arias which she was to sing in our opera and tried to persuade her not to sing any of Wolfgang's. We have seen them all and they are all new, but neither she nor we know who composed them. But she gave that wretch a flat refusal,

and she is now beside herself with delight at the arias which Wolfgang has composed to suit her. So also is her maestro, Signor Lampugnani,¹ who is rehearsing her part with her and who cannot sufficiently praise them; for when we called on her to-day, she happened to be studying her first aria with him. But a second storm, which we can already see in the distance, is gathering in the theatrical sky. Yet with God's help and if we conduct ourselves bravely we shall fight our way through. Do not worry, for these are unavoidable accidents which befall the greatest masters. If only we keep well and do not get constipated, little else matters. We must not take things too much to heart. You will hear everything in due course. It still rains here most of the time and we have thick mists, which, after one fine day, then settle down upon us.

We both kiss you a million times and I remain your old

LEOP. MOZART

I cannot remember whether I told you that Kreusser Junior² looked us up in Bologna, that is, young Kreusser of Amsterdam, whose brother is first violin there and who came to see us constantly and wanted to travel with us. He asked for us in Rome and Naples, but each time we had already left. He is now returning to Holland through Turin and Paris and he sends greetings to you both.

I have this very moment received your letter of November 2nd. Dr. Bridi³ of Roveredo is himself a good per-

¹ Giovanni Battista Lampugnani (1706-1781), a prolific composer of operas.

² Georg Anton Kreusser (1743-c. 1811), violinist and composer. After studying in Italy he returned in 1775 to Germany and became Konzertmeister to the Elector of Mainz. His elder brother, Adam Kreusser (1727-1791), a famous horn-player (not violinist), became Konzertmeister at Amsterdam, where the Mozarts made the acquaintance of both brothers. See Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 45.

³ Giuseppe Antonio Bridi, a young banker of Roveredo, who is mentioned in L. Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 49. He published in 1827 a volume of *Brevi notizie intorno ad alcuni compositori di musica*, which mentions Mozart.

former on the clavier. Count Castelbarco I know well. I am writing this letter in the steward's quarters of Count Firmian's house.

(121) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 17th, 1770

In my last letter, dated November 10th, I asked you to thank all our good friends for their very kind congratulations.¹ I have no reason to thank you and Nannerl, for you conveyed, it is true, the good wishes of others, but your own stuck in your pen; and Nannerl, I suppose, could not think of a motto, for she too wrote nothing, though in the last letter but one which she wrote, she promised her brother that she would congratulate him in her next letter. Indeed it would not have killed Nannerl if she had written to me. Why, now I come to think of it, yes, she did send her brother an Italian congratulation; now I do remember. When you have several other things in your head, it is quite impossible to bear everything in mind.

Thank God, we are well. During the last few days Wolfgang has had an abscess in a tooth with a slight inflammation on one side of his face. The prima donna is infinitely pleased with her arias. The primo uomo is to arrive next week.

We have now weathered a second storm and, although a few more incidents will probably occur, I trust that with God's help all will go well. For that an opera should win general applause is a stroke of luck which in Italy is very rare, because there are so many factions and because an indifferent, indeed even a bad solo dancer has her

¹ L. Mozart is referring to a passage in his last letter, which for lack of space has been omitted.

supporters who combine to shout "Bravo" and to make a great noise. However, we have overcome many difficulties and with God's help this undertaking too will meet with success.

You asked me lately whether we are living far from Herr Troger. It takes a quarter of an hour to Count Firmian's house and there is hardly a day that we do not walk out there after lunch for the sake of exercise, for unless it is absolutely necessary I do not want Wolfgang to compose after his mid-day meal. This evening we are going with Herr Troger into the country, about as far as Plain¹ is from Salzburg, and we are staying there till Monday. He has bought a vineyard and fields out there and next spring he is going to build a house on this property. Meanwhile he has rented one there. Now I have no more news for you. We kiss you both ten million times and I am your old

LEOP. MOZART

(122) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 24th, 1770

I have nothing to tell you, except that, thank God, we are both well. I am writing this letter in great haste at Count Firmian's house. Wolfgang has his hands full now, as the time is getting on and he has only composed one aria for the primo uomo,² because the latter has not yet arrived and because Wolfgang refuses to do the work twice over and prefers to wait for his arrival so as to fit the costume to his figure. I have this moment received

¹ i.e. Maria-Plain.

² Pietro Benedetti, a male soprano, who sang the part of Sifare. He did not arrive in Milan until December 1st.

your letter and I have read with great delight of your merry makings.

Addio. We kiss you a hundred thousand times and I am your old

MZT.

(123) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, December 1st, 1770

I have received your letter of November 16th. I wrote on November 24th in a great hurry and so forgot to tell you that I received your letter of November 9th, filled with congratulations from you and Nannerl. When Wolfgang read it, he became rather sad and said: "*I am truly sorry for Mamma and Nannerl, because in his last letter Papa wrote such cutting remarks in jest*". I told him that you would certainly realise that I would receive your letter very soon, which I did in fact, a few hours after mine had been handed to the post. So I send you my most solemn thanks. In the evening of November 24th, the day on which I sent you my last letter, Baron Riedheim and his tutor came to see us, and on Monday, the 26th, we met at the concert held in Count Firmian's house. He offered to take a letter for us, but, as I write every Saturday, I declined with thanks. I did intend to give him some trifles for you, which he could have easily taken, such as the pieces of the Sacred Cross, some relics or a few snuff-boxes. But it has been raining so hard and the weather has been so abominable that I shall have to pay my return visit to Baron Riedheim in Salzburg. By the time you read this letter, you will have already spoken to him and heard from him that we are well. He will have told you also what a wretched orchestra performed at that concert. For these good people have all gone off to

the country with their patrons and it will be eight or twelve days before they return for the rehearsals of the opera. You think that the opera is already finished, but you are greatly mistaken. If it had depended on our son alone, two operas would have been ready by now. But in Italy everything is quite mad. You will hear all about this later on, for it would take too long to tell you everything. At the time I write, the primo uomo has not yet arrived, but he will certainly arrive to-day. Farewell. We kiss you both a hundred thousand million times and I am your old

MZT.

As we were leaving the house yesterday, we heard something which you will think incredible and which I never imagined that I should hear, *above all in Italy*. We listened to two beggars, a man and a woman, singing together in the street and they sang the whole song together in *fifths*, and without missing a note. I have never heard this in Germany. At a distance I thought that they were two persons, each of whom was singing a different song. But when we came up we found that they were singing together a beautiful duet in perfect fifths. I immediately thought of the late Herr Wenzel, and of how, if these two beggars were to sing on his grave, he would undoubtedly rise from the dead.

(123a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

DEAREST SISTER,

MILAN, *December 1st, 1770*¹

As I have not written for so long, I thought I might moderate your annoyance or disappointment with these few lines. Papa will have already informed you that we

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

had the honour of making the acquaintance of Baron Riedheim. At present I have a lot of work and writing to do in connection with my opera. I hope that with God's help all will go well. Addio. Farewell. I am, as always, your faithful brother

WOLFGANG MOZART

(124) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, December 8th, 1770

The second rehearsal of the recitatives is taking place to-day after the Angelus. The first went so well that only once did I take up my pen to alter a single letter, and that was, *della* to *dalla*. This achievement does the copyist great credit and has provoked general surprise, seeing that, as everyone says, an amazing number of words and notes have usually to be altered all through the text. I hope that it will be the same with the instrumental rehearsals, which, by the time you receive this letter, will perhaps have already begun. As far as I can judge without a father's partiality I consider that Wolfgang has written the opera well and with great intelligence. As the singers are good, all will depend upon the orchestra, and ultimately upon the caprice of the audience. Thus, as in a lottery, there is a large element of luck. I write this in haste. We kiss you ten million times and I am your old

MOZART

(125) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[From Nissen, pp. 235-236]

MILAN, December 15th, 1770

The first rehearsal with instruments took place on the 12th, but there were only sixteen players, and this

rehearsal was held in order to discover whether the score had been copied correctly. On the 17th we shall have the first rehearsal with the full orchestra, which will consist of fourteen first and fourteen second violins, two clavier, six double basses, two violoncellos, two bassoons, six violas, two oboes and two flutes (who, if there are no flutes, always play as four oboes), four horns and two clarinets, about sixty players in all.

Before the first rehearsal with the small orchestra took place, there were plenty of people who cynically described the music beforehand as miserable immature stuff and thus prophesied its failure, because, as they maintained, it was impossible for such a young boy, and, what is more, a German, to write an Italian opera or, great virtuoso though he might be, to grasp and apply the *chiaro ed oscuro* which is necessary for the theatre. But since the evening of the first short rehearsal all these people have been silent and have not uttered a syllable. The copyist is absolutely delighted, which is a good omen in Italy, where, if the music is a success, the copyist by selling the arias sometimes makes more money than the Kapellmeister does by his composition. The singers are quite satisfied and indeed altogether delighted, and especially the prima donna and the primo uomo, who are simply enchanted with their duet. The primo uomo has actually said that if this duet does not go down, he will let himself be *castrated* again. Basta! Everything now depends on the fancy of the public. Apart from the honour, which is a small vanity, the whole business does not interest us very much. In this strange world we have already undertaken many things and God has always assisted us. We now stand on the brink of this enterprise and there are a few circumstances which do not make it easy for us. Yet this time too God will be on our side.

On St. Stephen's day, a good hour after Ave Maria,

picture to yourselves Maestro Don Amadeo seated at the clavier in the orchestra and myself a spectator and a listener in a box up above; and do wish him a successful performance and say a few paternosters for him.

(126) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Library of Congress, Washington*]

MILAN, *December 22nd*, 1770

A Happy New Year!

The first rehearsal in the sala di ridotto was on the 17th and the first rehearsal in the theatre was on the 19th. The latter, thank God, went off very well. Yesterday evening we had a rehearsal of the recitatives, to-day, after Ave Maria, there will be a second rehearsal in the theatre and on Monday the dress rehearsal will take place.

As for the 26th, the day of the performance, my one consolation is that both the singers and the orchestra are evidently quite satisfied; and, thank God, I too still have ears to hear. During the rehearsal I placed myself in the main entrance right at the back in order to hear the music at a distance; but possibly my ears were too partial! Meanwhile we hear that our good friends are hopeful and delighted and indeed they congratulate my son with genuine pleasure; on the other hand the malevolent are now silent. The greatest and most distinguished Kapellmeisters of this town, Fioroni¹ and Sammartini, are our true friends; and so are Lampugnani, Piazza, Colombo and others. Thus the envy, or rather the distrust and the wicked prejudices which some cherished in regard to our

¹ Giovanni Andrea Fioroni (1704-1778) was maestro di cappella at Milan Cathedral from 1747 until his death. He was an important composer of church music of the classical school.

son's composition, will not be able to injure him very much. I hope at least that Wolfgang will not have the bad luck of Signor Jommelli, whose second opera at Naples¹ has failed so miserably that people are even wanting to substitute another; and Jommelli is a most celebrated master, of whom the Italians make a terrible fuss. But it was really rather foolish of him to undertake to compose in one year two operas for the same theatre, the more so as he must have noticed that his first opera (which we saw) was not a great success. You now know that from the 26th we shall be in the opera house every evening from an hour after Ave Maria until eleven or twelve o'clock, with the exception of Fridays. In about a fortnight I shall be able to inform you of our departure for Turin, whence we shall proceed at break-neck speed in order to be able to spend the last days of spring in Venice. Farewell. We kiss you several 100000 times and I am ever your old

MOZART

Picture to yourselves little Wolfgang in a scarlet suit, trimmed with gold braid and lined with sky-blue satin. The tailor is starting to make it to-day. Wolfgang will wear this suit during the first three days when he is seated at the clavier. The one which was made for him in Salzburg is too short by half a foot and in any case is too tight and too small.



¹ Jommelli's second opera at Naples, performed on November 4th, 1770, was "Demofonte", which had been produced at Stuttgart in 1759. His first opera at Naples was "Armida abbandonata", performed on May 30th, 1770.

Find out whether they have this symphony of Mysliwecek's in Salzburg. If not, we shall bring it back with us.

(127) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

MILAN, *December 29th, 1770*

God be praised, the first performance of the opera took place on the 26th and won universal applause; and two things, which have never yet happened in Milan, occurred on that evening. First of all, contrary to the custom of a first night, an aria of the prima donna was repeated, though usually at a first performance the audience never call out "fuora". Secondly, after almost all the arias, with the exception of a few at the end, there was extraordinary applause and cries of: "Evviva il Maestro! Evviva il Maestrino!"

On the 27th two arias of the prima donna were repeated. As it was Thursday and there was Friday to follow, the management had to try to cut down the encores; otherwise the duet would also have been repeated, as the audience were so enthusiastic. But most of the listeners wanted to have some supper at home, and it so happens that this opera with its three ballets lasts six good hours. The ballets, however, are now to be shortened, for they last two hours at least. How we wished that you and Nannerl could have had the pleasure of seeing the opera!

Within living memory there has never been such eagerness to see the first opera as there has been this time. But there was a very great difference of opinion beforehand and whenever two persons said that it would be a fine one, ten persons at once said that they knew that it was ridiculous stuff, others that it was a horrible mixture, and others

again that the music was German and barbarous. In Italy patronage does not in any way help the good reception of an opera, for everyone who goes in wants to talk, shout and criticise it as much as he likes, as he has paid for his seat. But this time protection did help us and was really necessary in order to ensure that the composition should not be rejected, or a spoke put in the wheel of our maestro while he was writing it or even during the rehearsals. Further, we had to see that he was not obstructed and that no malevolent members of the orchestra or disagreeable singers should play him any tricks. I write this letter in haste, as the third performance is taking place to-day. You know that in Italy everyone is given a different name. For instance, Hasse is called Sassone, Galuppi¹ is called Buranello, and so forth. They have christened our son Il Signor Cavaliere Filarmonico.

We kiss you both a hundred thousand times and I am your old

MOZART

(128) *Leopold Mozart to Padre Martini, Bologna*

[Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna]

MILAN, *January 2nd, 1771*²

MOST REVEREND PADRE MAESTRO,

MOST ESTEEMED PADRE,

While wishing you a very happy New Year I must inform you that my son's opera has been received most favourably in spite of the great opposition of his enemies and detractors, who, before hearing a single note, had spread the rumour that it was a barbarous German composition, without form and content, and impossible for the orchestra to perform, so that they led half the town of

¹ Baldassare Galuppi (1706-1785) was born on the island of Burano, near Venice. He was a successful composer of opere buffe.

² This letter is in Italian.

Milan to wonder whether it would be anything more than a patchwork. One person had the brilliant idea of bringing the prima donna all her arias, and the duet as well, all of which had been composed by Abbate Gasparini of Turin,¹ with a view to persuading her to insert those arias and not to accept anything composed by this boy, who would certainly never be capable of writing a single good one. But the prima donna said that she would like first of all to try my son's arias; and, having tried them, she declared that she was satisfied and more than satisfied. Nevertheless the calumniators kept on spreading most evil reports. But the first rehearsal with instruments so effectively stopped the mouths of those cruel and barbarous backbiters that not a word more was heard. All the leading players in the orchestra swore that the opera was clear and straightforward and easy to play, and all the singers declared that they were content. It is usually the misfortune of the first opera in Milan either to fail completely or at least to draw very few spectators, as everybody is waiting for the second one. But during the six performances which have so far taken place, the theatre has always been full and every evening two arias have had to be repeated, while most of the others have been warmly applauded.

My very dear Signor Padre Maestro, we hope to have news of your good health and we still trust that we shall receive the promised *Miserere*, your most excellent composition, and your work for sixteen performers. Signor Giuseppe Brinsecchi will not fail to refund the expenses of having them copied. And as soon as I reach home, which will be about Eastertide, I shall not fail to send you everything which I think may please you. My son most humbly

¹ Abbate Quirino Gasparini (?-1778) was maestro di cappella at the court of Turin from 1760-1770. His opera "*Mitridate*" had been performed there in 1767.

kisses your hands and, united with him in all reverence
and esteem for you, I am, Reverend Father,
your most devoted and grateful servant

LEOPOLDO MOZART

(129) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MILAN, *January 5th*, 1771

behind as before and double in the middle

I can hardly find time to write to you, for every day we go to the opera and this means going to bed at half past one or even two o'clock in the morning, as we must have something to eat after the performance. So we get up late, and the day, which is short enough as it is, becomes, in consequence, even shorter. We have so many visits to pay that we do not know how we shall ever work them off. We lunched on Thursday with Madame D'Aste, née Marianne Troger, who fed us most magnificently on liver dumplings and sauerkraut, which Wolfgang had asked for, and on other good things, which included a fine capon and a pheasant. Yesterday there was a small concert at Count Firmian's, where Dr. Bridi sang a cantata and then put before Wolfgang a new and difficult concerto, which was a very beautiful one. He delivered your greetings, told us all the news and praised Nannerl very highly. To-day we are again lunching with His Excellency. On the 11th or 12th we are off to Turin, but we shall only stay there for about eight days, when we shall return to Milan, pack up everything and go on to Venice. Our second stay here will not exceed four days, but we shall see a performance of the second opera. Our son's opera is still running, is still winning general applause and is, as the Italians say, *alle stelle*! Since the third performance we two have been

listeners and spectators, sometimes in the parterre and sometimes in the boxes or palchi, where everyone is eager to speak to the Signore Maestro and see him at close quarters. During the performance we walk about here and there, wherever we like. For the Maestro was obliged to conduct the opera from the orchestra only on the first three evenings, when Maestro Lampugnani accompanied at the second clavier.¹ But now, as Wolfgang is no longer conducting, Lampugnani plays the first clavier and Maestro Melchior Chiesa² the second one. If about fifteen or eighteen years ago, when Lampugnani had already composed so much in England and Melchior Chiesa in Italy, and I had heard their operas, arias and symphonies, someone had said to me that these masters would take part in the performance of my son's composition, and, when he left the clavier, would have to sit down and accompany his music, I should have told him that he was fit for a lunatic asylum. So we see what the Almighty Power of God can make of us human beings, if we do not bury the talents which he has most graciously bestowed upon us.

I enclose the local newspapers which I have just received. You will find the opera mentioned right at the end.³ My greetings to the whole of Salzburg. We kiss you a million times and I am your old

MOZART

Please send these newspapers to His Grace the Prince. You need only take them to His Excellency the Chief Steward.

¹ During the first three performances Mozart, as the custom was, conducted whilst playing the first clavier.

² Very little is known about Chiesa. Burney, *op. cit.* p. 113, remarks, "Chiesa and Monza seem and are said to be the two best composers for the stage here at present".

³ Nissen, p. 240 f., quotes an article from a Milan paper of January 2nd, 1771.

(130) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, January 12th, 1771

We are not leaving for Turin until next Monday. I must tell you that I received yesterday from Signor Pietro Lugiatì the news that our son has been made a member of the Accademia Filarmonica of Verona and that the Cancelliere dell'Accademia is about to draft his diploma.¹ Thank God, the opera is drawing so well that every day the theatre is full. I remind you once more to buy some linen with which to make shirts, for I am having Wolfgang's sleeves lengthened, so that we may carry on with his little shirts until we get home. Herr Wider has written to me from Venice and I have already replied. Count Firmian has left for Parma and, as Herr Troger is with him and we are now off to Turin, we shall probably receive your letters after considerable delay. We kiss you both many million times. I have nothing to write about and I have a great deal to do, as I have to send off letters to half the world.

I am your old

MOZART

(130a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

DEAREST SISTER,

MILAN, January 12th, 1771²

I have not written for a long time, for I was busy with my opera, but as I now have time, I will be more attentive to my duty. The opera, God be praised, is a success, for

¹ Nissen, p. 241 ff., gives the text of the diploma, adding a German translation.

² A postscript to his father's letter. The signature has been cut off the autograph.

every evening the theatre is full, much to the astonishment of everyone, for several people say that since they have been in Milan they have never seen such crowds at a first opera. Papa and I, thank God, are well, and I hope that at Easter I shall be able to tell you and Mamma everything with my own lips. Addio. I kiss Mamma's hand. A propos! Yesterday the copyist called on us and said that he had orders to transcribe my opera for the court at Lisbon. Meanwhile farewell, my dear Mademoiselle sister. I have the honour to be and to remain from now to all eternity

your faithful brother

(131) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, February 2nd, 1771

I have received four letters from you and you will have had nothing from me for two post-days. But you will have gathered that our journey to Turin prevented us from writing. From that very beautiful town, where we saw a magnificent opera,¹ we returned here on January 31st. You will hear everything in due course. In future address your letters to Herr Wider in Venice. We lunched to-day with Count Firmian. I have hardly time to write, as I must pack.

Francesco di Majo, the Kapellmeister, has died at Naples² and Caratoli³ has travelled from Pisa into the next world.

¹ WSF, vol. i. p. 332, n. 1, suggest that this opera was either Platania's "Berenice" or Paisiello's "Annibale in Torino", both of which were performed at Turin early in 1771.

² He died on January 18th, 1771.

³ Caratoli (1705-1772), a famous basso buffo in his day, was chosen for the part of Cassandro in Mozart's 'La finta semplice', which was to have been performed in Vienna in 1768. The report which Leopold Mozart mentions was false, as Caratoli died in Vienna in 1772.

Dr. Bridi has not said a word about the two concertos. So there is no hope of seeing anything of them until he returns in July from his travels, for he has gone off with Count Wolkenstein to Naples or Rome.

We hope to arrive in Salzburg for the Feast of St. Joseph¹ or at latest in Passion Week. Our greetings to the whole town. We kiss you ten thousand times and I am your old

MZT.

(132) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VENICE, *February 13th, 1771*

Owing to shocking weather and a violent gale we only reached Venice early on Carnival Monday.² In the afternoon we managed to find Herr Wider, who, with his wife, accompanied us to the opera. On Tuesday we lunched with him and went to the opera, which began at two and went on until seven. We dined with him afterwards and about eleven or twelve o'clock by German time we were on the Piazza San Marco on our way to the Ridotto. We said to one another that at that moment both of you would probably be with Herr Hagenauer and would be little thinking that we were talking about you on the Piazza San Marco. The weather was horribly wet, but to-day, Ash Wednesday, it is most beautiful. God be praised, we are well. Whom do you think we met in Brescia? We were on our way to the opera buffa and ran into Signora Angelica Maggiori, prima donna, who is married to a tenor, who was also singing. She was very much surprised to see us. Tell Spitzeder that if he wants to meet

¹ March 19th.

² February 11th. The Mozarts remained in Venice until March 12th.

his former impresario Crosa, he can find him in Milan, where he goes about begging, miserably clad and with a long beard. Thus it is that God punishes deceivers! You will have heard of the deaths of Caratoli and Laschi.¹ I have received your letter with the note from Herr von Vogt. Farewell, I must hurry. We kiss you a hundred thousand times and I am your old

MOZART

(132a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

DEAREST SISTER, VENICE, February 13th, 1771²

Papa will have already told you that I am well. I have nothing to write except that I kiss Mamma's hand. Farewell.

(132b) *Mozart to Johannes Hagenauer*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

AL SIGNORE GIOVANNI.

VENICE, February 13th, 1771

The particularly splendid pearl³ and all the other pearls too admire you very greatly. I assure you that they are all in love with you and that they hope that like a Turk you will marry them all, and make the whole six of them happy. I am writing this in Herr Wider's house. He is a fine fellow, as you told me in your letter. Yesterday we wound up the carnival at his house, dined with him and

¹ A famous basso buffo, for whom Mozart wrote the part of Fracasso in "La finta semplice", 1768.

² This note and the following one to a son of Lorenz Hagenauer are postscripts to his father's letter. The second note is in Italian.

³ Catarina Wider, a daughter of a friend of the Hagenauer family. He had six daughters.

then danced and went with the pearls to the new Ridotto, which I liked immensely. When I am at Herr Wider's and look out of the window, I can see the house where you lived when you were in Venice. I have no news for you. I am charmed with Venice. My greetings to your father, mother, sisters, brothers and to all my friends. Addio.

WOLFGANGO AMADEO MOZART

(133) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VENICE, *February 20th*, 1771

Thank God, we are in good health. Since your letter of February 1st I have received nothing from you, so I do not know whether you have written or not. I am writing this letter again at Herr Wider's, where I wrote my first one, which you will have received. We have lunched with him four times already and his daughters are at the moment engaged in washing and mending my lace cuffs. The elder daughter has presented Wolfgang with a beautiful pair. It is impossible for me to say too much about the honesty of this family, all of whom send their greetings to you and especially to the whole Hagenauer household. If Johannes is always saying nice things about the Widlers, I assure you that he can never say enough. I too have had some experience of people in this world, but I have met few, indeed very few, like them. For besides being willing, sincere, absolutely honest and full of human kindness, they are also courteous, they have excellent manners and are not at all puffed up by the kindnesses which they perform. We shall not get away from here before the beginning of next month. But I am still determined to be back in Salzburg if not

at the Feast of St. Joseph, at any rate in Passion Week and, with God's help, by Eastertide. Otherwise I have nothing more to write to you about, except that we kiss you both ten million times and that I live in hopes of seeing you soon and telling you by word of mouth that I am your old

MOZART

We shall soon have had enough of gondolas. During the first days the whole bed rocked in our sleep and the whole time I was thinking that I was in one of them. We have lunched with the brother of Signor Lugiatì. Tomorrow we are lunching with Her Excellency Catarina Cornaro, on Sunday with the Patriarch, on Monday with His Excellency Dolfino, and so forth. Next week we shall be lunching for the most part with nobles.

(133a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VENICE, *February 20th, 1771*¹

God be praised, I too am still alive and well. De Amicis sang here at San Benedetto. Tell Johannes that Wider's pearls, especially Mademoiselle Catarina, are always talking about him, and that he must soon come back to Venice and submit to the *attacco*, that is, have his bottom spanked when he is lying on the ground, so that he may become a true Venetian. They tried to do it to me—the seven women all together—and yet they could not pull me down. Addio. I kiss Mamma's hand and we both send greetings to all our good friends. Farewell. Amen.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

(134) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

VENICE, March 1st, 1771

Thank God, we are well, and we are always being invited out, now here and now there. So the gondolas of our hosts are constantly in front of our house and every day we ride on the Canal Grande. We shall leave Venice eight days later than I had intended, and we shall have to spend two or three days in Vicenza, for the Bishop, who belongs to the house of Cornaro, will not let us pass through without lunching, or, as he would prefer, spending at least two days with him. Then we shall stay three days in Verona, perhaps even four. Nevertheless, unless something untoward should happen to us, which God forbid, we shall be in Salzburg before Easter. I am sorry that during our journey we shall have dismal fast-days all the time. Perhaps we shall reach Reichenhall on Good Friday and hear the usual Passion Play. Later on I shall tell you in detail how I like the Arsenal, the churches, the ospedali¹ and other things, in fact Venice as a whole. Meanwhile I shall content myself with saying that beautiful and unusual things are to be seen here. My pen and ink will tell you that I am writing at the Widlers', where I have this moment received your letter with Adlgasser's enclosure. We send our greetings to him and to his wife. I shall do all he wants and answer his note by word of mouth. As for the opera, we shall not be able to bring it with us, for it is still in the hands of the copyist and he, like all opera copyists in Italy, will not let it out of his hands, as long as he can make his profit. When we left

¹ These were homes for orphans or illegitimate children, which were often great schools of music. Burney, *op. cit.* p. 145 ff., describes his visit to four famous ospedali in Venice.

Milan, he had to make five complete copies, one for the Impresa,¹ two for Vienna, one for the Duchess of Parma and one for the Lisbon court, to say nothing of individual arias. And who knows whether the copyist has not received some more orders in the meantime. Even then he told me that I must not expect to see it before Easter, by which time I hope to be in Salzburg; but it will be sent home from Milan. We are again lunching to-day with Wider who, when we are not invited elsewhere, always entertains us. He and his whole family send their greetings. Indeed I owe him many kindnesses. Next Tuesday we shall give a big concert and on the Sunday before we shall be at the house of the Imperial Ambassador. Addio. Farewell to both. We kiss you many hundred thousand times. I am your old

MOZART

(135) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VENICE, *March 6th, 1771*

You have to thank Wider for this letter, for he has made me write to you, as it is after lunch and I have nothing to do for a little; and besides to-day is post-day. Yesterday we gave a fine concert and during the last few days we have been so horribly pestered that I do not know who will win the race to secure us. So I cannot get away before Monday, the day I have now fixed for our departure. You must not think, however, that we shall not be in Salzburg by Easter. The extra days which I spend here I shall deduct from the time which I am to spend at other towns, where there will not be so much to detain us, indeed hardly anything. Thank God, we are well

¹ i.e. the management of the Ducal Theatre at Milan.

and are only sorry that we cannot remain here longer. It is indeed a pity, for we have got to know very well the whole nobility; and everywhere, at parties, at table, and, in fact, on all occasions we are so overwhelmed with honours that our hosts not only send their secretaries to fetch us and convey us home in their gondolas, but often the noble himself accompanies us on our return; and this is true of the greatest of them, for instance, the Cornaro, Grimani, Mocenigo, Dolfino, Valieri and so forth. We have had some beautiful days; but to-day it is raining hard. I hope that this will not continue, or we shall have a dreadful drive from Padua to Vicenza. Basta! One must take things as they come; and these are matters which never disturb my peaceful sleep, if only we are in good health. After this letter you will hardly have time to send me another, unless perhaps you write to Innsbruck, where I shall call at the post.

Farewell. We kiss you ten thousand times and I am
your old

MOZART

(136) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VICENZA, *March 14th-18th, 1771*¹

On Monday the — no, on Tuesday the 12th we left Venice, but we let everybody think that we were off on Monday, in order to have one day free in which to pack in peace. Nevertheless the truth leaked out and we had to lunch with Her Excellency Catarina Cornaro, where we were given as presents for our journey a beautiful snuff-box and two pairs of precious lace cuffs. So we

¹ This letter, which is dated March 14th, was sent off from Verona on March 18th.

sailed away on the 12th. I took a barcello for ourselves and Wider, his wife and his two daughters, Catarina and Rosa; and the Abbate too came with us as far as Padua. They brought food and drink and all other necessities and we cooked and ate on board. We spent the 13th in Padua and stayed in the Palazzo of the nobleman Pesaro. On the 14th we came on to Vicenza, and they returned to Venice. We saw as much of Padua as can be seen in a day, as there too we were not left in peace and Wolfgang had to play at two houses. Moreover he has received a commission to compose an oratorio for Padua, which he can do at his leisure.¹ We called on Padre Maestro Vallotti² at the church of St. Anthony and then on Ferrandini,³ at whose house Wolfgang had to play. Finally he performed on the excellent organ in the wonderful church of San Giustino. We are spending tomorrow, the 15th, in Vicenza, and not without good reason. On the 16th, God willing, we shall go on to Verona, where we shall certainly remain for three days and therefore shall not get away before the 20th, when I intend to leave for Roveredo and make for home as quickly as possible. So on Good Friday we shall visit the sacred graves at Reichenhall and then hurry on to Mülln; and we shall certainly sing Alleluja with you on Easter Saturday. But if nothing occurs to hold us up on our journey, we may arrive on Thursday. Perhaps I shall be able to send you more definite news from some stage on our route. I have received your letter with the large seal.

¹ "La Betulia liberta." The text was by Metastasio. During the spring of 1771 Florian Gassmann composed an oratorio on the same text. In 1784 Mozart, hoping to have his oratorio performed in Vienna, added two numbers to his original score. See p. 1314.

² Padre Francesco Antonio Vallotti (1697-1780), a Franciscan, was the greatest organist in Italy of his day and was maestro di cappella in Padua from 1728 until his death.

³ Giovanni Ferrandini, a well-known composer and teacher, had just settled in Padua.

Before I saw it I heard that this letter was waiting for me and a thousand ideas occurred to me, for I suspected that it might be a communication from some important quarter.¹

VERONA, *March 18th, 1771*

We arrived here in the evening of the day before yesterday and we shall leave the day after to-morrow. Thus on account of one or two delays we shall not arrive until the afternoon or evening of Good Friday. To-day I received from Venice, together with a letter from Wider, your letters with the enclosure from Schiedenhofen. We had a talk yesterday with young Kerschbaumer,² who sends greetings to his dear parents. He is well and happy. He came with us to Signor Lugiati's house where we are staying, saw the fine company which had assembled to hear Wolfgang perform and, being thus present, heard him play as well. He is going on to Venice and if I may advise Herr Kerschbaumer, to whom I send my greetings, he ought to entrust his son too to Johann Wider. This is the advice of an honest man. I know what is good and what is bad for young people, especially in Venice, the most dangerous place in all Italy. Yesterday I received a letter from Milan, alluding to one from Vienna, which I am to receive in Salzburg, and which will not only fill you with amazement but will bring our son imperishable honour.³ The same letter contained another very pleasant piece of news. Farewell to all. We kiss you many hundred thousand times and I am ever your old

MOZART

¹ i.e. the Archbishop of Salzburg.

² Son of a Salzburg merchant, who kept a shop in the Marktplatz.

³ The Empress Maria Theresa had commissioned Mozart to compose a dramatic serenata to be performed at Milan in October 1771 on the occasion of the marriage of her son, the Archduke Ferdinand, to Princess Maria Ricciarda Beatrice of Modena.

(137) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

INNSBRUCK, *Monday,*

March 25th, 1771

We arrived here this evening in a violent gale, in snow and horribly cold weather. God willing, we shall leave to-morrow. I hope to arrive in Salzburg on Thursday afternoon. Addio. Farewell. I must hurry, for the post is leaving.

Your old

MZT.

(137a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

INNSBRUCK, *March 25th, 1771*¹

I kiss Mamma's hand and I kiss Nannerl thousands of times. Thank God, I am well and I hope to see and talk to you both very soon. My greetings to all my good friends.

WOLFGANG MOZART

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

Mozart's sixth journey was to Milan, where he carried out a commission from the Empress Maria Theresa to compose a dramatic serenata, "Ascanio in Alba," for the marriage of her son, the Archduke Ferdinand, to Princess Maria Ricciarda Beatrice of Modena. He was accompanied by his father. This visit, the second Italian journey, which lasted from August 13th to December 15th, 1771, is described in joint letters from father and son to Frau Mozart and Nannerl. Letters 138-158.

(138) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOZEN, *August 16th, 1771*¹

It is now striking twelve o'clock. We have had a light lunch and are about to start off in order to reach Trento this evening. Thank God, we are both like two deer, but, I should add, we are not in heat! Farewell to all. We kiss you ten thousand times.

MOZART

(138a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOZEN, *August 16th, 1771*²

I haven't time to write much. We send our greetings to all our good friends. I kiss Mamma and Nannerl many ten thousand times. Addio.

WOLFGANG MOZART

(139) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VERONA, *August 18th, 1771*

You will have received my short note from Bozen and now I am going to write to you more fully. The first day of our journey was a regular scramble. At Kaltern the postillion gave the horses some hay and while he was

¹ The Mozarts left Salzburg on August 13th.

² A postscript to his father's letter.

doing so, we ate without sitting down a few slices of boiled beef and with these we drank a measure of very good strong beer. When we reached Waidring we took some soup and some St. Johann's sherbet, which was not at all bad. We had supper at St. Johann and on the 14th we lunched at the post-station at Kundl and had supper at Innsbruck. On the 15th we lunched at Steinach and had supper at Brixen. On the 16th we lunched at Bozen and had supper at Trento. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 17th we arrived at Roveredo, intending to be in Verona that night and at noon on the following day to reach Ala, where we were to give the two Signori Piccinni a surprise. We should have done this if, firstly, we had not spent too much time with Baron Pizzini in Roveredo (where Dr. Bridi also turned up at once) and thus only left at eleven o'clock and, secondly, we had not met with so many hindrances on the way. For, first of all Lolli, the famous violinist,¹ came to see us; then the postillions had to change their horses; and the peasants' carts kept on holding us up in the narrow roads. So we did not reach the Piccinnis' house in Ala until one o'clock in the afternoon; and long before our arrival I had decided to spend the night there, as I did not dare to go on to Verona, where the gates are closed at Ave Maria. Moreover the heat was intense and we could go to church in our travelling clothes more easily in Ala than in Verona. There too we passed the time with music, or rather, we entertained our hosts and we did not leave until seven this morning for Verona, where we arrived at Signor Lugiat's house at half past twelve and lunched at one o'clock. After lunch everyone has gone off to sleep and I am making use of the time to scribble this letter with a miserable pen and in very hot weather. With some difficulty I persuaded Wolfgang to sleep too, but he only did so for half an hour. I must tell you that in my hurry I for-

¹ Antonio Lolli. See p. 154, n. 2.

got to take with me some clavier sonatas and trios for a good friend in Milan, who has rendered us many services. When Troger goes to Salzburg, ask him to take them and in the meantime get them ready. Nannerl should pick out two trios, one by Joseph Haydn in F with violin and violoncello,¹ one in C by Wagenseil (with variations, please remember) and also Adlgasser's in G; also the little Cas-sation by Wolfgang in C² and some good sonatas by Rutini,³ for instance, in E♭, in D and so on. If Nannerl wants to play them, she has other copies, for they are amongst the sonatas by Rutini which were engraved in Nuremberg. Give our greetings to Troger and ask him to introduce you to Count Firmian, to whom you should pay your respects, for we owe him a great deal. So do not forget to do this.

I shall write from Milan as soon as possible. Keep well. We kiss you a hundred thousand times and

I am your old

MOZART

What beautiful handwriting mine is!

(139a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

DEAREST SISTER, . . . VERONA, August 18th, 1771⁴

I have only slept half an hour, for I do not care much about sleeping after a meal. You may trust, believe, opine,

¹ Op. IV. no. 1, composed in 1766.

² There is no trace of this composition.

³ Giovanni Marco Rutini (1730-1797), born in Florence, where after a prolonged residence in Germany and Austria he became maestro di cappella to the court. He wrote a number of operas, clavier sonatas and some church music. Seven collections of his clavier works had already been published. According to Dr. A. Einstein the sonatas mentioned by Leopold Mozart are Nos. 6 and 2 of Op. VI.

⁴ A postscript to his father's letter.

hold the opinion, cherish the constant hope, consider, imagine, think and be confident that we are well, but I can assure you of the fact. Well, I must hurry. Addio. My greetings to all our good friends. Wish Herr von Hefner ¹ from me a prosperous journey and ask him if he has seen anything of Annamiedl? Addio. Keep well. I kiss Mamma's hand. What beautiful handwriting mine is!

WOLFGANG

(140) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, August 24th, 1771

We reached Milan safely on Wednesday, August 21st, after seven in the evening, having spent the whole of Monday with Signor Lugiatì in Verona, whence I wrote to you. You will no doubt have received my letter. I ought to tell you that we have not yet received from Vienna the text ² which everyone is awaiting with great anxiety, for until it arrives the costumes cannot be made, the stage arranged nor other details settled. On October 15th the Archduke ³ will arrive in Milan, alight from his carriage at the Cathedral, enter it and get married. There will be kissing of hands and afterwards a grand supper and then good night! On the following day the celebrations will begin, which I shall describe later on.

¹ Heinrich Wilhelm von Hefner, a son of the town magistrate, Franz von Hefner. According to Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 8, n., he must have been slightly older than Mozart.

² The text of "Ascanio in Alba" was by Abbate Giuseppe Parini (1729-1799), a celebrated poet and satirist of the day, who held the chair of rhetoric at Milan University. The text had to be submitted to the Viennese court for its approval.

³ Archduke Ferdinand (1754-1806), son of the Empress Maria Theresa.

Meanwhile I have seen twenty thousand pounds of wax candles, waiting to illuminate the Cathedral, the court and other places on October 15th.

Keep well, both of you. We kiss you many hundred millions of times and I am your old

MOZART

(140a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

DEAREST SISTER,

MILAN, *August 24th, 1771*¹

We suffered greatly from the heat on our journey and the dust worried us most impertinently the whole time, so that we should certainly have been choked to death, if we had not been too clever for that. Here it has not rained for a whole month (or so the Milanese say). To-day it began to drizzle a little, but now the sun is shining and it is very hot again. What you promised me (you know what, you dear one!) you will surely do and I shall certainly be most grateful to you. The Princess² had an attack of diarrhoea the other day. Apart from that I have no news. Do send me some. My greetings to all our good friends, and I kiss Mamma's hand. I am simply panting from the heat! So I am tearing open my waistcoat. Addio. Farewell.

WOLFGANG

Upstairs we have a violinist, downstairs another one, in the next room a singing-master who gives lessons, and in the other room opposite ours an oboist. That is good fun when you are composing! It gives you plenty of ideas.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Princess Maria Ricciarda Beatrice of Modena, daughter of the hereditary Prince Ercole Rainaldo.

(141) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, August 31st, 1771

This is the fourth letter which you are receiving from me. I must now praise my sedia, which stood this journey very well. For, although we rattled along the Venetian roads from Verona and even from Peri at a terrific pace and over the biggest stones, I did not feel the slightest discomfort. Until we reached Bozen the weather was mild, but from Bozen to Innsbruck it was rather cold. The sun, which came out now and then, drew up in places mists, which collected and came down in rain, so that during our first night at St. Johann I took my flannel jerkin out of our night-bag and put it on, taking it off again at noon at our first stage outside Bozen, while the horses were being changed. Since then it has been warm. My only fear is that it may rain heavily during the marriage, and bad weather on the occasion of such festivities is certainly very inconvenient. The text has arrived at last, but so far Wolfgang has only written the *ouverture*, that is, a rather long *Allegro*, followed by an *Andante*, which has to be danced, but only by a few people. Instead of the last *Allegro* he has composed a kind of *contredanse* and chorus, to be sung and danced at the same time. He will have a good deal of work during the coming month. Hasse arrived yesterday and we are now going out to call on him.¹ We have paid our respects to Her Royal Highness the Princess, who was so gracious that she not only spoke to us for a long time and was most friendly, but, strange to say, rushed up when she saw us, took off her

¹ Hasse had been commissioned to write the opera seria for this festive occasion. His "Ruggiero", on a text by Metastasio, was performed on October 16th, the day after the Royal wedding.

glove, held out her hand and began to talk before we had time to address her.

Farewell. We kiss you many million times and I am your old

MOZART

(141a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

DEAREST SISTER,

MILAN, August 31st, 1771¹

Praise and thanks be to God, we are well. I have already eaten lots of good pears and peaches and melons for you. My only amusement is to talk the deaf and dumb language, and that I can do to perfection.² Hasse arrived yesterday and we are calling on him to-day. The libretto for the serenata only reached us last Thursday. There is little to write about. I beg you to remember the other matter, if there is nothing else to be done.³ You know what I mean. Compliments from Herr Germani and especially from his wife who is longing to meet you, from Madame D'Aste and from her husband and from me too. My greetings to all our good friends. I kiss Mamma's hand. Addio.

WOLFGANG

(142) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, September 7th, 1771

Heaven has refreshed us at last with a little rain which has fallen for a few days in succession. At the moment we

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² The Mozarts had evidently taken rooms in the same house where they stayed during their second visit to Milan. See p. 247.

³ Nissen, p. 253, n., mentions the fact that "a young lady, of whom Mozart was fond, was about to get married".

are up to the eyes in work, for the libretto arrived late and then remained until two days ago in the poet's hands, as this passage and that had to be altered. I hope it will be a success. Wolfgang is now very busy composing, as he has to write the ballet which links together the two acts or parts.¹

I hope you are both well. I trust that Nannerl is still taking her soup of herbs, now that she has discovered that it does her good. If Secretary Troger is still in Salzburg, give him a few boxes of Hansl Spielmann pills, which I really need, for I know that they do me good when owing to constipation I get my old giddiness. Since I left Salzburg I have had it a good deal, but not so violently as to have to vomit or to be obliged to go to bed. I have only been taking the pills for three days and I notice already that my head is much clearer. But unfortunately I have only eight of them left. We kiss you many million times and I am

your old

L. MOZART

As Nannerl has not written, neither is Wolfgang writing.

Have you received my pay for the month of August?

(143) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[From Nissen, pp. 254-255]

MILAN, *September 13th*, 1771

In twelve days Wolfgang, with God's help, will have completely finished the serenata, which is really an *azione teatrale* in two parts. All the recitatives with and without

¹ Abert, vol. i. p. 276, n. 1, points out that usually the entr'acte ballets were written by some other composer. For particulars of this composition (of which only the bass has been preserved) see Köchel, p. 163.

instruments are ready and so are all the choruses, eight in number, of which five are danced as well as sung. To-day we saw the rehearsal of the dances and we greatly admired the hard work of the ballet masters, Pick and Favier. The first scene is Venus coming out of the clouds, accompanied by genii and graces.

The Andante of the symphony is danced by eleven women, that is, eight genii and three graces, or eight graces and three goddesses. The last Allegro of the symphony, which has a chorus of thirty-two voices, eight sopranos, eight contraltos, eight tenors and eight basses, is danced by sixteen persons at the same time, eight men and eight women.

Another chorus is made up of shepherds and shepherdesses, sung by different performers. Further, there are choruses of shepherds alone, tenors and basses, and of shepherdesses alone, sopranos and contraltos. In the last scene all the singers and dancers appear, genii, graces, shepherds and shepherdesses, and they dance the last chorus together. This does not include the solo dancers, Mr. Pick, Madame Binetti, Mr. Favier and Mlle Blache. The short solo dances, which take place during the choruses, sometimes for two sopranos, sometimes for alto and soprano and so forth, are interspersed with solos for male and female dancers.

The singers in the cantata are:

La Venere,	Signora Falchini, seconda donna
Ascanio,	Signor Manzuoli, primo uomo
Silvia,	Signora Girelli, ¹ prima donna
Aceste, sacerdote,	Signor Tibaldi, tenore
Fauno, pastore,	Signor Solzi, secondo uomo.

I am already making arrangements about Venice 1773.²

¹ Maria Antonia Girelli-Aguilar had been singing in Gluck's operas.

² Soon after his arrival at Milan Mozart was commissioned to compose the second opera of the 1773 carnival season for the Teatro San Benedetto in

(143a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[From Nissen, p. 256]

DEAREST SISTER,

MILAN, *September 13th, 1771*¹

I am only writing in order to—write. But writing is indeed most tiresome, because I have a very heavy cold and a bad cough. Tell Fräulein W. von Mölk² that I am indeed longing to be back in Salzburg if only in order to receive once more for the minuets such a present as I was given at her concert. She will know what I mean.

(144) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the *Mozarteum, Salzburg*]MILAN, *September 21st, 1771*

After the Angelus to-day there will be the first instrumental rehearsal of the opera by Signor Hasse, who, thank God, is very well; and towards the end of next week the serenata will be rehearsed. The first rehearsal of the recitatives will take place on Monday and on the following days the choruses will be rehearsed. On Monday or Tuesday at the latest Wolfgang will have finished his work. Signor Manzuoli often comes to see us, but we have only been to see him once. Signor Tibaldi comes almost every day at about eleven o'clock and remains seated at the table till about one, while Wolfgang is composing. Everyone is extremely kind and has the greatest respect

Venice. Probably owing to his previous contract with the Ducal Theatre in Milan to write an opera for the same season, this commission was not carried out. The contract for Venice, signed by the impresario Michele Dall' Agata, and dated August 17th, 1771, is given in Nissen, pp. 255-256.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Anna Barbara (Waberl) von Mölk (1752-1828), daughter of Court Chancellor Felix von Mölk. Mozart was then in love with her.

for Wolfgang. Indeed we have not experienced any unpleasantness whatsoever, as all these famous singers are most excellent and sensible people. The serenata is really a short opera; indeed, as far as the music is concerned, it is very short and is only lengthened by the two grand ballets which are performed after the first and second acts, each of which will last three quarters of an hour.

There is no room on this sheet to describe the elaborate preparations for these festivities. All Milan is astir, the more so as a great deal, in fact most of the work has been postponed to the last minute. Consequently everyone is now at work. Some are getting the theatre ready, as the whole building requires to be renovated and re-decorated. Others are busy preparing for the reception of His Highness, procuring rooms and lodgings, illuminating and adorning the Cathedral, obtaining garments and liveries for the servants, and horses and carriages and so forth for the balls. There are, in fact, a hundred things to do and I cannot keep them all in my mind. So everyone is frightfully busy! A few days ago Miss Davies¹ arrived here and drove past our house in the mail coach. I recognised her and she saw us, for we happened to be standing on the balcony. A few hours later I went to call on her at the "Three Kings", which is not very far off, as I guessed that she would be staying there, since it is the most respectable inn. She, her sister, her father and her mother could hardly express their joy. I told their servant where Herr Hasse was staying and very soon his daughter appeared, who also was beside herself with delight, for

¹ Marianne Davies (1744-1792) first became proficient on the harpsichord and from 1762 onwards won a great reputation for her skill on the harmonica or "musical glasses", an instrument which had been much improved by Benjamin Franklin. In 1768 she and her sister Cecilia, an excellent singer, left England and settled for three years in Vienna, lodging in the same house as Hasse and instructing the daughters of the Empress Maria Theresa. From Vienna the sisters went to Milan, where Cecilia appeared in Hasse's opera "Ruggiero" in 1771. In 1773 they returned to London.

they have been most cordial friends since they met in Vienna. They all asked for you at once and they send you their greetings. You will surely remember Miss Davies with her harmonica? Did you see the rope-dancers when they were in Salzburg? They are now on their way here and ought to arrive very soon. Great work is in progress, as an extraordinarily large hut is being erected for them. The Italian plays came to an end two days ago, for the theatre must now be kept free for rehearsals and the painters must not be prevented from working day and night. These Italian players were uncommonly good, especially in character-plays and tragedies.

Whoever now comes to Milan to attend these wedding festivities will certainly see some fine things. A carriage for four persons would not eat up much money, but the rooms would be a very heavy item. Of course I could take one room for both of us. In the circumstances we should have to camp like soldiers for a short time and have our meals cooked at home.

I have received this very moment your letter of September 13th. In your previous letter you said that many persons have already gone crazy and now you tell me that many have died of dysentery. That is very unfortunate. For when people are attacked both in their heads and in their arses, their condition is indeed dangerous. I must have caught this disease in Salzburg, for I still have frequent attacks of giddiness. But this is not surprising, for evidently the air was already infected, and it is easy to catch a complaint. That is why I wrote to you about the pills, for I want my arse to cure my head.

We kiss you both 10,000,000 times and I am your old
LP. MOZART

(144a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *September 21st, 1771*¹

Praise and thanks be to God, I am well. I cannot write much, firstly, because I have nothing to say, and secondly, because my fingers ache so from composing. Farewell. I kiss Mamma's hand. I often let off my whistle, but not a soul answers me. There are now only two arias of the serenata to compose and then I shall be finished. My greetings to all my good friends. I no longer want to go home to Salzburg, for I am afraid that I might go crazy too.²

WOLFGANG

(145) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *September 28th, 1771*

This month has simply flown by with amazing rapidity, as we had first of all to wait for the text, and when it arrived, there was always something to do. Our holidays and recreation have now begun, or rather they began last Tuesday, as Wolfgang had already finished everything by Monday,³ and so on Tuesday we resumed our walks. The first rehearsal with the whole orchestra takes place to-day. The choruses were rehearsed yesterday, but without the instruments. Give our greetings to Herr Spitzeder and tell him that among our choral singers is a bass, Bianchi by name, whose wife is the leading soprano. This man has twice been to see us in order to press his claims,

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Mozart is alluding to the last paragraph of his father's letter.

³ September 23rd.

for he takes a bass part in the Cathedral choir and would very much like to join our Archbishop's Kapelle. But, as far as I know, the vacancies for voices have already either been filled or bespoken. You will be pleased to hear that I have good hopes that Wolfgang's work will win great applause; firstly, because both Signor Manzuoli and all the other singers are not only immensely pleased with their arias, but are looking forward even more than we are to hearing the serenata performed this evening with all the instruments; and secondly, because I know how good Wolfgang's work is and what an impression it will make, for it is more than certain that his composition is excellently adapted both to the singers and to the orchestra.

Thank God, we are well. The weather is still lovely and a few very violent storms have satisfied our longing for rain. Everyone is now happy, but we are all wishing that it may keep fine during the wedding. Please tell me in all your letters what sort of weather you are having.¹ Farewell. We kiss you both ten thousand million times and I am your old

MOZART

Our greetings to the whole of Salzburg.

(146) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, October 5th, 1771

Count Firmian arrived last Tuesday about eight o'clock in the evening and will leave to-morrow for Mantua to meet His Highness the Prince and accompany him to Milan. I hear too that Count Saueran is to arrive here

¹ Nissen, p. 259, adds the remark: "He himself always wrote about the weather at great length".

shortly and also the Duke of York, who was Duke of Gloucester when we were in England and on his brother's death succeeded to his present title. He is now either in Genoa or in Turin. Yesterday we had a second rehearsal of Wolfgang's cantata; and to-day the opera is being rehearsed. Then we shall have two days' rest and on Tuesday the cantata will be rehearsed again. The theatre is full from eight o'clock in the morning to eleven o'clock at night, for the dancers are always there. Chaplain Troger, when handing me the pills, told me that you and Nannerl would have liked to come with us. If this was your real feeling, it was very wrong of you not to tell me so quite frankly, though the expense of the outward and return journeys alone would have meant a difference to me of at least sixty ducats. But really you need not feel any regrets, for you would have had to put up with a heat which is incredibly trying. It is true that arrangements are being made for some remarkable entertainments, but they are all shows which you have already seen better performed elsewhere and, on account of the crowd, you would only see them here at great inconvenience and, if you insisted on seeing every bit of the trash, at the risk of your life.

Perhaps some day you will have an opportunity of hearing operas in Italy; and indeed any carnival opera in Milan would be more spectacular than this one is going to be, for apart from the dances Wolfgang's has no embellishment whatsoever. I hope that I shall not need the pills. Thank God, my head is better. The trouble was simply a dreadful stuffiness which started in my head while I was on the journey and which was brought on by the great heat. The result was that in six weeks I scarcely used three handkerchiefs, because all the moisture in my brain dried up and stuck fast, thus causing a perpetual giddiness. Foot-baths, inhaling the steam from boiling

tea, and finally the change in the weather and the cool damp air have cured me. We have sunshine again and we hope that there will be no rain during the festivities. Farewell. We kiss you many hundred thousand times and I am your old

MOZART

(146a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, October 5th, 1771¹

Praise and thanks be to God, I too am quite well, but always sleepy. We have been twice to see Count Castelbarco and he was present at my first rehearsal in the theatre. I have no news except that next Tuesday we shall have another rehearsal. What I was going to tell you Papa has snatched from my pen, I mean, he has already written to you. Signora Gabrielli is here and we shall very soon call on her, so that we may get to know all the leading women singers. Addio. Farewell. My greetings to all our good friends.

WOLFGANG

(147) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, October 12th, 1771

Chaplain Troger has made your mouth water for Italy far too much and I agree that for people who have not seen as much of the world as you have, there are many strange things to be seen here. But for you they would not be very wonderful; and Italy can always be visited.

Yesterday the fourth rehearsal of the serenata took

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

place; to-morrow there will be the seventh rehearsal of Signor Sassone's ¹ opera and on Monday the last rehearsal of Wolfgang's.

Baron Dupin tells us that he accompanied Nannerl on the violin. The Duke of York has already arrived and also a prince of Saxe-Gotha. The Hereditary Princes, that is, the father and the mother of the Princess bride, have also arrived. Count Sauerau too is here. The crowds are enormous and people will have to see everything in the greatest discomfort. Admirable regulations have been issued, as, for instance, that commoners may not bear swords or any other arms, that everyone must be identified at the gates and that all householders must hand in to a specially appointed committee a description of their tenants. No one may go about the streets at night without a light. Soldiers and sbirri patrol the town and hussars its outskirts. Everyone must have tickets for the opera, the serenata, the ball, the court banquet and all other festivities and so on.

I must close, for we have to check the two copies of the serenata, which were made in a hurry for His Majesty the Emperor and for the Archduke, and which must now be bound; and there is a great deal to correct, for Italian copyists make shocking mistakes. We kiss you both many hundred thousand times and I am your old

MOZART

Our greetings to all.

The Archduke will arrive in the evening of the 15th and the wedding will then take place. After it is over, there will be the kissing of hands at court, followed by two hours of music and a banquet. On the 16th there will be the opera, the 17th the serenata, on the 18th, 19th and 20th nothing on account of the anniversary of the death

¹ i.e. Hasse.

of His Majesty the Emperor.¹ On Monday the serenata will be repeated and so forth.

(148) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *October 19th, 1771*

Marcobruni sends greetings to you. He is with me and we are just off to the theatre. For on the 16th the opera was performed and on the 17th Wolfgang's serenata, which was such an extraordinary success that it has to be repeated to-day. The Archduke recently ordered two copies. We are constantly addressed in the street by courtiers and other persons who wish to congratulate the young composer. It really distresses me very greatly, but Wolfgang's serenata has completely killed Hasse's opera. In my next letter I shall reply to your last one and to Nannerl's postscript. You will both see Italy more pleasantly later on than you would now during this horrible rush. Addio. We kiss you both many ten thousand times. I am

your old

MOZART

Pray to God and thank Him!

Troger sends his greetings, especially to you and to Nannerl who is sighing so deeply for Milan.

(149) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *October 26th, 1771*

I have received your letter from Triebenbach and I am delighted that you both had a good time. Perhaps

¹ Possibly the Emperor Charles VI, who died on October 20th, 1740.

some report will have reached Salzburg of the tremendous applause which Wolfgang's serenata has won; for young Kerschbaumer, who is here for a few days, both saw and heard in the theatre how on October 24th, the day before yesterday, Their Royal Highnesses the Archduke and Archduchess not only caused two arias to be repeated by applauding them, but both during the serenata and afterwards leaned over from their box towards Wolfgang and showed their gracious approval by calling out "*Bravissimo, maestro*" and clapping their hands. Their applause was taken up each time by the courtiers and the whole audience.

To-day there is the opera, but yesterday, being Friday, there was no performance. To-morrow and the day after we shall have the serenata again. The Archduke and his wife are well and very happy. This will give great pleasure to Her Majesty the Empress, as some anxiety was felt lest he should not have been pleased with his bride, for she is not beautiful. On the other hand she is unusually friendly, agreeable and virtuous, and greatly beloved by everyone; and she has completely won over the Archduke, for she has the best heart and the most pleasant manners in the world. Take care of yourselves. We kiss you a hundred million times and I am ever your faithful

MZT.

If you need some clothes, get what is necessary made for you, for neither you nor Nannerl must do without necessities. What must be, must be. And do not buy inferior materials, since to buy shoddy stuff is no economy. Have a handsome dress made for festivals and put on every day the clothes which were made for you in Vienna. But do not buy woollen material, which is not worth a fig.

(149a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, October 26th, 1771¹

Praise and thanks be to God, I too am well. As my work is now finished, I have more time to write letters. But I have nothing to say, for Papa has told you everything already. I have no news except that numbers 35, 59, 60, 61, 62 were drawn in the lottery; and so, if we had taken these numbers, we should have won. But as we did not take any tickets, we have neither won nor lost, but we have had our laugh at other people who did. The two arias which were encored in the serenata were sung by Manzuoli and by the prima donna, Girelli, respectively. I hope you will have a good time in Triebenbach and get some shooting and walking too, if the weather permits. We are now off to the opera. My compliments to all our good friends. Baron Dupin is a frequent visitor at the house of the Mademoiselle who plays the clavier,² and so we often meet him. I kiss Mamma's hand. Farewell. I am, as always, your faithful brother

WOLFGANG

P.S. Excuse this shocking writing, but I am in a hurry.

(150) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 2nd, 1771

We are delighted that you had a good time in Triebenbach and that you reached home again safe and well.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Probably Marianne Davies. See p. 289, n. 1.

I am staying indoors for a few days, because I have had very bad rheumatism all over me, which I have almost altogether steamed away simply by drinking elderberry tea. Among our medicines we had only one single black powder. Fortunately Signora D'Aste has quantities of them. As we had only one digestive powder left, she sent the prescription, which luckily she happened to have, off to the chemist and procured some more for me. This is a silly story, I admit, for when you read it, I hope that I shall not only be perfectly well, but soon quite ready to leave. So when you receive this letter, you may write to Verona, al Signor Lugiatì. I have already told you that the serenata has won the day. Farewell. We kiss you both many hundred million times and I am your old
MOZART

I still have to write an answer to His Excellency Count Pallavicini, who has sent me an extremely polite letter.

(150a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[From Nissen, pp. 261-262]

MILAN, November 2nd, 1771¹

Papa says that Herr Kerschbaumer has undoubtedly made good use of his travels and kept his eyes open, and we can assure you that he has behaved very sensibly. He will certainly be able to tell you more about his tour than some of his friends, one of whom could not see Paris properly, because the houses there are too high. There is a performance of Hasse's opera to-day, but as Papa is not going out, I cannot be there. Fortunately I know nearly all the arias by heart and so I can see and hear it at home in my head.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter. Nissen, p. 261, adds that the first portion of this postscript, which he omits, is a description of all the festivities which have taken place.

(151) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 9th, 1771

I write in great haste to say that I have received your congratulations and the whole parcel of letters. Wolfgang will express his own thanks, God willing, at the end of this month or during the first days of December. Thank God, I am quite well again. We lunched yesterday with Count Firmian in the company of Hasse. Both he and Wolfgang have received beautiful presents for their compositions. Apart from the money they have got, Hasse has been given a snuff-box and Wolfgang a watch set in diamonds. I have already told you in my last letter not to send any more letters to Milan, but to write to Verona, whence you will shortly receive letters from me, telling you whether we shall go for a few days to Padua or travel straight home. Should a post-day pass without a letter from me, then you will know that I am en route and can no longer write. Addio. We kiss you many ten million times and I am ever your old

MOZART

(151a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

DEAREST SISTER,

MILAN, November 9th, 1771¹

I kiss Mamma's hand and send greetings to all our friends. Meanwhile I send my thanks in great haste to all who have congratulated me.² I shall thank them better when I see them. Farewell.

WOLFGANG

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Probably on his name-day, October 31st, as well as on the success of "Ascanio in Alba".

(152) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 16th, 1771

I have received your letter of November 8th. I hoped to leave for certain on the 18th, but His Royal Highness the Archduke now wishes to speak to us when he returns from Varese in a week's time. So our stay here will have to be prolonged for more than ten days. Patience! God willing, we shall soon meet again.

Thank all our good friends for their cordial congratulations. I owe Herr von Haffner an answer; but in the meantime give him my sincere thanks and greetings. My head is full and I have more things to think of than you can guess. That the serenata was extremely successful is quite true, but I very much doubt whether, if a paid appointment is vacant, His Grace will remember Wolfgang.¹ Now I must close, for I still have to write a letter to Verona. Send your letters there, addressed to Signor Pietro Lugiat, who will give them to me. Farewell. We kiss you both ten thousand million times and I am your old

MOZART

(153) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Autograph in the possession of Frau Jähns, Berlin]

MILAN, November 23rd-24th, 1771

We are still here and we shall probably stay on for another week, for the Archduke is not returning from

¹ Mozart had been appointed Konzertmeister to Archbishop Sigismund on November 27th, 1769, but, possibly owing to the former's frequent absences from Salzburg, the appointment, to which an annual salary of 150 gulden was attached, did not take effect until April 1772, after the installation of the new Archbishop, Hieronymus Colloredo.

Varese until Tuesday, when he will receive us. Yet, God willing, we shall reach home during the first fortnight of December, for, even if we break our journey on the way, we shall cover the ground from here to Salzburg in a week. Thank God, we are well. Address your next letter to Verona and I think it ought to be your last, if in the meantime you do not receive another one from me. The weather here is still cold, but very fine and it has not rained for a long time. Marcobruni, in whose room I am writing, sends his greetings to you both, and so do the Trogers and Signor and Signora D'Aste. Mysliwecek, who arrived yesterday and is writing the first opera,¹ was with us to-day. Herr von Mayr and Herr Chiusolis also send their greetings. We often meet them, and we had music for several hours yesterday in Mayr's rooms. We kiss you a hundred thousand times and I am your old

MOZART

(153a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the possession of Frau Jähns, Berlin]

MILAN, November 24th, 1771²

Herr von Alphen³ is here and is just the same as he was at Vienna and Paris. I have some more news too. Manzuoli, who up to the present has been generally looked upon as the most sensible of the castrati, has in his old age⁴ given the world a sample of his stupidity and conceit. He was engaged for the opera at a salary of five hundred cigliati, but, as the contract did not mention the serenata, he demanded another five hundred for that, that is, one

¹ Mysliwecek's opera "Il gran Tamerlano", on a text by Agostino Piovene, was performed on December 26th, 1771.

² A postscript to his father's letter.

³ Eusebius Johann Alphen (1741-1772), born in Vienna, made his mark as a miniature-painter. Abert, vol. ii. p. 1037, n. 3, suggests that during the Mozarts' second visit to Paris in 1766, Alphen may have done the small ivory miniature of Wolfgang and Nannerl which is now in the Mozart Museum, Salzburg.

⁴ He was forty-six.

thousand cigliati in all. The court only gave him seven hundred and a fine gold snuff-box (quite enough, I think). But he like a true castrato returned both the seven hundred cigliati and the gold snuff-box and went off without anything. I do not know how it will all end—badly, I expect. I have no other news. I kiss Mamma's hand. I send greetings to all my good friends. Addio. Farewell. I am your true and faithful brother

WOLFGANG

(154) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 30th, 1771

I never thought that at the end of November I should still be in Milan, but circumstances have detained me. Moreover, it is Advent and in Salzburg no concerts are held at court. So the arrangement still stands that I shall arrive home during the first fortnight of December. Yes, even if I leave here on December 2nd or 3rd, I can easily reach Salzburg on the 9th or 10th. Thank God, we are well, and that is the best news I can send you. The weather here is extraordinarily cold, but very fine. I shall find your letters in Verona, if you have written; for now you may certainly go on doing so. Hoping to see you soon, we kiss you many ten million times and I am your old

MOZART

(154a) *Mozart to his Mother and Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 30th, 1771¹

Lest you should think that I am unwell I am sending you these few lines. I kiss Mamma's hand. My greetings

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

to all our good friends. I have seen four rascals hanged here in the Piazza del Duomo. They hang them just as they do in Lyons.

WOLFGANG

(155) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

ALA, December 8th, 1771

At four o'clock in the afternoon of to-day we arrived here and we shall spend the night with the Piccinnis and then go on to-morrow to Trento. There we shall spend the day, as I have to carry out some commissions from Milan. I think that when you read this letter we shall be driving towards Salzburg, where we shall arrive in the evening, if not earlier. As soon as you receive it, open the small room, so that on our arrival it may not be quite cold. For as Wolfgang will sleep there and not in the back room, you should leave the door open so that the air may be warmed up. The question which you asked me in one of your four letters which I found in Verona, I shall answer when we meet. All that I can now say is that the affair is not quite hopeless. Farewell. We kiss you many million times and I am your old

MZT.

(156) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

BRIXEN, December 11th, 1771

We shall not arrive until Monday, as Count Spaur, who is keeping us here and sends you a thousand greetings, refuses to let us go. Moreover, the days are short and

the roads are bad, so that we really cannot leave.¹ We kiss you many hundred thousand times and I am your old
 MOZART

(157) *Leopold Mozart to the Cathedral Chapter
 of the Archbishopric of Salzburg*

[*Autograph in the Regierungsarchiv, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *December 16th, 1771*

MY LORDS PROVOST, DEAN, SENIOR AND
 THE WHOLE CATHEDRAL CHAPTER OF THE
 ARCHBISHOPRIC OF SALZBURG,

Your Excellencies will be aware that Her Imperial Majesty was graciously pleased to summon my son to Milan to compose a dramatic serenata for performance on the occasion of the wedding festivities there, and that His Excellency Count Firmian in a letter to his brother the Chief Steward endeavoured to obtain from the late Archbishop² permission for me to accompany my son to Italy. His Grace gave us leave to travel but at the same time suspended my salary which, as it is, amounts only to 28 gulden, 30 kreutzer a month, and which, through an oversight, I was permitted to draw for a further month and a half.

His Excellency Count von Saueran wrote, however, to the Court Chancellor and sent him the pleasant news of the unanimous applause and the honour which my son had won for himself. Whereupon His Grace immediately

¹ The Mozarts reached Salzburg on December 15th.

² Count Sigismund von Schrattenbach, who had been Archbishop of Salzburg since 1753, had died that day. He was succeeded on March 14th, 1772, by Hieronymus Joseph Franz von Paula, Count Colloredo, who had been Bishop of Gurk. Mozart was commissioned to write the festival opera "Il sogno di Scipione" to celebrate his formal installation on April 29th, 1772.

gave me leave to retain the sum already paid.

I am submitting, therefore, to Your Excellencies and most gracious Lords my most humble request that the small amount deducted, that is, 59 gulden for the months of October and November, be paid to me in full.

I remain

Your Excellencies' most
obedient servant

LEOPOLD MOZART
Vice-Kapellmeister

(158) *Leopold Mozart to J. G. I. Breitkopf, Leipzig*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

SALZBURG, *February 7th, 1772*

We arrived back from Milan on December 15th. As my son has again won great honour by his composition of the dramatic serenata, he has been asked to write the first opera for the coming carnival in Milan¹ and immediately afterwards the second opera for the Teatro San Benedetto in Venice.² We shall therefore remain in Salzburg until the end of September and then travel to Italy for the third time.

Should you wish to print any of my son's compositions, this intervening period would be the best time to order them. You have only to state what you consider most suitable. He can let you have clavier compositions or trios for two violins and violoncello, or quartets for two violins, viola and violoncello, or symphonies for two violins, viola, two horns, two oboes or transverse flutes, and double bass. In short, my son will write whatever kind of composition

¹ Nissen, pp. 264-265, quotes this contract, dated March 4th, 1771, and signed by Federico Castiglione, manager of the Ducal Theatre.

² See p. 287, n. 2.

1772 LEOPOLD MOZART TO J. G. I. BREITKOPF *L. 158*

you may consider most profitable to yourself, provided you let us know in good time.

Your obedient servant

LEOPOLD MOZART

Have you had any news from our friend M. Grimm?
Have you sold any copies of the portraits and the sonatas?

Mozart's seventh journey was again to Milan, where he carried out a commission to write the first opera "Lucio Silla" for the 1772-1773 carnival season. During his short stay in Italy Mozart composed six string quartets. This visit, the third Italian journey, which lasted from October 24th, 1772, to March 13th, 1773, is described in joint letters from father and son to Frau Mozart and Nannerl. Letters 159-176.

(159) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOZEN, *October 28th, 1772*

Have we not travelled a great distance, seeing that we are now in Bozen? We reached St. Johann on the first day before eight o'clock in the evening,¹ but as on the following day, which was Sunday, there was no mass earlier than six o'clock matins, we only got away at seven o'clock, and did not reach Innsbruck until about ten o'clock. We spent Monday there and in the afternoon drove to Hall to visit the Royal Convent, where Countess Lodron, the sister of the wife of our Chief Steward,² showed us everything and Wolfgang played on the organ in the church. We got as far as Brixen yesterday and arrived in Bozen to-day at noon; and here we are staying, as otherwise we should have to drive to Trento very late at night and in the most drenching rain which began this afternoon. Nor is there on the road any convenient lodging for the night. So with God's help we shall move on there to-morrow morning at five o'clock. We called on Frater Vincenz Ranftl in the Dominican monastery of this gloomy town. He is very well and sends his greetings to the whole of Salzburg.

Thank God, my health is now more or less restored, in spite of our irregular way of living. If travelling is necessary for it, I shall try to obtain a post as courier or perhaps become a mail coach conductor. Wolfgang is well too and at the moment is writing a quartet³ to while away the time. He sends greetings to everyone.

¹ The Mozarts left Salzburg on Saturday, October 24th.

² Count von Firmian.

³ Probably either K. 155 or K. 157.

Farewell. We kiss you many thousand times and I am
your old

MZT.

(159a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

BOZEN, *October 28th, 1772*¹

We have already reached Bozen. Already? I mean, at last. I am hungry, thirsty, sleepy and lazy, but I feel well. In Hall we visited the Convent and I played on the organ. If you see Nannerl Nader, tell her I have spoken to Herr Brindl, her beloved, who sends greetings to her. I hope that you have kept your word and that (last Sunday you went to see D.N.) Farewell. Let me have some news. Bozen—this pigsty.

Here is a poem about someone who became wild and enraged with Bozen.

If to Bozen I must come,
Faith, I'd rather cut my thumb.

(160) *Mozart to his Mother*

[*Autograph in the Bibliothèque de Lille*]

MILAN, *November 7th, 1772*

Do not be alarmed at seeing my handwriting instead of Papa's. The reasons are as follows: (1) We are at Signor D'Aste's² and Baron Cristani is here and they all have so much to talk about that Papa simply cannot get time to write; and (2) He is too lazy. We arrived here on the 4th at noon and we are well. All our good friends are in the country or at Mantua except Signor D'Aste and his wife,

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² The Mozarts arrived at Milan on November 4th and stayed with the D'Astes.

who have asked me to send their greetings to you and to my sister. Mysliwecek is still here. There is no truth in the report which is being so earnestly discussed in Germany of an Italian war or of the fortifying of the castle at Milan. Excuse my wretched handwriting. When you write to us, do so direct, for it is not the custom here as it is in Germany for people to carry letters about, but they have to be fetched at the post and so we go there every post-day to get them. There is no news here, but we are waiting for some from Salzburg. We hope that you received our letter from Bozen. Well, I cannot think of anything else, so I shall close. Our greetings to all our good friends. We kiss Mamma 100,000 times (I did not bring any more noughts with me) and I kiss Mamma's hands and prefer to embrace my sister in person rather than in imagination.

(160a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Bibliothèque de Lille]

DEAREST SISTER,

MILAN, November 7th, 1772¹

I hope that you have been to see the lady—(you know who. If you see her,) please give her (my compliments.) I hope, and indeed I do not doubt, that you are in good health. I forgot to tell you that we have run across Signor Belardo here, the dancer, whom we knew at The Hague and at Amsterdam. It was he who attacked the dancer, Signor Neri,² with his sword, because he thought that it was owing to the latter that he had been refused permission to dance in the theatre.

Addio. Do not forget me. I am ever your
faithful brother

AMADEO WOLFGANGO

MOZART

¹ This letter is in Italian.

² Neri appears in Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 45, under "Amsterdam".

(160b) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Autograph in the Bibliothèque de Lille]

MILAN, November 7th, 1772¹

We spent Wolfgang's name-day² very cheerfully at Ala with the two brothers Piccinni and we also stayed at Verona. We then came on to Milan. The weather is always fine here, and indeed the only rain we have had during our journey was in the afternoon of the day after St. Simon and St. Jude.³ That was all. Keep well! Addio!

In Verona and here too we have seen comic operas.

(161) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 14th, 1772

You will have received our first letter from Milan. After three days of travelling my health is so good that I am really surprised, for we have been living very irregularly, especially on the journey from Verona to Milan. Yet now that I have been here for almost a fortnight, some trifling disorders have begun to plague me again; indeed I drop into thinking about Salzburg and, without noticing it, I go on brooding for some time. However, I quickly banish these thoughts or at least try to do so, just as I used to drive out all those wicked ideas which in my youth the devil suggested to me.

Not one of the singers has arrived yet except Signora Suarti, who sings the part of the secondo uomo, and the ultimo tenore.⁴ The primo uomo, Signor Rauzzini, is expected shortly. But Signora De Amicis will not be here

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter.² October 31st.³ October 30th.⁴ The second tenor, Giuseppe Onofrio.

until the end of this month or the beginning of December. Meanwhile Wolfgang has got much amusement from composing the choruses, of which there are three, and from altering and partly rewriting the few recitatives which he composed in Salzburg. For the poet¹ sent the libretto to Abbate Metastasio in Vienna for his approval and the latter, after correcting and altering a good deal, added a whole scene in the second act. Wolfgang has now written all the recitatives and the *ouverture*. So Herr Leutgeb wants to go to Rome? And I am to write and tell him whether there is an opening here? That is most difficult! If he were here during the first few days of December, there would be some hope of his being asked to accompany an aria in the opera. But, once they are written, it is too late. He ought to travel via Brescia, where he could call on Conte Lecchi, who is a first-rate violinist and a great connoisseur and dilettante of music, with whom we have promised to stay on our return journey. It is not so easy to give a public concert here and it is scarcely any use attempting to do so without special patronage, while even then one is sometimes swindled out of one's profits. Apart from this he would lose nothing and he could live with us and would therefore have no expenses for light and wood. I hear that M. Baudace, the Frenchman, will soon be here with his French horn. Basta! Leutgeb will not lose anything; but he will have to be here in good time if he wants to get work in the opera. So he ought to leave with the mail coach at the very beginning of December, so that he may get here in time; for the opera is to be staged on December 26th. What about his leave of absence?

¹ The libretto of "Lucio Silla" had been written by Giovanni De Gamerra (1743-1803) of Leghorn, who first became a priest and then a soldier. He wrote a number of dramas and even attempted to establish a national theatre at Naples. He also translated into Italian the text of Mozart's "Zauberflöte", which was performed in his rendering at Dresden, April 2nd, 1794.

Farewell. We kiss you many hundred million times and I am your old

L. MZT.

The variations are in my writing-case, where I usually write; but Nannerl must not give them away, for there are some mistakes in them.

(162) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*] [*Autograph in the possession of the Wittgenstein family, Vienna*]

MILAN, November 21st, 1772

Thank God, we are well and strong and like fish in water, for it has rained heavily for the last week. To-day is the anniversary of our wedding day. It was twenty-five years ago, I think, that we had the sensible idea of getting married, one which we had cherished, it is true, for many years. All good things take time!

The primo uomo, Signor Rauzzini, has just arrived; so now there will be more and more to do and things will become increasingly lively. But there will also be no lack of those charming incidents which are usual in the theatre. However, they are of little importance. The figs which Wolfgang was given when he left Salzburg have been as miraculous as the loaves and fishes in the Gospel, for they have lasted until now.

Yes indeed, there is a great deal to do at the moment. Even if it is not work, all sorts of arrangements have to be made.

(162a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the possession of the Wittgenstein family, Vienna*]

MILAN, November 21st, 1772 ¹

I thank you, you know for what. I ask Herr von Hefner to forgive me for not yet replying to his letter,

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

but it has been and still is impossible to do so, for as soon as I get home, there is always something to write; often something is already lying on the table; and out of doors, in the street, I can't possibly write. If you see him, let him read the following and tell him that he must content himself with it for the present. I shall not take it ill that my paltry friend has not replied to me. As soon as he has time, he will surely, without doubt, doubtless, certainly, and undeniably send me an answer. My greetings to all my good friends. I kiss Mamma's hands. Well fare and news me soon some send. The Germany from post has not yet arrived.

Milano à, 2771, November 12th the. Oidda.

I usual as am

MOZART WOLFGANG

(163) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *November 28th, 1772*

I have received to-day your letter of the 20th. You want me to write very fully, but what is there to write about? Our best news is that, thank God, we are both well. There is no one here, for almost everyone is in the country and will not return to Milan until Christmas, when the festivities will begin with the re-opening of the theatre. Even the Archduke is out of town. As for my headache, I do not get it very often and it is only occasionally that I am seized for a few moments by my old giddiness which comes on when I turn over or raise myself in bed at night. At the same time I have a perfectly healthy appetite. But we only eat once a day, at two o'clock in the afternoon. In the evening we have an apple and a slice of bread and we drink a small glass of wine.

I am writing in the house of Madame D'Aste, who sends her greetings to you. Monsieur D'Aste asks me to tell you that he is very much disappointed that you did not send greetings to him also. For I opened your last letter in their house and read it aloud. Signora De Amicis is to leave Venice to-day and will therefore be here in a few days; then the work will be really enjoyable. Up to the present very little has been done. Wolfgang has only composed the first aria for the primo uomo, but it is superlatively beautiful and he sings it like an angel. Addio. Farewell. We kiss you many hundred thousand times and I am your old

MZT.

(163a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, November 28th, 1772¹

We both send congratulations to Herr von Amann. Please tell him from me that I am vexed that he always made a secret of it, whenever I said anything to him about his fiancée. I should have thought that he was more sincere. I have greetings to deliver from Herr and Frau von Germani. They too are sorry that they cannot be with you. One thing more. Please tell Herr von Amann that if he intends his wedding to be the real thing, he should be so kind as to wait until our return in order that what he promised me may come true, that is, that I should dance at his wedding. Farewell. I kiss Mamma's hand. My greetings to all our good friends. (Tell Herr Leutgeb to take the plunge and come to Milan, for he will certainly make his mark here.) But he must come soon. Do not forget to tell him this, for I am very anxious that he should come. Adieu.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

(164) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, *December 5th*, 1772

Signora De Amicis, who sends greetings to you both and also to Adlgasser, turned up very late last night. Her journey from Venice to Milan by mail coach with six horses took a week, as the roads were so flooded and muddy. Unfortunately poor Cordoni, the tenor, is so ill that he cannot come. So the Secretary to the Theatre has been sent off by special post-chaise to Turin and a courier has been despatched to Bologna to find some other good tenor, who, as he has to play the part of Lucio Silla, must not only sing well, but be a first-rate actor and have a handsome presence. As the prima donna only arrived yesterday and as it is not yet known who the tenor will be, you will realise that the major and most important portion of the opera has not yet been composed; but now great strides will be made.

Does Kapellmeister Lolli still conduct in the Cathedral?

We both send greetings to all our good friends in the promised land of Salzburg. We kiss you ten million times through the damp air, for here the weather is rainy, and I am

your old

MZT.

(164a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, *December 5th*, 1772¹

I still have fourteen pieces to compose and then I shall have finished. But indeed the trio and the duet

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

might well count as four. It is impossible for me to write much, as I have no news and, moreover, I do not know what I am writing, for I can think of nothing but my opera and I am in danger of writing down not words but a whole aria. I have greetings to deliver from Herr and Frau von Germani to Mamma, to you and to Adlgasser. I have learnt a new game here in Milan, called: *Mercante in fiera*, and as soon as I come home, we shall play it. I have also learnt from Frau D'Aste a new language which is easy to speak, but troublesome though not impossible to write; it is a little bit childish, but it will do for Salzburg. Addio. Farewell. Remember me to our beautiful Nannie and to the canary, for these two and you are the most innocent creatures in our house. I suppose Fischietti¹ will soon be setting to work at an opera buffa, which, when translated, means "crazy opera". Addio. I kiss Mamma's hand.

(165) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, December 12th, 1772

I received to-day your letter of December 4th. Thank God, we are well, myself especially. During the coming week, while this letter is wending its way to Salzburg, Wolfgang will have his heaviest work. For these blessed theatrical people leave everything to the very last minute. The tenor who is coming from Turin belongs to the King's Cappella.² He is expected about the 14th or 15th and not until he arrives can his four arias be composed

¹ Domenico Fischietti, born 1725 in Naples, was Kapellmeister at Dresden from 1765 until 1772, when he was appointed Kapellmeister at Salzburg, a post which he held until 1783. He composed many comic operas and also oratorios.

² Bassano Morgnoni from Lodi, not from Turin.

for him. Signora De Amicis sends greetings to you both. She is very well satisfied with the three arias which she has had so far. Wolfgang has introduced into her principal aria¹ passages which are unusual, quite unique and extremely difficult and which she sings amazingly well. We are very friendly and intimate with her. I am writing with a wretched pen and very poor ink, as Wolfgang, who is composing at another table, has the good ink. The first rehearsal of the recitatives took place this morning. The second rehearsal will be held when the tenor arrives.

For some time now we have had constant rain here, but during the last three days the weather has been very fine and not at all cold, so that we have not yet had a fire in our hearth. That Wolfgang did not give the minuets to Fräulein Waberl² was an oversight which she will surely forgive, when she remembers that he is a careless fellow, who easily forgets things. But why he found it easier to remember Fräulein Barisani,³ can be explained quite naturally and it is not necessary to give the reason.

We send our cordial greetings to all our good friends and we kiss you both as often as you like it and I assure you most sincerely that until death I shall ever be your admirer

L. MZT.

How is Mlle Zezi?⁴ Does she still take lessons and does Nannerl spend much time with her? I send greetings to Nannerl and a message urging her to practise hard and to teach little Zezi conscientiously. I know well that she herself will benefit if she accustoms herself to teaching

¹ Probably Giunia's aria (no. 11) "Ah se il crudel periglio".

² Barbara Eberlin, a daughter of the late Johann Ernst Eberlin, who had been Kapellmeister in Salzburg.

³ Therese von Barisani, a daughter of Dr. Sylvester von Barisani (1719-1810), private physician to the Archbishop of Salzburg.

⁴ Barbara Zezi, whose father kept a grocer's shop in the Getreidegasse.

someone else very thoroughly and patiently. I am not writing this without a motive.

(166) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *December 18th*, 1772

My greetings to all our good friends. We kiss you both many ten thousand times and I remain your old

MZT.

I am writing this letter to-day, Friday the 18th, for to-morrow we shall hardly have time to write anything, as at half past nine in the morning we are to have the first rehearsal with all the instruments. During the last few days we have had three rehearsals of the recitatives. The tenor arrived only yesterday evening and Wolfgang composed to-day two arias for him and has still two more to do. The second rehearsal takes place on Sunday the 20th, the third on Tuesday the 22nd, and the dress rehearsal on Wednesday the 23rd. On Thursday and Friday there will be no rehearsals; but on Saturday the 26th, the very day on which you will receive this letter, we shall have the first performance of the opera. I am writing to you at eleven o'clock at night and Wolfgang has just finished the second aria for the tenor. We shall celebrate Christmas Eve at supper with Herr and Frau von Germani, who send you greetings and who wish that you were here. We are lunching to-morrow with Herr von Mayr and after lunch I shall still be able to write a few words. Addio. Farewell.

(166a) *Mozart to his Sister**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MILAN, *December 18th, 1772*¹

I hope that you are well, my dear sister. When you receive this letter, my dear sister, that very evening my opera will have been performed, my dear sister. Think of me, my dear sister, and try as hard as you can to imagine that you, my dear sister, are hearing and seeing it too, my dear sister. That is hard, I admit, as it is already eleven o'clock. Otherwise I believe and do not doubt at all that during the day it is brighter than at Easter. We are lunching to-morrow, my dear sister, with Herr von Mayr, and why, do you think? Guess! Why, because he has asked us. The rehearsal to-morrow is at the theatre, but Signor Castiglione, the impresario, has begged me not to tell anyone about it; otherwise a whole crowd of people will come running in and we do not want this. So, my child, I beg you not to mention it to anyone, my child, otherwise too many people will come running in, my child. That reminds me. Have you heard what happened here? I shall tell you. We left Count Firmian's to-day to go home and when we reached our street, we opened the hall door and what do you think we did? Why, we went in. Farewell, my little lung. I kiss you, my liver, and remain as always, my stomach, your unworthy

{frater
brother WOLFGANG

Please, please, my dear sister, something is biting me. Do come and scratch me.

¹ A postscript to his father's letter. In the autograph, lines 2, 4 and 6 are written upside down.

(167) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, December 26th, 1772

We have just this moment risen from table at Madame D'Aste's, with whom we have been lunching and at whose house I am now writing. She sends you greetings. The opera is to begin in about two or three hours' time. May God be gracious! The dress rehearsal the day before yesterday went off so well as to give us reason to hope for the greatest success. The music alone, without the ballets,¹ lasts for four hours. We received your letter to-day and enjoyed all your news. By this post I am also writing to the Chief Steward and to the Archbishop and I am enclosing the opera text. With regard to the <letter to Florence>² there has been a serious misunderstanding. Abbate Augustini took away with him to Rome the whole parcel which he should have handed to Herr Troger here. The result has been that all these things which have only now come back from Rome, have just been sent off to <Florence>. Count Firmian <added a good, strong covering letter, and now we must await the reply>. On the evenings of the 21st, 22nd and 23rd great parties took place in Count Firmian's house, at which all the nobles were present. On each day they went on from five o'clock in the evening until eleven o'clock with continuous vocal and instrumental music. We were among those invited and Wolfgang performed each evening. On the third day, in particular, Wolfgang was called upon to perform, at

¹ According to Köchel, p. 207, Mozart composed for "Lucio Silla" three ballets, the first of which is his unfinished "Le gelosie del seraglio", K. App. 109.

² Leopold Mozart had applied to the Archduke Leopold of Tuscany, who in 1791 became Emperor Leopold II of Austria, for an appointment for his son.

the request of Their Royal Highnesses, immediately after their arrival. Both of them spoke to us for a long time. On all three evenings the greatest houses of the town were illuminated with enormous torches, the bells in the churches near Count Firmian's house played melodies like the carillons in the Netherlands, and in the street there was music with trumpets and drums. This festival was held to celebrate the raising of His Eminence the Bishop of Passau to the dignity of Cardinal.

De Amicis is our best friend. She sings and acts like an angel and is extremely pleased because Wolfgang has served her extraordinarily well. Both you and the whole of Salzburg would be amazed if you could hear her. We kiss you many ten thousand times and in haste I remain
your old

MZT.

(168) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

A Happy New Year!

MILAN, *January 2nd*, 1773

I forgot the other day to wish you a happy New Year, because I was not only in a hurry, but in a condition of absolute confusion. I was preoccupied and absent-minded and at that very moment we were going off to the theatre. The opera was a great success, although on the first evening several very distressing incidents took place. The first hitch was that the performance, which was due to begin one hour after the Angelus, started three hours late, that is—about eight o'clock by German time. Thus it did not finish until two o'clock in the morning. It was only just before the Angelus that the Archduke rose from his mid-day meal and he then had to write with his own hand five letters of New Year greetings to Their Majesties the

Emperor and Empress; and, I ought to mention, he writes very slowly. Picture to yourself the whole theatre which by half past five was so full that not another soul could get in. On the first evening the singers are always very nervous at having to perform before such a distinguished audience. But for three hours singers, orchestra and audience (many of the latter standing) had to wait impatiently in the overheated atmosphere until the opera should begin. Next, the tenor, who was engaged as a stop-gap, is a church singer from Lodi who has never before acted on such a big stage, who has only taken the part of primo tenore a couple of times, and who moreover was only engaged a week before the performance. At the point where in her first aria the prima donna expected from him an angry gesture, he exaggerated his anger so much that he looked as if he was about to box her ears and strike her on the nose with his fist. This made the audience laugh. Signora De Amicis, carried along by her own enthusiasm, did not realise why they were laughing, and, being thus taken aback, did not sing well for the rest of the evening. Further, she was jealous, because as soon as the primo uomo came on the stage, the Archduchess clapped her hands. This was a ruse on the part of that castrato, who had arranged that the Archduchess should be told that he would not be able to sing for nervousness in order that he might thus ensure that the court would encourage and applaud him. To console Signora De Amicis the court summoned her at about noon on the following day and she had an audience with their Royal Highnesses which lasted a whole hour. Only then did the opera begin to go well; and although in the case of a first opera the theatre is usually very empty, on the first six evenings (to-day is the seventh) the hall was so full that it was hardly possible to slip in. Further, the prima donna is still having it all her own way and her arias have to be repeated.

Madame D'Aste, at whose house I am writing, sends greetings and wishes for a happy New Year. We kiss you many millions of times and I am your old

MZT.

Wolfgang sends special greetings to everyone. Thank God, we are well.

(169) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *January 9th*, 1773

That you received no letter from me on one post-day must be due to a mistake at some post office, for I have written to you, as usual, every post-day. So you need not worry, for it may well happen that one letter goes astray. Thank God, the opera is an extraordinary success, and every day the theatre is surprisingly full, although people do not usually flock in large numbers to the first opera unless it is an outstanding success. Every evening arias are repeated and since the first night the opera has gained daily in popularity and has won increasing applause. Count Castelbarco has presented my son with a gold watch to which is attached a beautiful gold chain with a gold chaise and a gold lantern. You never told me that Prince Colloredo was so ill in Vienna. For over a week we have been told here that he was dying, but now we hear that he is somewhat better. People have doubtless kept quiet about this in Salzburg in order not to upset the arrangements for the concerts and the operas.

I am surprised that Leutgeb did not leave Salzburg sooner, if he really intended to do so. Up to the present there is no thought of our leaving here. We may do so at about the end of this month, for we want to hear the

music of the second opera.¹ Thank God, we are both well, and for some time my head has been better. It began to freeze a little two days ago and now we have most beautiful weather. Monsieur and Madame D'Aste and Herr von Troger, Herr Germani and his wife and Signor Maestro Mysliwecek send greetings, and they all long to meet you. Count Castelbarco has given me special messages for both of you. We kiss you many ten million times and I am your old

MZT.

<I hear from Florence that the Grand Duke has received my letter, is giving it sympathetic consideration and will let me know the result. We still live in hopes.>

(169a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *January 9th*, 1773²

When you see Madame D'Aste, Herr Troger, Herr Germani and his wife, please give them my regards. I have greetings for you from Herr von Schiedenhofen, Herr Hefner and from other good friends of blood and bone and especially from the wife of the Court Chancellor. I have no news except that Count Saueran has been made Dean of the Cathedral.³ Addio.

¹ Possibly Mysliwecek's opera "Bellerofonte", which was written in 1773.

² A postscript to his father's letter. A nonsensical note, imitating perhaps the last short one he had had from Nannerl.

³ i.e. of Salzburg.

(170) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, *January 16th*, 1773

His Grace the Archbishop has replied most favourably and has asked me to bring him back a few articles, which I am now procuring and about which I shall write to him by the next post.

Wolfgang's opera has now been performed seventeen times and will be performed about twenty times in all. It was arranged that the second opera was to begin on January 23rd. But as things are going so well and as the management, who at first had contracted for five hundred ducats, have now received more than a thousand, the second opera will not be produced until about the 30th. I must write quickly and only very little, because I have other letters to send off to-day. I am your old

L. MZT.

Monsieur and Madame D'Aste send greetings and so do Signor and Signora Germani. Herr Mysliwecek kisses Nannerl's expert hands. That was the message for her which he gave Wolfgang. Greetings too from De Amicis and her little Giuseppe, for she has been married for over five years.¹

<There is little hope of what I wrote to you. God will help us. But do save money and keep cheerful, for we must have means, if we want to undertake a journey. I regret every farthing which we spend in Salzburg. Up to the present no reply has come from the Grand Duke, but we know from the Count's letter to Troger that there is very little likelihood of our getting work in Florence. Yet I still trust that at least he will recommend us.>

¹ She married Buonsolazzi, a Neapolitan official.

Farewell. We must go out for a drive and the carriage is at the door.

(170a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, January 16th, 1773¹

I for have the primo a uomo² motet compose which to to-morrow at Church the Theatine performed be will. Keep well, I you beg. Farewell. Addio. I³ sorry to any My to our friends, am not have news. greetings all good male and Fare I Mamma's I you a female. well. kiss hand. kiss too thousand times am always faithful at and as your brother Milan.

(171) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, January 23rd, 1773

I am writing in bed, for during the last week I have been plagued with acute rheumatism and have had to lie up. The pain began in the joint of the left thigh, moved down after a few days to the left knee and has now settled in the right knee. The only remedy I have tried is burr root tea, three or four large glasses of which I drink every day. I have to lie on the mattress, for the room is often even colder than the street outside. The most distressing circumstance is that I have to cover these painful thighs with cloaks, furs and so forth in order to keep warm

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Mozart composed for Rauzzini the motet "Exsultate, jubilate", K. 165.

³ The solution of Mozart's jumble is as follows: write "I" over "am", "sorry" over "not", "and" over "female", "a" over "thousand", "times" over "and" and then read up and down.

and perspire, because I have only been given one or two single blankets. So I am lying wrapped in my dressing-gown and furs in order to keep warm, and you can imagine how heavy they are on my feet and how uncomfortable it is for me when I want to move. After you receive this letter, do not write to Milan any more, because with God's help I hope to be able to leave during the first week of February, unless the copyists detain me for the music which has to be copied for His Grace and which they cannot undertake at present, as they are busy with work for the theatre. For the second opera does not begin until January 30th. Wolfgang is sorry that Leutgeb will arrive too late to hear his work. The theatre is extraordinarily crowded and the opera is being performed twenty-six times. The remaining performances will be kept for the second opera. On Fridays and on one or two holy days there are no performances. (I have sent Wolfgang's opera to the Grand Duke in Florence. Even if there is no hope of obtaining anything from him, I trust that he will recommend us. But if it is all in vain, we shall not go under, for God will help us. I have already thought out some plans.) We kiss you both many tens of thousands of times and I am your old

MZT.

(171a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *January 23rd, 1773*¹

Signor and Signora D'Aste, Signor and Signora Germani, Signor Mysliwecek and Signora De Amicis have asked me to send you their compliments and regards. I beg you to tell Johann Hagenauer from me not to doubt that I will certainly visit that armourer's shop and see

This letter is in Italian.

whether they have anything he wants and that, if I find it, I shall not fail to bring it home with me. I am vexed that Leutgeb left Salzburg too late to see a performance of my opera; and perhaps he will miss us too, unless we meet on the way. The first orchestral rehearsal of the second opera took place yesterday evening, but I only heard the first act, since, as it was late, I left at the beginning of the second. In this opera there are to be twenty-four horses and a great crowd of people on the stage, so that it will be a miracle if some accident does not happen. I like the music, but I do not know whether the public will like it, for only people connected with the theatre have been allowed to attend the first rehearsal. I hope that my father will be able to go out to-morrow. This evening the weather is very bad. Signora Teiber¹ is now in Bologna. She is singing in Turin during the coming carnival and the following year she will go and sing in Naples. My compliments to all my friends. Kiss my mother's hands for me. I have no more news. Farewell. Excuse my bad writing, but my pen is not worth a straw.

(172) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *January 30th*, 1773

We have received no letter to-day, unless the courier from Rome who passes through Mantua happens to deliver something—as he sometimes brings with him letters from Germany which have been left behind in Mantua. If not, your letter, assuming that you wrote one, will arrive about Wednesday. You will see from my

¹ Elisabeth Teiber (1750– ?), one of a large family of Viennese musicians, who were the children of Matthäus Teiber (1711–1785), a famous violinist in the service of the Austrian court.

handwriting that I am scrawling this in bed, as I am still laid up with this accursed rheumatism and am suffering like a dog. Patience is the patron saint of all cowards. The pious proverb says: Better here than there. But I say—better there than here, because a rheumaticky person who is perspiring in bed cannot appreciate a cold room, which is even colder than the street. Though indeed I should not like an overheated room either. To-day the second opera is being performed for the second time, and I am very unhappy at not being able to hear it. I am sending Wolfgang to Herr Germani's box and in the meantime I myself shall have to mope at home. We have had dreadfully rainy weather for some days. But yesterday, January 29th, the most beautiful weather returned and now it is more warm than cold. If my health had allowed me to do so, I should have left here during the first days of February. But now I must count myself lucky if I get away on the 10th or 12th, for this is the most dangerous season for my illness, as in the Tyrol I shall meet with more snow and fresh air than I require. Wolfgang is well, and this very moment, as I write, he is turning one somersault after another. We kiss you many hundred thousand times and I am your old

MZT.

<I have received no further reply from the Grand Duke in Florence. What I wrote about my illness is all quite untrue. I was in bed for a few days, but now I am well and am off to the opera this evening. You must, however, spread the news everywhere that I am ill. You should cut off this scrap of paper so that it may not fall into the hands of others.>¹

¹ Frau Mozart did not do so.

(173) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MILAN, February 6th, 1773

I had certainly hoped to leave here at the beginning of next week and thus to see you before the end of the carnival. But this accursed rheumatism has settled in my right shoulder and, as I cannot do anything for myself, I am making no progress. So you can imagine how I feel, the more so as the weather is now frightfully cold and there is a bitter wind that goes through you. We have no means of heating our room, not even a fireplace. I can only try to keep myself warm in a bed covered with fur and clothes, on which even our footbags are piled up. Nevertheless I shall endeavour, if it is possible, to leave at the end of next week and hope to be in Salzburg for the last three days of the carnival. I say, *if it is possible*, for, if my rheumatism is not completely cured, I must not attempt in this cold weather to start on so long a journey, which will take us through the Tyrol, where the cold will undoubtedly be bitter and where I must run the risk of having possibly to lie up in some wretched inn on the way. Meanwhile I presume that this will be my last letter from Milan. I should like you to find an opportunity of speaking to the Chief Steward, to Count Sauerau or to Countess von Arco¹ and of informing them, with my most humble greetings, of my indisposition. This is the more important as enquiries have been made about our arrival. I shall certainly leave Milan as soon as I can.

Wolfgang is composing a quartet,² and I am relieved

¹ Wife of Count Georg Anton Felix von Arco, Chief Chamberlain to the Archbishop.

² Probably K. 157 or 158.

that I have written this letter. We kiss you many hundred million times and I am your old disabled

MZT.

⟨Thank God, we are well. I cannot start on my journey, as I must await the arrival of a courtier from Florence. Leutgeb has not yet reached Milan. Meanwhile you must cultivate our friendship with Count Sauerau.⟩

(174) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *February 13th, 1773*

My rheumatism which moved to my right shoulder has settled down there much more obstinately than when I had it in my thighs and knees. Nor have I been able to treat it so well, for in an icy cold room it is easier to keep one's feet warm in bed than one's shoulders. I was in constant dread lest I should suffer again as dreadfully as I did ten years ago when for fourteen whole weeks I had these cruel pains in both shoulders. Thank God, I trust that this attack will not be so bad, for the pains have already become less acute. But I cannot use my right arm and, as Wolfgang is not able to do much for me or even for himself, you can realise what fun we are having. I would have written to the Chief Steward and humbly requested him to apologise to His Grace for our belated return to Salzburg, but I can assure you that it is impossible for me to compose a single line of good sense without getting feverish and that I cannot write even a few words neatly. So please find an opportunity of laying our humble request before His Excellency and of assuring him that we shall leave as soon as possible.

Leutgeb arrived late one evening a week ago and on

the following Sunday he came to call on us. I have not seen him for the last two days, as he is staying with the painter Martin Knoller,¹ a good quarter of an hour from this house. He pays nothing for his lodging. So far he has arranged his affairs pretty well and he will make quite a fortune here, for he is extraordinarily popular. If the concert takes place which the courtiers want to arrange for him, I wager that he will get one hundred cigliati on the spot. The Archduke too wants to hear him.

I am tired of holding my pen, and though my hands and feet are cold, my head is hot. So I must close. We kiss you many thousand times and I am your old

MZT.

We are showering sugared words on the copyist to encourage him to finish the score of Wolfgang's opera, so that we may take it home with us. But we do not yet know whether we shall be so lucky.

(175) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *February 20th, 1773*

Alas, we are still in Milan! I sent a letter to-day to the Chief Steward and I found it difficult to write legibly. My rheumatism now makes me impatient. We shall have to travel through the Tyrol where I hear that the snow is very thick and I fear that we may be overwhelmed by an

¹ Martin Knoller (1725-1804) was born at Steinach in Tyrol, studied in Italy and in 1765 settled in Milan, where he made a great reputation as a painter of portraits and historical subjects. He became court painter to Count Firmian, Governor-General of Lombardy, and, with the exception of a short visit to Vienna in 1790, remained in Milan for the rest of his life. It is possible that he painted the ivory miniature of Mozart, which was formerly in the possession of the latter's sister and is now in the Mozart Museum, Salzburg.

avalanche, as milder weather is coming. So you can understand that as soon as my health permits I shall leave. I have no more news for you except that, thank God, Wolfgang is well. I am your old

MZT.

(176) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MILAN, *February 27th*, 1773

I can only write a few words to-day, for it is the last day of carnival and Lent begins in March. So it is just as if everyone here were going mad. We are leaving in two or three days and I am sending you this letter as an enclosure in one to Spitzeder, so that you may say that you have received no word from me and that therefore you think that we have probably left already. We must, and we want to arrive in Salzburg on the evening of Election day, March 13th.¹ As for the affair you know of there is nothing to be done.² I shall tell you all when we meet. God has probably some other plan for us. You cannot think into what confusion our departure has thrown me. Indeed I find it hard to leave Italy.

M. and Mme D'Aste send their greetings. We kiss you many 100,000 times and I am your old

MZT.

I shall write to you on our journey.

¹ The first anniversary of the election of the new Archbishop, Hieronymus Colloredo.

² Leopold Mozart is alluding to his application to the Archduke Leopold of Tuscany.

Mozart's eighth journey was to Vienna, whither, owing to the absence from Salzburg of Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo, his father accompanied him in the hope of obtaining for him an appointment at the Viennese court. This hope was not realised. During his two months' stay in Vienna, Mozart composed a second series of six string quartets. This visit, which lasted from July 14th to September 26th, 1773, is described in joint letters from father and son to Frau Mozart and Nannerl. Letters 177-188.

(177) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *July 21st, 1773*¹

When we arrived in Vienna old Frau Fischer happened to be at table, for they take their supper at six o'clock. Her daughter and her son-in-law were in Baden² and only returned last Monday. She knew nothing whatever about our arrival, for the letter had been written to her daughter and lay there unopened, because so far she had had no opportunity of forwarding it to her. But the old lady was extraordinarily pleased to see us and was only sorry that you and Nannerl had not come too. She and her daughter send their greetings and, together with our own wishes, 100,000 wishes for your and Nannerl's name-day.³ We shall drink the health of Your Highness and celebrate your name-day in the Landstrasse.⁴ We have fine rooms here and everything we require. We lunched on Sunday with young Mesmer⁵ in the company of Herr von Heufeld.⁶ Nobody recognised Wolfgang, for each time I let him go in alone. You can picture to yourself their joy in the Landstrasse at seeing us. Everywhere it has been the same. We found Fräulein Franzl⁷ in bed. She is really very much emaciated and if she has another

¹ The Mozarts left Salzburg on July 14th.

² A watering-place near Vienna.

³ July 26th.

⁴ i.e. with Dr. Mesmer's family. They lived in a magnificent house in the Landstrasse, which belonged to his wife's mother-in-law, Frau von Posch.

⁵ Joseph Mesmer, a cousin of Dr. Mesmer, who founded the Vienna Reform School.

⁶ Franz von Heufeld (1731-1795), a well-known dramatist and writer, who since 1769 had been manager of the Deutsches Theater in Vienna.

⁷ One of Dr. Mesmer's patients, whom he eventually cured.

illness of this kind, she will be done for! Herr von Posch¹ has got a post in the War Department in Brünn. Mme von Mesmer has lost her mother-in-law.² She can use the interest on the whole property, but she can neither sell houses nor touch the capital. The Mesmers are all well and in good form as usual. Herr von Mesmer,³ at whose house we lunched on Monday, played to us on Miss Davies's harmonica or glass instrument and played very well. It cost him about fifty ducats and it is very beautifully made. His garden is extremely fine, with views and statues, a theatre, an aviary, a pigeon-house and, at the top, a belvedere looking right over the Prater. We dined with them on Saturday and also on Monday. They all send their greetings. I must close, for I have still time to write a few lines to young Herr von Andretter⁴ and to send him the beginning of the Finalmusik.⁵ We kiss you both many 10,000,000 times and I am your old

MZT.

(178) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

VIENNA, August 12th, 1773

I have received all your letters.

Her Majesty the Empress was very gracious to us, but that was all. I am saving up a full account until our return,

¹ Dr. Mesmer's stepson.

² Frau von Posch, to whom the famous house in the Landstrasse had belonged.

³ Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer (1734-1814), born at Ignanz on Lake Constance, was educated at the Jesuit College of Dillingen and proceeded to study medicine at the Universities of Ingolstadt and Vienna. In 1768 he married a wealthy widow, Frau von Posch, and settled in her mother-in-law's house in the Landstrasse. He soon made a tremendous reputation for cures by magnetism.

⁴ Cajetan Andretter, a son of Johann Ernst von Andretter, War Councillor at the Salzburg court.

⁵ K. 185, written for the occasion of Cajetan Andretter's wedding.

for it is impossible for me to give it in writing. His Grace¹ returns to-day from Laxenburg. He will spend a few days with his father in Sierndorf and then go back to Salzburg. But he will hardly leave before next Saturday or Sunday, and thus will not arrive in Salzburg until next week. You will hear by the next post when we shall leave. If we do not leave next Monday, we shall not get home before the beginning of September. I shall know to-day or to-morrow. Meanwhile Fräulein Franzl has again been dangerously ill and blisters had to be applied to her arms and feet. She is so much better now that she has knitted in bed a red silk purse for Wolfgang which she has given him as a remembrance. She sends greetings, as they all do, the whole litany of the Landstrasse, the two Frau Fischers and Herr Fischer, Posch and so forth. Young Mesmer's boy is really talented, so much so that if only he were my son or at least lived with me, he would get on. As for the girl, she is none other than the daughter of Dr. Auenbrugger or rather his elder daughter. Both of them, and in particular the eldest, play extraordinarily well and are thoroughly musical. We dine with them occasionally. The family, however, do not draw a subsidy from the Empress. Young Mesmer has a good appointment. He is in charge of the organisation of the Normalschulen of all the Imperial hereditary dominions, the governor of which is a nobleman. Do you know that Herr von Mesmer² plays Miss Davies's harmonica unusually well? He is the only person in Vienna who has learnt it and he possesses a much finer glass instrument than Miss Davies does. Wolfgang too has played upon it. How I should like to have one! On the feast of St. Cajetan³ the Fathers invited us to luncheon and to the service; and, because the organ was not good enough for an organ concerto,

¹ The Archbishop of Salzburg.

² Dr. Anton Mesmer.

³ August 7th.

Wolfgang borrowed from Herr Teiber¹ a violin and a concerto which he was impudent enough to play. On the octave of the feast of St. Ignatius² one of Wolfgang's masses, the Dominicus mass,³ was performed at the Jesuits, Auf Dem Hof. I conducted it and it was very well received. We are delighted that the Finalmusik⁴ went off well.

Wolfgang will express his thanks to Herr Meisner later on. Meanwhile we send him our greetings.

Now I have sent you a great deal of news. We kiss you many 100000 times and I am your old

MZT.

(178a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, August 12th, 1773⁵

Hodie nous avons begegnet per strada Dominum Edelbach,⁶ welcher uns di voi compliments ausgerichtet hat, et qui sich tibi et ta mère empfehlen lässt. Addio.

W. M.

(179) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, August 14th, 1773

I received to-day your letter of the 10th. On Tuesday His Grace will leave Sierndorf, where he is staying with his father, and will arrive here on Wednesday evening or

¹ Probably Anton Teiber (1754-1822), the eldest son of Matthäus Teiber (1711-1785) and brother of the singers Elizabeth and Therese Teiber. Anton Teiber became a famous violinist and composer in the service of the Viennese court.

² August 7th.

³ K. 66, the mass which Mozart wrote in 1769 for his friend Cajetan (Dominicus) Hagenauer, who had just entered the monastery of St. Peter and had to conduct his first service.

⁴ K. 185.

⁵ A postscript to his father's letter.

⁶ Benedikt Schlossgängl von Edelbach (1748- ?), a son of Franz Josef Schlossgängl von Edelbach, Professor of Law at Salzburg University.

early on Thursday. You ask when we shall return? Not yet, for His Grace has given us permission to stay on here. Von Mesmer's cousin, who is also called Mesmer, is a travelling cook in the service of the Archbishop. He arrived in Salzburg about a fortnight before the departure of the latter, and left with him at once for Vienna. He was commissioned by Herr and Frau von Mesmer to visit us in Salzburg and to deliver a thousand kind messages, but he has now excused himself on the ground that he called on us and found nobody at home. This time he will go to see you at once, as he is the bearer of innumerable messages from us all. You will notice that he is rather like young Mesmer, that he is very refined, has an aristocratic bearing and for a cook is rather proud.

After a great deal of rain we now have fine weather at last and during these few days it has been extraordinarily warm. The Mesmers and all that gang send their greetings; likewise the two Frau Fischers and Herr Fischer. We kiss you many hundred thousand times and I am your old
MZT.

The whole families of Martinez¹ and Bonno send their greetings to you, weather permitting.²

(179a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

*August 14th, 1773*³

I hope, my queen, that you are enjoying the highest degree of health and that now and then or rather, some-

¹ The family of Niccolò Martinez, master of ceremonies to the Papal Nuncio in Vienna. During his long stay in Vienna, from 1730 to 1782, Metastasio lived with this family. One of the daughters, Marianne Martinez, became an accomplished musician, whose talents are enthusiastically described by Burney, *Present State of Music in Germany, etc.*, 2nd edition, 1775, vol. i. p. 310 ff. ² The last two words are an addition in Mozart's handwriting.

³ A postscript to his father's letter.

times, or, better still, occasionally, or, even better still, qualche volta, as the Italians say, you will sacrifice for my benefit some of your important and intimate thoughts, which ever proceed from that very fine and clear reasoning power, which in addition to your beauty, and although from a woman, and particularly from one of such tender years, almost nothing of the kind is ever expected, you possess, O queen, so abundantly as to put men and even greybeards to shame. There now, you have a well-turned sentence. Farewell.

WOLFGANG MOZART

(180) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *August 21st, 1773*

A good friend of Herr Fischer has invited him and ourselves to Baden. As we have never seen that part of the world, we are lunching to-day with Herr Fischer and are driving out there after lunch, returning to-morrow (Sunday) evening. We have hired two carriages, one of which will take Herr Fischer, his wife and our two selves, and the other, Herr Teiber¹ and his family.

I could not write by the last post as we had a big concert in the garden of the Landstrasse. Fräulein Franzl has now had a second relapse from which she has again recovered. It is amazing how she can stand so much bleeding and so many medicines, blisters, convulsions, fainting fits and so forth, for she is nothing but skin and bone. Herr von Mesmer is adding three new rooms on the ground floor in order that he may be able to live down-

¹ Matthäus Teiber (1711-1785), violinist in the service of the Viennese court and father of Anton Teiber, violinist, Franz Teiber, organist, and the singers Elisabeth and Therese Teiber.

stairs during the winter, since although an enormous amount of wood is burnt upstairs, the rooms never get warmed up. You probably did not write last post-day, as I received no letter. To-day's post has not yet arrived. Let me know when the Archbishop leaves Salzburg. We kiss you 100000 times and I am your old

MZT.

I have this moment received your letter. If I had known Frau von Mesmer's¹ circumstances which, as you know, *were very doubtful*, I could have brought you both with us. But not only was it impossible for me to know them, but there were other difficulties. Both the Mesmers² in the Landstrasse and Frau Fischer wanted to have you as their guests; but how should we have got home? You could have come to Vienna by water, or more quickly, but rather inconveniently, by mail coach. But how could you have returned? And what a fearful sensation this would have made in Salzburg! You can rest assured that your visit would have given great pleasure to us and to all our good friends in Vienna. But now it is no longer worth while and we are not in a position to meet any great expenditure. If we had had some prospects or if we had made some money, I should certainly have written to you to come. But there are many matters about which one cannot write. Moreover we must avoid anything which might create a stir or provoke any suspicion either here or in particular at Salzburg, or which might give someone an opportunity to put a spoke in our wheel.

We do not know ourselves when we shall leave. It may be soon, but there may be some delay. It depends on circumstances which I may not enumerate. God willing,

¹ i.e. Dr. Mesmer's wife, who was wealthy.

² The two Mesmer families, that of the doctor and that of the inspector of schools.

we shall certainly be home by the end of September. Things must and will alter. Be comforted and keep well! God will help us!

Should the Archbishop stay away for a long time, we shall not hurry home.

(180a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *August 21st, 1773*¹

If one considers the favour of Time and if at the same time one does not forget completely the respect due to the sun, then it is certain that, praise and thanks be to God, I am well. But the second sentence is quite different, if for "sun" we put "moon" and for "favour" we put "art". In this case anyone who is blessed with a little common sense will conclude that I am a fool, because you are my sister. How is Miss Bimbess?² Please give her all sorts of messages from me. My greetings to all my good friends. I have to deliver greetings too from Herr and Frau von Mesmer, Brean, Grill, Saliet, Steigentesch, Stesskamm, Sepperl and Fräulein Franzl to Mamma and to you and to Herr von Schiedenhofen. I have all sorts of messages too from Mr. Greibich,³ whose acquaintance we first made at Pressburg and later in Vienna, and from Her Majesty the Empress, Frau Fischer and Prince Kaunitz. Oidda. Gnagflow Trazom.

Anneiv, Tsugua, ts12, 3771

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Bimbess or Bimperl was the Mozarts' fox-terrier bitch.

³ He was first violin in the Emperor Joseph II's string quartet.

(181) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

VIENNA, August 25th, 1773

I am astonished to hear that Madame Rosa has left for Vienna. I have not yet seen her, as I do not know where she is living; presumably with Hofvergolter. Herr von Mölk, whom I went to see to-day, knew as little about her as I did. But did no shimmer of an idea occur to you, prompting you to make use of this convenient opportunity to send a cloth travelling coat of mine down the river? You could have sent, for instance, my English redbrown coat with the golden paillettes and Wolfgang's grey coat. I am writing in a great hurry at young Mesmer's house, where we lunched to-day to celebrate the eighth anniversary of their wedding day and where we drank your healths. The Mesmers went off to-day to the Rotmühle. We shall visit them there if we have time, and we shall bring the Teibers with us, as the daughter sings and the son plays the violin. All that Nannerl writes about corselets, caps and so forth I shall see to as far as possible, but my purse is getting emptier. As my figure becomes stouter, my purse becomes thinner, for you may well believe that I am getting visibly fatter. Take care of yourselves. We kiss you many 10000000 times and I am your old

MZT.

At the moment Wolfgang is playing the clavier, so he cannot write.

We returned from Baden on Monday in time for lunch. All our friends there send their greetings to you. Fräulein Franzl has now recovered.

(182) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

VIENNA, August 28th, 1773

We met Madame Rosa on Thursday evening on the Bastei, where we happened to be with Herr von Mölk. The good lady treated us very distantly, as she was arm in arm with a certain Rosa, painter of animals and inspector of picture galleries. We often go to see Mr. De L'Augier, who sends greetings to both of you. Baden is a tiny town, where there are very many baths, like those of Gastein, but built more conveniently. Most of the houses are constructed so as to have rooms which can be let to visitors who want board and lodging. Frau Schultz, whose husband, poor old blind fellow, died in Baden, and who then married some good-natured idiot, is the principal comic actress at the theatre and now acts very well, although in her youth she was very mediocre. The Mesmers are at the Rotmühle, where Fräulein Franzl will probably fall ill again and possibly die. Not only she but also her sister are constantly at the Mesmers'. We kiss you many 100,000,000 times and I am your old
MZT.

To-morrow we are lunching with Herr Noverre.¹ Herr Becke, the flautist, also sends his regards.

(183) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

VIENNA, September 4th, 1773

Now it is all up with the poor Jesuits! I call them poor, for only those who were the leaders, I mean, the rabbis

¹ Jean Georges Noverre (1727-1810), a famous dancer and leader of the ballet at the Opéra Comique in Paris. From 1755 he toured in France, Ger-

and the whole *corpus religionis*, could be called rich. The ordinary members had nothing. The Jesuit monastery Auf Dem Hof must be cleared out by September 16th. The church treasure, their wine-cellars and, in fact, their entire property have already been sealed up, for the Jesuit Order has been suppressed. But they may dress as secular priests and it is said that each priest will have three hundred gulden a year, which is not so bad. If he gets masses as well, a young Jesuit can find a pretty room and a nice housekeeper, for otherwise he will not have very much to do, as they will no longer be allowed to preach or to hear confession. The public is very much distressed. I hear that a Papal Brief is to be published to the effect that on pain of excommunication no one is to write or even speak a word against their suppression.¹ On the other hand, many good Catholics are of the opinion that except in matters of faith His Holiness the Pope has no right to command and that it may truly be said that they would not have been interfered with if they had been as poor as the poor Capuchins. For in Rome they have already begun to appropriate Jesuit property *ad pias causas*; but that was an easy matter, for even if the Pope takes it for himself, it is being used *ad causas pias*. The Viennese court would not accept the first Papal Brief, because, as I hear, it contained the statement, *that the possessions of the Jesuits should be used ad causas pias*. Well, as the court refused to have laws dictated to it, His Holiness has given His Majesty a free hand to use the possessions of the Jesuits as he likes. Everything is still in great confusion and no one knows who will get the

many and Italy until finally in 1776 he settled for good in Paris as maître des ballets en chef at the Paris opera. He considerably improved the ballet by introducing dramatic action. See H. Abert, *Noverre und sein Einfluss auf die dramatische Ballettkomposition*, Jahrbuch Peters, 1908.

¹ Probably Leopold Mozart is referring to the famous Papal Brief "Dominus ac Redemptor" of July 21st, 1773.

churches and the schools. And, be it noted, the same thing applies to all the Imperial territories.¹

Herr Gassmann² has been ill, but is now better. I do not know how this will affect our stay in Vienna. Fools everywhere are but fools!³ We and all the others send greetings, and I am your old

MOZART

We shall not stay here much longer. By the next post I shall write more about our plans. I must close. Wolfgang has no time to scribble anything, for we are almost missing the post.

(184) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *September 8th*, 1773

I am very much obliged to the citizens of Salzburg who are so anxious for my return. In that case I shall go back with greater pleasure and shall walk about the whole night in the illuminated town, so that the lights may not burn in vain. At least I shall find the lock in the hall door more easily, for I suppose that the illuminations will be so arranged that we shall have the good fortune to find a lantern at the street corner.

God willing, I shall leave at the end of next week. But as I have often done this journey and have never been to Mariazell, it may be that I shall return home through that

¹ For a full account of the attitude of the Austrian court to the dissolution of the Jesuit order, see Ludwig Freiherr von Pastor, *Geschichte der Päpste*, 1932, vol. xvi., section 1, p. 191 ff.

² Florian Leopold Gassmann (1729-1774), who since 1771 had been Kapellmeister to the Viennese court, died on January 20th, 1774. His successor was Josef Bonno (1710-1788).

³ Leopold Mozart is alluding to the suspicions of some people in Salzburg who were connecting his son's visit to Vienna with Gassmann's illness.

village and through St. Wolfgang,¹ in order to show our Wolfgang the pilgrimage church of his patron saint, which he has not yet seen, and St. Gilgen,² the famous birthplace of his mother. But whether we shall do this or not you will learn from my next letters. So, whatever happens, we shall arrive, God willing, during the week of September 24th or 25th.

Little Wolfgang has no time to write, for he has nothing to do. He is walking up and down the room like a dog with fleas.³

Concerto
per violino obbligato
e stromenti
del sig. Giuseppe Mysliwecek
detto il Boemo
= Basso =

P.S.—That is what my writing-pad looks like. We both send greetings to all our good friends and we kiss you many 1000000 times and I remain your old

MOZART

There will be some delay over the departure of the Jesuit Fathers until everything has been set in order. It is said that they may still act as court preachers and so forth, provided that they go about as lay priests. I shall bring with me a printed copy of the Bull. The millions which the Church is getting from the Jesuits will whet its appetite and make it lay hands on the revenues of a few other religious orders.

¹ A small village on the Wolfgangsee, about 30 miles from Salzburg.

² Another village on the Wolfgangsee, where Nannerl went to live after her marriage in 1784.

³ These two sentences are in Mozart's handwriting.

(185) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

The Jesuits are beginning to leave their monasteries. The Court Fathers, those who preached in the Stefanskirche, and six confessors left yesterday and will perform their duties next Sunday as usual, but in lay priests' clothes; for the order which has been issued to the higher Jesuits is that no one in the garb of a Jesuit may either hear confession or preach. To-day I am too much out of humour and too stupid to write any more.¹ We kiss you many 100000 times and I am your old

M.Z.T.

(186) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

VIENNA, September 15th, 1773

The weather here is now becoming rather cool, especially in the morning and in the evening. On the whole, wine, fruit and vegetables have had a surprisingly good season and wine is actually being sold at six kreutzer per measure, solely in order to get empty vats. In Hungary there has been a glut of wheat, but the hay has been much poorer than usual. The Jesuit Fathers are already going about as lay priests in long black robes and cloaks with Italian collars.

His Majesty the Emperor, travelling from Poland through Moravia, arrived here last Monday morning shortly after seven o'clock. It was in a way a surprise, as

¹ The first portion of this letter, which has been omitted, describes in detail the death of Dr. Niderl, a Salzburg doctor and a friend of the Mozart family, which Leopold Mozart felt very deeply.

he was not expected until October. It is a fact that the Russians have been thoroughly beaten a few times by the Turks, so that they now want to recall their troops in Poland.¹ Meanwhile the Prussians are to occupy the Russian portion of Poland. We and all our friends here send greetings to all of you, both at home and elsewhere. So far I have not been out to the Rotmühle, although the Mesmers have been there for a long time and Fräulein Franzl nearly died there again. We kiss you a million times and I am your old

MZT.

(186a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

*September 15th, 1773*²

Praise and thanks be to God, we are quite well. Although we are busy, we are snatching some of our time to write to you. We hope that you are well too. Dr. Niderl's death made us very sad and indeed we wept, howled, groaned and moaned. Our regards to all good souls who praise the Lord God, and to all our good friends. We remain, yours graciously,

WOLFGANG

From our Residence, Vienna.³

September 15th, 1773.

¹ In 1773 Catherine the Great ordered Rumyantsov to cross the Danube, which he did, unwillingly, in June. He besieged Silistria but was obliged to retire and, harassed by the Turks, barely escaped disaster while recrossing the river. There is, however, no evidence for Leopold Mozart's statement that the Russians were obliged to withdraw their troops from that part of Poland which they were occupying as a result of the First Partition of 1772.

² A postscript to his father's letter.

³ Mozart is probably poking fun at the Salzburg Archbishop.

stewards and chamberlains, and the hunchbacked Jesuit apothecary is now apothecary in the Spanish hospital, where he is paid seven hundred gulden and is given full board.

We have not yet been able to go to the Rotmühle and I hardly think that we shall have time to do so. We kiss you many 1000000 times and I am your old

MZT.

Wolfgang is composing something most enthusiastically.¹

(188) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

VIENNA, *September 22nd*, 1773

I see that I shall not be able to leave before Friday, or perhaps even Saturday. To-day at last we drove out to the Rotmühle at about half past eleven in the morning and returned after seven in the evening. So it will be impossible to make all our arrangements to-morrow. Hence I shall probably leave on Saturday. All our friends send you their greetings! I cannot think of anything else to tell you. I am writing in great haste at the house of young Herr Mesmer, with whose wife we went to the Rotmühle.

Farewell to you all! I am hurrying so as not to miss the post. This will be my last letter. We kiss you many 1000000 times and I am your old

MZT.

¹ Either his string quartet K. 172 or, more probably, the choruses for Baron von Gebler's drama "Thamos, König von Ägypten", K. 345, a work which Mozart took up again in Salzburg in 1779. See WSF, vol. ii. p. 98 ff.

Mozart's ninth journey was to Munich, where he carried out a commission to write an opera buffa, "La Finta Giardiniera", for the 1774-1775 carnival season. His father accompanied him, and his sister Nannerl joined them three weeks later in order to see the first performance. This visit, which lasted from December 6th, 1774, to March 8th, 1775, is described in joint letters from father and son to Frau Mozart. Letters 189-203.

(189) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Copy in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

MUNICH, *December 9th, 1774*

We reached Wasserburg at nine in the evening and, although we only left at eight o'clock next morning, we arrived safely in Munich on the following day, Wednesday, at about half past three in the afternoon.¹ Our lodging is small but quite comfortable.² Herr von Pernat shows us indeed more courtesy and honour than we deserve and it is quite evident that out of real friendship he is in many ways sacrificing his convenience to us. So far I have nothing to tell you about the opera.³ We only made the acquaintance to-day of the people connected with it, all of whom, and in particular Count Seeau,⁴ were very kind to us. Thank God, we are well. As to Nannerl, to whom I send greetings, I have nothing to write to you. Up to the present I have no prospect of finding a lodging for her. Besides we have been here too short a time. We kiss you both and I am your old

MOZART

¹ The Mozarts had left Salzburg on December 6th.

² The Mozarts were lodging with Johann Nepomuk von Pernat, canon of the Frauenkirche in Munich, who lived in Bellvall's house.

³ Mozart's opera buffa "*La finta giardiniera*", on a text by Raniero da Calzabigi, Gluck's famous librettist. The libretto had already been set to music by Pasquale Anfossi and performed in Rome in 1774.

⁴ Joseph Anton, Count von Seeau, Privy Councillor, was at that time Intendant or Controller of operatic and dramatic performances at the Electoral Court. From 1778 until his death in 1799 he was manager of the Munich National Theatre.

(190) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, December 14th, 1774

Thank God, we are well. I have not yet been able to find a suitable lodging for Nannerl, for one has to be very careful in Munich. Another difficulty has arisen, and in this respect Munich resembles Salzburg. An opera, for which the public has to pay, cannot be performed here more than twice in succession, for otherwise the attendance would be poor. So for two or three weeks other operas have to be performed and then the first one may be trotted out again, just as is done in the case of plays and ballets. Thus the singers know the parts of at least twenty operas which are performed in turn, and at the same time they study a new one. So Wolfgang's will not be produced before Christmas and probably the first performance will be on the 29th.¹ It is thus possible that Nannerl may not see it at all. For once the carnival is in full swing, only light and short operettas are performed on a small stage, which is rigged up in the Salle de Redoute. Here people gather in masks, here there are numbers of gambling tables and there is perpetual noise, conversation and gambling. Nothing sensible is ever performed there, because no one pays any attention. I shall tell you more about this later on. Please look up the two Litanies De Venerabili Altaris Sacramento, which are performed in the Hours. There is one of mine in D major (the score will surely be with it), a recent one which begins with the violin and double bass staccato (you know the one I mean); at the Agnus Dei the second violin has triplet notes the whole time. Then you will find Wolfgang's

¹ "La finta giardiniera" was not performed until January 13th, 1775.

great Litany.¹ The score is with it, bound in blue paper. Make quite sure that all the parts are there, for these two Litanies are to be performed here in the Hours on New Year's Day. You should hand them in at the post on Saturday evening, for the mail coach leaves on Sunday. Write this address on the parcel:

À

Monsieur Jean Nepomuc de Pernat, chanoine et
grand custos de Notre Dame
à Munich.

We kiss you many 1000 times and send greetings to everybody everywhere and I am your old

MZT.

(191) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *December 16th–17th, 1774*

I have now found a lodging for Nannerl, and where do you think it is? With Madame, or rather Widow von Durst, formerly the wife of a salt merchant at Reichenhall, whom Herr von Molk drove over to visit so often and whom we frequently heard him mention. She is a young woman of about twenty-six or twenty-eight, a brunette, with dark eyes, very retiring, sensible and well read. She does not care for the society of philanderers and she is very courteous and pleasant. And who do you think helped me to find this lodging? Herr von Dufresne.² He asked me why I had not brought Nannerl with me and I told him that she would

¹ K. 125. *Litaniae de venerabili altaris sacramento*, composed in March 1772. It was modelled on his father's Litany.

² Franz Dufresne, a Munich Court Councillor.

indeed have an opportunity of coming over to Munich with Madame von Robinig, but that, as we were now living with Herr von Pernat, I did not know where to put her. He thought it over and finally said that he knew of a room in the house of Frau von Durst, that he would discuss it with her at the next opportunity and hear what she had to say, and that he was very hopeful, seeing that she lived quite alone and only received visits from her best friends and from his own parents. He then brought me the news that all would be well and that Madame Durst's only fear was lest Nannerl's presence might bring Herr von Bellvall back to her house, as she knew that he used to visit us in Salzburg; she did not mind his visiting Nannerl, but she was afraid that he might make it an excuse to start sitting on her doorstep later on. Her objection is quite justified; a young widow should not receive frequent visits from a man who is not living with his wife.

I went to see her myself to-day. Nannerl is to have a room of her own to sleep in, which, it is true, is rather dark, but she will spend the rest of the time in Frau von Durst's room, which looks out on the big market-place and where a harpsichord will be put for her.

Now I suppose that Nannerl will realise how silly it is not to be able to put on one's cap or make up one's face or perform other necessary duties by oneself. For one cannot always count on the services of other people. I very much suspect that Frau von Durst is accustomed to dress her own hair. So Nannerl must acquire the habit of putting on a *négligé* cap very neatly and of making up her face. She should also practise the *clavier* most diligently, especially the sonatas of Paradisi¹ and Bach,²

¹ Pietro Domenico Paradisi (1710-1792). His twelve "sonate di gravicembalo" had already been printed. Cp. p. 136, n. 2.

² Most probably Johann Christian Bach.

and Lucchesi's¹ concerto and so forth. There is still no letter from you. We kiss you both and send greetings to all and I am your old

MZT.

How is Miss Bimbès? Madame von Durst too has a small lap-dog, called, I think, Finette.

December 17th, in the morning

Wolfgang stayed at home yesterday as he had toothache, and he is staying indoors to-day as his cheek is swollen.

Nannerl should find an opportunity of telling Count Sauerau that she would like to go to Munich with Madame von Robinig and Herr Gschwendner. It is important that he should know of our arrangements. Addio. I hope that I shall have a letter from you to-day.

(191a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *December 16th, 1774*²

I have toothache.

Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Amadeus Sigismundus Mozartus Mariae Annae Mozartae matri et sorori, ac amicis omnibus, praesertimque pulchris virginibus, ac freillibus, gratosisque freillibus

S.P.D.³

¹ Andrea Lucchesi (1741-1800), a Venetian, came in 1771 to Bonn, where he was appointed Kapellmeister in 1774. He composed eight operas, some church music, symphonies and violin sonatas.

² A postscript to his father's letter.

³ *Salutem plurimam dicit.* Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgang Amadeus Sigismund Mozart sends many greetings to Maria Anna Mozart, his mother and his sister, and to all his friends, and especially to pretty girls and Fräuleins and gracious Fräuleins.

(192) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, December 21st, 1774

I have to-day received both your letter enclosing the two Litanies and another one from you. Nannerl must certainly have a fur rug for the journey, or she will not be able to stand the cold in a half-open coach. She must wrap up her head well and she must protect her feet with something more than her felt shoes only, which after a time do not keep out the cold. She ought therefore to slip on the fur boots which she will find in the trunk under the roof. Perhaps Herr Gschwendner will also be kind enough to put a little hay in the bottom of the coach. You remember how thoroughly we protected ourselves. Just think of the quantities of clothes which we wore. I had felt shoes over my boots and we had foot-bags and even so we should not have been able to stand the cold if at the third stage, Frabertsham, I had not had a large bundle of hay put into the coach and had our foot-bags completely surrounded and covered with it. For when the journey lasts a whole day, the cold goes right through one. In addition to the sonatas of Bach and Paradisi, Nannerl might also bring copies of Wolfgang's sonatas and variations¹ and any other sonatas she likes, for they do not take up much room. She need not bring many concertos, for we have Wolfgang's concerto² here, and if she brings a few others, that will be quite sufficient, for who knows whether she will use them at all. She must try to pack everything in one box, for she will not need many clothes for twelve

¹ The five clavier sonatas, K. 279-283, composed in 1774, and the two sets of clavier variations, K. 179 and K. 180, composed in 1774 and 1773 respectively. See Köchel, p. 264.

² Probably K. 175, Mozart's first clavier concerto, which he composed in December 1773.

days; and she will probably have to bring a hat-box, though indeed the latter will be a little inconvenient. However, one advantage is that women's clothes can be folded into a very small space. Wolfgang's swelling is now much better. To-morrow, God willing, he will go out for the first time after spending six days indoors. We kiss you both and send greetings to all. Take care of yourselves. I am your old

MZT.

In the writing case in the middle drawer above the desk (the drawer which does not close) you will find, I think, a little sheet of small music manuscript, on which are written only a few notes in *Alla Breve* time and here and there *pagina* and so on. The sheet contains a shortened form of the fugue *Pignus Futurae Glorïae* from Wolfgang's Litany.¹ If you find it, enclose it in a letter by the very next post. If you cannot find it in the drawer where the toy coach and horse are, then I do not know where it is.

I had a letter to-day from the Chief Steward about the commission which I received from His Grace and regarding which I have myself already written to him. The Archduke,² who is now in Paris, will hardly come to Munich before the end of March. The reference to Count Sauerau was only if Nannerl should meet him, for I thought that he might pay you a visit. Perhaps she will come across him by chance. For that very reason no secret should be made of her visit, and you should say that Frau von Durst, widow of the salt merchant at Reichenhall, has invited her to stay with her.

¹ K. 125. See p. 363, n. 1.

² The Archduke Maximilian, the youngest son of the Empress Maria Theresa, in honour of whose visit to Salzburg in April 1775 Mozart was commissioned to write his opera "Il Rè pastore", on a text by Metastasio.

(193) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, *December 28th*, 1774On Holy Innocents Day in the evening,
for the post leaves to-morrow at noon.

A Happy New Year!

On the very same day that you were both with Count Saueran, the first rehearsal of Wolfgang's opera took place at ten in the morning and was so well received that the first performance has been postponed until January 5th in order that the singers may learn their parts more thoroughly and, thus knowing the music perfectly, may act with greater confidence and not spoil the opera. To have got it ready by December 29th would have meant a fearful rush. As a musical composition it is indeed amazingly popular and everything now depends on the stage production, which will, I trust, be a success, as the actors are not unfavourable to us. So it was a very fortunate occasion on which to inform Count Saueran of Nannerl's journey and I am glad of this. I quite believe that these people are all very polite, for it is their policy to be so; but undoubtedly they suspect all sorts of things. You or Nannerl must go to Herr Hagenauer and ask him to give her a letter of credit for me to one of his agents in Munich. For even if a money present is given, it often does not come for some time and one cannot go on waiting for it. Even a present is sometimes not sent until later on. So I am not counting on getting anything, for all the arrangements here are very slow and there is often great confusion. You have only to explain this to Herr Joseph with my compliments. You will find in a leaden box some Spanish tobacco, with which Nannerl might fill a small snuff-box which she could bring with her, for my supply

is coming to an end. In Wolfgang's drawer you will see an oval tobacco box, which she could use for this purpose. I again urge her to have a good fur rug and plenty of hay round her feet. Wolfgang has had to stay at home for six days with a swollen face. His cheek was swollen inside and outside and his right eye also. For two days he could only take some soup. So it is necessary to protect one's face and ears, for when you drive against the wind in a half-open coach, the air nips your face the whole time. And if you get into the coach without having your feet very warm, it is impossible to get them warm for the rest of the day. Nannerl will probably get in at Gschwendner's. So on the day before they leave, her felt boots should be brought to his house and hung up beside the stove, in order that they may be well warmed. She can then put them on when she gets into the coach. She should take some money with her for emergencies. Should anything further occur to me, you will hear it on Monday before her departure. But I cannot at the moment think of anything else. Farewell. We kiss you both and with greetings to all I am your old

MOZART

(193a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *December 28th, 1774*¹

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I beg you not to forget to keep your promise before you leave, I mean, to pay the call we both know of . . . for I have my reasons. I beg you to convey my greetings there—but in the most definite way—in the most tender fashion—and—oh, I need not be so anxious, for of course

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

I know my sister and how extremely tender she is. I am quite certain that she will do her utmost to do me a kindness—and for her own advantage too—but that is rather nasty. But we shall quarrel about this in Munich. Farewell.

(194) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *December 30th, 1774*

When you read this letter Nannerl will have almost finished packing. So I must tell you quickly that there is something else which she will have to bring, but it is a trifle and the only condition is that it should lie flat. For I should like to have five or six copies of the copper engraving of our Paris portrait.¹ Herr von Pernat insists on having one, and so do one or two other good friends. You will find them in the drawer with all the other engravings, on the right hand side and almost on the top. But they must lie perfectly flat and not become bent. I forgot to mention too that Nannerl ought to bring a fancy dress, even if it is only a Salzburg peasant dress. I am sorry that I did not think of this sooner, but she would only be able to get a domino here. Perhaps, however, you have seen to this. We were with the Imperial Ambassador to-day, who was very friendly and gracious to us. You have probably sent off some New Year cards. I hope you have not forgotten Count Sauerau and Countess von Lodron. I have written to the Archbishop to wish him a happy New Year. Nannerl will arrive just in time for the opera, for she will get here on Wednesday afternoon and it is

¹ The Carmontelle portrait of the Mozart family, painted in the autumn of 1763.

being performed on Thursday.¹ If Herr von M \ddot{o} lk comes too, he will see it; but if he postpones his visit, he will not do so until Easter, for after January 5th no more operas will be performed in the theatre. In the Salle de Redoute only operettas, or rather intermezzi,² are given, during which, however, hundreds of masks stroll around, chatter, jest and gamble at the different tables. Thus no serious work can be performed. You must know that this time last year Maestro Tozzi,³ who this year is writing the opera seria, wrote an opera buffa, and contrived to write it so well that it killed the opera seria written by Maestro Sales.⁴ Now it so happens that Wolfgang's opera is being performed before Tozzi's, and when people heard the first rehearsal, they all said that Tozzi was being paid back in his own coin, for Wolfgang's opera would certainly kill his. I do not like these bickerings. I try as far as possible to check such remarks and I keep on protesting. But the whole orchestra and all who have heard the rehearsal say that they have never listened to a finer composition, for it is one in which all the arias are beautiful. And wherever we go, the same thing is said. Basta! God will make everything right. Farewell. I wish Nannerl a good journey. We kiss you both, send our greetings to all and I am your old

MOZART

¹ January 6th. Actually Mozart's opera was not performed until January 13th.

² i.e. opere buffe in one or two acts.

³ Antonio Tozzi was Kapellmeister at the Munich court. His opera seria for 1775 was "Orfeo ed Euridice". In the opinion of Dr. A. Einstein Tozzi's opera buffa for 1774 was probably "La serva astuta".

⁴ Pietro Pompeo Sales (1729-1797), born at Brescia, was first in the service of the Bishop of Augsburg and in 1768 became Kapellmeister to the Elector at Coblenz. He composed operas, oratorios, church music, symphonies and concertos. His opera seria for 1774 was "Achille in Sciro".

(194a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *December 30th*, 1774¹

I present my compliments to Roxelana, and invite her to take tea this evening with the Sultan. Please give all sorts of messages to Jungfrau Mitzerl,² and tell her that she must never doubt my love. I see her constantly before me in her ravishing *négligée*.³ I have seen many pretty girls here, but have not yet found such a beauty. My sister must not forget to bring with her Eckardt's variations sur le menuet d'Exaudet⁴ and my variations on Fischer's minuet.⁵ I went to the theatre yesterday to see the "Mode nach der Haushaltung",⁶ which was very well acted. My greetings to all my good friends. I hope that you will—farewell—I see you soon in Munich to hope. I have compliments to deliver to you from Frau von Durst. Is it true that Hagenauer has been appointed Professor of Sculpture in Vienna?⁷ Herr von Mölk said so in a letter to Father Wasenau and the letter read out

¹ A postscript to his father's letter.

² Fräulein Maria Raab, the owner of the Mozarts' house in the Makartplatz, into which they had moved in 1773. She lived next door.

³ Mozart means "with her hair undressed".

⁴ These variations had been engraved in Paris in 1764.

⁵ K. 179. These twelve variations were composed in 1774 on a theme from the last movement of an oboe concerto written by Johann Christian Fischer (1733–1800), a famous oboist, who, after prolonged tours on the Continent, finally settled in London. He married Gainsborough's daughter. Mozart heard him play in Holland in 1765 (see Leopold Mozart's *Reiseaufzeichnungen*, p. 42), and again in Vienna in 1787. See p. 1350.

⁶ Mozart is referring in jest to "Die Haushaltung nach der Mode, oder Was soll man für eine Frau nehmen?", a comedy written in 1765 by Franz von Heufeld (1731–1795), who in 1769 became manager of the German theatre in Vienna. Possibly Mozart had already seen this comedy during his family's visit to Vienna in 1768.

⁷ Johann Baptist Hagenauer, court sculptor in Salzburg, had moved in 1773 to Vienna, where he did some work for the Schönbrunn Palace and was appointed Professor of Sculpture.

Father Wasenau to me. My mother's hand I kiss, the rest she'll have to miss. I beg you to keep very warm on the journey, or else for a fortnight at home you'll sit and beside the stove perspire a bit and not a soul will protect you one whit. But I simply refuse to have a fit; and now the lightning's beginning to spit.

Your Munich

brother, the 1774th day of Anno 30, Dicembre.

(195) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *January 5th, 1775*

Nannerl reached Munich yesterday before two in the afternoon quite safely, but we could not be there when she arrived, as we were the guests of Herr von Gilowsky at Störzer's, where lunch is not served until half past one. So we first saw the Robinigs, who came to Störzer's just as we were having our meal. But I had already sent out Herr von Pernat's servant who was waiting for them at the bridge in the Thal¹ and brought them straight to Frau von Durst, at whose house Herr von Dufresne had already turned up. That evening we were with Nannerl until eight o'clock and to-day I sent the servant to fetch her for coffee with us. She is drinking some with Wolfgang this very moment, and I have been drinking my tea. Then I am sending her back, as Frau von Durst goes to church with her and wants to take her to a different church every day. You will have heard from Herr Schulz that Wolfgang's opera is not being performed until the 13th. There is a rumour here that the Archbishop is coming over to Munich, and even Count Seeau told me this. Otherwise I have no news. Lock up

¹ A street in Munich between the Isarthor and the Rathaus.

the rooms carefully so that nothing may be stolen, for when you go out something might easily happen. My greetings to Jungfrau Mitzerl and to everybody. We all three kiss you and I am your old

MOZART

(195a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *January 5th, 1775*¹

I have arrived safely in Munich and was so well cared for during the entire journey that it was impossible to feel cold. I slept with Fräulein Louise² in Frau von Robinig's bedroom and we had lunch and supper en compagnie with Frau von Robinig. Meanwhile I hope that Mamma is well. I kiss Mamma's hand and with my brother, that blackguard,

I am

your most obedient daughter

MARIE ANNE MOZART

(196) *Mozart to his Mother*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *January 11th, 1775*

Thank God, all three of us are quite well. It is impossible for me to write a long letter, as I am off this very . . . moment to a rehearsal of my opera. To-morrow we are having the dress rehearsal and the performance takes place on Friday, the 13th. Mamma must not worry; it will go off quite well. I am very much distressed that Mamma should suspect <Count Seeau>, for he is certainly a charm-

¹ A postscript to her father's letter.

² A daughter of Frau von Robinig.

ing and courteous gentleman and has more savoir vivre than many of his class in Salzburg. We were at the masked concert yesterday. Herr von Mölk was so astounded and crossed himself so often as he listened to the opera seria, that we were absolutely ashamed of him, for everyone could see quite clearly that he had never been anywhere but to Salzburg and Innsbruck. Addio. I kiss Mamma's hands.

WOLFGANG

(196a) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, January 11th, 1775¹

I hope that you are quite well. I have nothing to write about except to send our greetings to everyone. We are off now to the rehearsal of the opera. It is true that the Archbishop informed the Elector that he would come, but no one knows when this will be, whether now or in the spring.

Farewell. We kiss you many 10,000 times and I am your old

MZT.

Up to the present it seems that there is every likelihood that Wolfgang will compose the grand opera here this time next year.

(197) *Mozart to his Mother*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, January 14th, 1775

Thank God! My opera was performed yesterday, the 13th, for the first time and was such a success that it is

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter.

impossible for me to describe the applause to Mamma. In the first place, the whole theatre was so packed that a great many people were turned away. Then after each aria there was a terrific noise, clapping of hands and cries of "Viva Maestro". Her Highness the Electress and the Dowager Electress (who were sitting opposite me) also called out "Bravo" to me. After the opera was over and during the pause when there is usually silence until the ballet begins, people kept on clapping all the time and shouting "Bravo"; now stopping, now beginning again and so on. Afterwards I went off with Papa to a certain room through which the Elector and the whole court had to pass and I kissed the hands of the Elector and Electress and Their Highnesses, who were all very gracious. Early this morning His Grace the Bishop of Chiemsee¹ sent me a message, congratulating me on the extraordinary success of my opera. I fear that we cannot return to Salzburg very soon and Mamma must not wish it, for she knows how much good it is doing me to be able to breathe freely.² We shall come home soon enough. One very urgent and necessary reason for our absence is that next Friday my opera is being performed again and it is most essential that I should be present. Otherwise my work would be quite unrecognisable—for very strange things happen here. I kiss Mamma's hands 1000 times. My greetings to all my good friends. My compliments to M. Andretter and I beg him to forgive me for not yet replying, but it has been impossible for me to find the time. However, I shall do so very soon. Adieu. 1000 smacks to Bimberl.

¹ Count Ferdinand Christoph von Zeill (1719–1786), Bishop of Chiemsee. He was a candidate for the Archbishopric of Salzburg in 1772, but retired in favour of Hieronymus Colloredo, Bishop of Gurk. He was a connoisseur and patron of music and was very partial to Mozart.

² Mozart is alluding to the tyrannical attitude of the Archbishop.

(197a) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MUNICH, *January 14th, 1775*¹

You must have received two letters from me and one from Nannerl. I do not yet know how Nannerl will return to Salzburg nor whether she can travel with Frau von Robinig. Perhaps she will wait and come back with us. Farewell. We kiss you many 1000000 times and I am your old

MOZART

I have received all your letters.
My greetings to all.

(198) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife**[Extract]**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MUNICH, *January 18th, 1775*

My last letter and other letters which must have been written to Salzburg will have told you that the opera has won general applause; and you will now have heard it from Herr Gschwendner in person. Picture to yourself the embarrassment of His Grace the Archbishop at hearing the opera praised by the whole family of the Elector and by all the nobles, and at receiving the enthusiastic congratulations which they all expressed to him. Why, he was so embarrassed that he could only reply with a bow of the head and a shrug of the shoulders. We have not yet spoken to him, for he is still too much taken up by the compliments of the nobility. He arrived about half past six in the evening just as the grand opera

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter.

had begun and entered the Elector's box. It would take too long if I were to describe all the other ceremonies. The Archbishop will not hear Wolfgang's opera buffa, because, as all the other days are already filled up, it will be given on a Friday. But it cannot be performed on this coming Friday, as it is the anniversary of the death of the late Bavarian Emperor.¹ And who knows whether it can be performed on the following Friday, the 27th, as the second woman singer is very ill. I am sorry that so many people have come over from Salzburg for what one may call nothing, but at least they will have seen the grand opera. It is not known yet whether the Archbishop will leave to-morrow or will stay on until next Tuesday. Addio. We kiss you many 1000000 times and I am your old

MOZART

I understand that there will be a big concert in the Kaisersaal on Saturday and that the Archbishop will probably stay on here until Monday or Tuesday.

(198a) *Mozart to his Sister*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MY DEAR SISTER!

MUNICH, *January 18th, 1775*²

Is it my fault that it has just struck a quarter past seven? It is not Papa's fault either. Mamma will hear more news from my sister. But now there is no pleasure in travelling because the Archbishop is not staying here for long. It is even said that he will remain on until he leaves again. I am only sorry that he will not see the first

¹ Emperor Charles VII, who died on January 20th, 1745. He was the father of the reigning Elector Maximilian III.

² A postscript to his father's letter.

Ridotto. My compliments to Baron Zemen and to all my good friends. I kiss Mamma's hands. Farewell. I shall fetch you very soon.

Your faithful

FRANCIS WITH THE BLEEDING NOSE

Milan, May 5th, 1756.¹

(199) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *January 21st, 1775*

That the gentlemen of Salzburg are gossiping so much and are convinced that Wolfgang has entered the service of the Elector, is due to our enemies and to those whose conscience tells them that if he had done so, it would have been with good reason. You know well that we are accustomed to these childish stories and that such talk leaves me quite cold. So you can tell that to everyone. His Grace will certainly not leave before next Wednesday. The two Dukes of Zweibrücken and the Elector of the Palatinate are coming over to Munich, so we must stay on until the opera has been performed a second time. This morning Nannerl and a valet of the Elector, accompanied by Barbara Eberlin and a few others, drove off in a court carriage to Nymphenburg to see the castle rooms. They are lunching there. Then at three o'clock Nannerl is coming with me to the court to see the rooms, the jewels and so forth. The Hagenauers will, no doubt, have heard something from Munich about Wolfgang's opera. Go and see them and give them my greetings. All possible honours are being showered on the Archbishop and his retinue. Thank God, we are well and we hope

¹ This postscript with its nonsensical date was really intended for his mother, as Nannerl was still in Munich.

and trust that you are also. We kiss you many 1000000 times and send our greetings to all and I am your old

MOZART

They rightly fear in Salzburg lest one bird after another may fly away, since Hagenauer Statuarius¹ has also taken another appointment. Addio. Farewell. Tell me everything you hear, and we shall have something to laugh about, for we know these fools.

(200) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *February 8th*, 1775

Thank God, we are well. Herr Kempfer left yesterday for Augsburg after performing before the Elector and spending a week in Munich. A few rascals have been here too. One was a teacher of English, born in Silesia, Schwarz by name. He was here for almost a year and then decamped with watches and clothes, leaving many debts behind him. The other made out that he was the son of Schmittmeyer, the rich banker in Vienna, and spent a few weeks here. But he cleared out when it was discovered that he was the son of an innkeeper of Nikolsburg in Moravia. He is probably now under arrest in Augsburg. We all kiss you. Farewell. I am your old

MOZART

We send greetings to all.

Count Wolfegg is here too and the two young Counts von Zeill.

¹ Cp. p. 372, n. 7.

(201) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, February 15th, 1775

Thank God, all three of us are well, but I shall be glad when this carnival is over. We shall probably travel home on Ash Wednesday. A short mass by Wolfgang was performed last Sunday in the court chapel and I conducted it. Next Sunday another is to be performed.¹ Yesterday we had extraordinary weather, just like April, now fine now rainy. At one o'clock there was a fire alarm, for the fire was coming out of the chimney and was already very fierce. But it was put out at once by the crowd. We are not going to the Redoute to-day, as we really must rest. It is the first one that we have missed. Yesterday Nannerl wore the dress of an Amazon, which suited her very well. As a daily diary is being kept, you will have everything read out to you in due course.² Farewell. We all kiss you many 100000 times and send greetings to everyone, and I am your old

MOZART

(202) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, February 21st, 1775

I shall be delighted when this carnival is over. I am really tired out, for it is lasting far too long. Signor Tozzi, who composed the opera "Orfeo", has decamped.

¹ Possibly K. 192 and 194, which were composed in 1774.

² There is evidence to show that the keeping of diaries was a habit of the Mozart family. For instance, we have Nannerl's *Reisetagebuch*, kept during their grand tour, 1763-1766 (see *MM*, February 1919, pp. 24-25), and a fragment of a joint diary kept by Mozart and Nannerl during the year 1779 (see *MM*, November 1918, pp. 4-6).

He had a prolonged love affair with Countess von Seefeld, whose brother, Count Sedlizky, was in the know, as was also an Italian tenor, Signor Guerrieri. The Countess left Munich six weeks ago on the pretext of visiting her estates, but what she really did was to run away from her husband and children, taking a great deal of money and jewelry with her. Thank God, we are well, and hope to be in Salzburg on the first Sunday in Lent. Farewell. We send greetings to all, kiss you many 1000000 times and I am your old

MZT.

The first masked Redoute in Salzburg will have gone off well. You simply must go to one! Addio.

(202a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, February 21st, 1775¹

Thank God we are quite well. I hope that Mamma too is very well.

A propos, are the canary, the tomtits and the robin redbreast still alive, or have they let the birds starve? We shall come home at the end of the carnival. Meanwhile my pupils must go on practising, and perhaps Herr Schulz would be so kind as to go to Barbara Zezi a few times a week, and, if he will, to Fräulein Andretter, and hear them play their pieces.

(202b) *Leopold Mozart resumes writing*

Some people have come to see us, so I can only write to you in a great hurry that I and, thank God, we all

¹ A short note inserted in her father's letter.

are well. I am sorry for poor Marschall.¹ Wolfgang's opera has been performed again, but on account of the woman singer who was ill, it had to be cut short. I could write a great deal about this singer, who was absolutely wretched, but I shall tell you all about her when I see you. Farewell. Do go to the ball in the Town Hall. We kiss you many 10000 times. My greetings to all. I am your old

MZT.

We hope to leave here in about a fortnight. We are never at home the whole day long.

(203) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *Ash Wednesday, March 1st, 1775*

Thank God, the carnival is over. We have now fixed our departure for Monday, the 6th, so we shall arrive in Salzburg rather late in the evening of Tuesday the 7th, for on the first day we are only travelling as far as Wasserburg. Should our arrival be postponed for a day, you will receive a letter on Tuesday or perhaps even on Monday morning. We are to bring with us from Munich a young lady, who would like to stay with us for three or four months and improve her harpsichord playing. Up to the present I have refused this. But in the meantime you might think out where we could get some bedding, for, if necessary, we shall have to put up a bed near the door in Nannerl's room, where the red sofa stands; and the sofa will have to be placed in front of the stove between your clothes-chest and the bed, so that we can put things on it. But I hope that nothing will come of this; and what I am saying is only by way of warning. If it

¹ Jakob Anton Marschall, a 'cellist in the Salzburg court orchestra, who died in January 1775. See Hammerle, *op. cit.* p. 33.

has to be, as I hope it will not, I shall write to you by the next post. I am very much pleased that Herr Lotter has sent me something, for there is now a big hole in my purse. Otherwise, thank God, we are well; and we all three hope to see you and kiss you with delight. You may tell everyone the story of Tozzi and Countess Seefeld, so that people may realise that Italians are knaves the world over. For the last few days we have had most beautiful weather. Wolfgang's opera is to be performed on Thursday. Farewell. We all three kiss you many millions of times and I am your old

MZT.

(204) *Leopold Mozart to J. G. I. Breitkopf, Leipzig*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin*]

SALZBURG, *October 6th, 1775*

As I decided some time ago to have some of my son's compositions printed, I should like you to let me know as soon as possible whether you would like to publish some of them, that is symphonies, quartets, trios, sonatas for violin and violoncello, even solo sonatas for violin or clavier sonatas. In regard to the latter perhaps you would like to print clavier sonatas in the same style as those of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach "mit veränderten Reprisen"? These were printed by Georg Ludwig Winter in Berlin,¹ and this type of sonata is very popular. I must ask you again to let me know as soon as possible and moreover on what conditions you would undertake to publish them, so that we may not engage in a long correspondence about a trifling business and so that, if nothing comes of my suggestion, I may apply to some other firm. I shall be very grateful if you will send me a list of all the

¹ C. P. E. Bach's *Sechs Sonaten fürs Clavier mit veränderten Reprisen* were published by Georg Ludwig Winter. Berlin, 1760.

works of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach which you can supply.

Your obedient servant

LEOPOLD MOZART

Do you ever hear from our friend Herr Grimm in Paris? I have not had a letter from him for over a year. Have you sold the sonatas which my son composed as a child and the portraits?

(205) *Mozart to Padre Martini, Bologna*

[*Autograph in the Nationalbibliothek, Vienna*]

SALZBURG, *September 4th, 1776*¹

MOST REVEREND PADRE MAESTRO, MY ESTEEMED PATRON,

The regard, the esteem and the respect which I cherish for your illustrious person have prompted me to trouble you with this letter and to send you a humble specimen of my music, which I submit to your masterly judgment. I composed for last year's carnival at Munich an opera buffa, "*La finta giardiniera*". A few days before my departure the Elector expressed a desire to hear some of my contrapuntal compositions. I was therefore obliged to write this motet² in a great hurry, in order to have time to have the score copied for His Highness and to have the parts written out and thus enable it to be performed during the Offertory at High Mass on the following Sunday. Most beloved and esteemed Signor Padre Maestro! I beg you most earnestly to tell me, frankly and without reserve, what you think of it.³ We

¹ This letter is in Italian.

² K. 222, "*Misericordias Domini*", performed in Munich on March 5th, 1775.

³ In his reply, dated December 18th, 1776, Padre Martini praises highly Mozart's composition, adding that "it has all the qualities which modern music demands, good harmony, rich modulation, etc." See Köchel, p. 284.

live in this world in order to learn zealously and, by interchanging our ideas, to enlighten one another and thus endeavour to promote science and art. Oh, how often have I longed to be near you, most Reverend Father, so that I might be able to talk to and reason with you. For I live in a country where music leads a struggling existence, though indeed apart from those who have left us, we still have excellent teachers and particularly composers of great wisdom, learning and taste. As for the theatre, we are in a bad way for lack of singers. We have no castrati, and we shall never have them, as they insist on being handsomely paid; and generosity is not one of our faults. Meanwhile I am amusing myself by writing chamber music and music for the church,¹ in which branches of composition we have two other excellent masters of counterpoint, Signori Haydn and Adlgasser. My father is in the service of the Cathedral and this gives me an opportunity of writing as much church music as I like. He has already served this court for thirty-six years and as he knows that the present Archbishop cannot and will not have anything to do with people who are getting on in years, he no longer puts his whole heart into his work, but has taken up literature, which was always a favourite study of his. Our church music is very different from that of Italy, since a mass with the whole Kyrie, the Gloria, the Credo, the Epistle sonata,² the Offertory or Motet, the Sanctus and the Agnus Dei must not last longer than three quarters of an hour. This applies even to the most solemn mass said by the Archbishop himself. So you see that a special study is required for this kind

¹ During the year 1776 Mozart composed several divertimenti, church sonatas, a Litany (K. 243) and four masses (K. 262, 257, 258, 259).

² While the priest read the Epistle, the organist played softly a sonata with or without violin accompaniment. This practice, which prevailed in Italian church services, was first introduced into Austria during the reign of the Emperor Joseph II.



PADRE MARTINI

From a portrait by an unknown artist
(Liceo Musicale, Bologna)

of composition. At the same time, the mass must have all the instruments—trumpets, drums and so forth. Alas, that we are so far apart, my very dear Signor Padre Maestro! If we were together, I should have so many things to tell you! I send my devoted remembrances to all the members of the Accademia Filarmonica.¹ I long to win your favour and I never cease to grieve that I am far away from that one person in the world whom I love, revere and esteem most of all and whose most humble and devoted servant, most

Reverend Father, I shall always be.

WOLFGANGO AMADEO MOZART

If you condescend to write to me, please address your letter to Salzburg via Trento.

(206) *Mozart to Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo*

[Autograph in the *Regierungsarchiv, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, August 1st, 1777

YOUR GRACE, MOST WORTHY PRINCE OF THE HOLY
ROMAN EMPIRE!

I will not presume to trouble Your Grace with a full description of our unhappy circumstances, which my father has set forth most accurately in his very humble petition which was handed to you on March 14th, 1777. As, however, your most gracious decision was never conveyed to him, my father intended last June once more most respectfully to beg Your Grace to allow us to travel for a few months in order to enable us to make some money; and he would have done so, if you had not given orders that in view of the imminent visit of His Majesty the Emperor your orchestra should practise various works

¹ The Accademia Filarmonica of Bologna, of which Mozart had been made a member in October 1770.

with a view to their performance. Later my father again applied for leave of absence, which Your Grace refused to grant, though you permitted me, who am in any case only a half-time servant, to travel alone. Our situation is pressing and my father has therefore decided to let me go alone. But to this course also Your Grace has been pleased to raise certain objections. Most Gracious Prince and Lord! Parents endeavour to place their children in a position to earn their own bread; and in this they follow alike their own interest and that of the State. The greater the talents which children have received from God, the more are they bound to use them for the improvement of their own and their parents' circumstances, so that they may at the same time assist them and take thought for their own future progress. The Gospel teaches us to use our talents in this way. My conscience tells me that I owe it to God to be grateful to my father, who has spent his time unwearyingly upon my education, so that I may lighten his burden, look after myself and later on be able to support my sister. For I should be sorry to think that she should have spent so many hours at the harpsichord and not be able to make good use of her training.

Your Grace will therefore be so good as to allow me to ask you most humbly for my discharge, of which I should like to take advantage before the autumn, so that I may not be obliged to face the bad weather of the ensuing months of winter. Your Grace will not misunderstand this petition, seeing that when I asked you for permission to travel to Vienna three years ago,¹ you graciously declared that I had nothing to hope for in Salzburg and would do better to seek my fortune elsewhere. I thank Your Grace for all the favours I have

¹ Mozart is probably referring to his visit to Vienna in the summer of 1773.

received from you and, in the hope of being able to serve you later on with greater success, I am

your most humble and obedient servant

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART¹

¹ Possibly this letter was dictated by Mozart's father. See Fr. Pirckmayer: *Mitteilungen der Gesellschaft für Salzburger Landeskunde*, xvi. 1876. The Archbishop's minute, dated August 28th, 1777, is as follows: "To the Court Chamberlain with my decision that in the name of the Gospel father and son have my permission to seek their fortune elsewhere". Leopold Mozart, however, was retained in his appointment. See p. 408.

In September 1777 Mozart, who, owing to his strained relations with the Archbishop of Salzburg, Hieronymus Colloredo, saw no prospect of advancement in his native town, set off with his mother on a tour of the musical centres of Southern Germany in the hope of securing commissions or possibly obtaining a permanent appointment at some court. Their first visit was to Munich, where Mozart soon realised that there was no opening for him. They left for Augsburg on October 11th. Letters 207-220.

(207) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

WASSERBURG, September 23rd, 1777

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE,

Praise and thanks be to God, we arrived safely in Waging, Stein, Frabertsham and Wasserburg. Now for a brief account of our journey. When we reached the town gates we had to wait for nearly a quarter of an hour until they were opened for us, for some work was being done there. Outside Schinn we came across a herd of cows, one of which was most remarkable—for she was *lop-sided*, a thing we had never seen before. At Schinn we saw a carriage which was at a standstill and behold—our postillion shouted out: “We must change here”. “As you like”, said I. As Mamma and I were chatting, a fat gentleman, whose *symphony*¹ I recognised immediately, came up to our carriage. He was a merchant from Memmingen.² He looked at me for some time and finally said: “You are Herr Mozart, are you not?” “At your service”, I replied. “I know you too, but cannot remember your name. I saw you a year ago at a concert in Mirabell.” Whereupon he told me his name, but, thank Heaven, I have forgotten it. But I have retained one which is much more important. For when I saw him in Salzburg he had a young man with him, and on this occasion he was travelling with that young man’s brother, who comes from Memmingen and is called Herr von Unhold. This young gentleman pressed me to go to Memmingen, if it were possible. We asked them to deliver 100000 com-

¹ i.e. ensemble.

² Herr von Krimmel, as will be seen later. Cp. p. 425.

pliments to Papa and to my brute of a sister, which they promised to do. This change of carriages was very inconvenient for me, as I should have liked to give a letter to the postillion to take back from Waging. After we had eaten something there, we then had the honour of continuing our journey as far as Stein with the same horses with which we had already driven for an hour and a half. At Waging I was alone for a moment with the priest, who was amazed to see us, for he had heard nothing whatever about our story.¹ From Stein we travelled with a postillion who was a perfectly dreadful phlegmaticus—as a driver, I mean. We thought we should never reach the next stage, but we got there eventually. As I write this letter, Mamma is already half asleep. From Frabertsham to Wasserburg everything went well. Viviamo come i principi.² Only one person is wanting—and that is Papa. Ah well, it is God's will. All will yet be well. I hope that Papa is well and as happy as I am. I am most attentive to my duty. I am quite a second Papa, for I see to everything. I have begged Mamma to let me pay the postillions, for I can deal with these fellows better than she can. At the Stern here they do you extraordinarily well. Why, I am sitting here as if I were a prince. Half an hour ago (Mamma happened to be in the closet) the porter knocked at the door and asked me about all sorts of things, and I answered him with my most serious air, looking just as I do in my portrait.³ Well, I must stop. Mamma has now finished undressing. We both of us beg Papa to take care of his health, not to go out too early and not to worry, but to laugh heartily and be merry and always remember,

¹ i.e. the strained relations between the Archbishop and Mozart and his father.

² We are living like princes.

³ During the summer of 1777 a portrait of Mozart was painted by an unknown artist in Salzburg. Mozart looks very serious and rather ill. A copy of this portrait was sent to Padre Martini at Bologna. See illustration No. 12.

as we do, that our Mufti H.C.¹ is an idiot, but that God is compassionate, merciful and loving. I kiss Papa's hands 1000 times and embrace my brute of a sister as often as I have already taken snuff to-day. I believe I have left my diplomas² at home? Please send them to me as soon as you can.

Early in the morning, about half past six on
September 24th.

Your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

P.S.—My pen is rough and I am not polite.

Wasserburg, September 23rd, 1777.

undecima hora nocte tempore.

(208) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *September 25th, 1777*

MY TWO DEAR ONES!

I received dear Wolfgang's letter this morning with the greatest pleasure; and just now Bullinger, who sends his greetings, has read it and laughed most heartily. When you are well I am extremely happy, and, thank Heaven, I myself am now very much better. After you both had left, I walked up our steps very wearily and threw myself down on a chair. When we said good-bye, I made great efforts to restrain myself in order not to make our parting too painful; and in the rush and flurry I forgot to give my son a father's blessing. I ran to the

¹ Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo.

² The diplomas of membership of the Academies of Bologna and Verona, awarded to Mozart in October 1770 and January 1771.

window and sent my blessing after you; but I did not see you driving out through the gate and so came to the conclusion that you were gone already, as I had sat for a long time without thinking of anything. Nannerl wept bitterly and I had to use every effort to console her. She complained of headache and a sick stomach and in the end she retched and vomited; and putting a cloth round her head she went off to bed and had the shutters closed. Poor Bimbles lay down beside her. For my own part, I went to my room and said my morning prayers. I then lay down on my bed at half past eight and read a book and thus becoming calmer fell asleep. The dog came to my bedside and I awoke. As she made signs to me to take her for a run, I gathered that it must be nearly noon and that she wanted to be let out. I got up, took my fur cloak and saw that Nannerl was fast asleep. The clock then showed half past twelve. When I came in with the dog, I waked Nannerl and ordered lunch. But she had no appetite, she would eat nothing and went to bed immediately afterwards, so that, when Bullinger had left, I passed the time lying on my bed, praying and reading. In the evening she felt better and was hungry. We played piquet and then had supper in my room. After this we had a few more games and, with God's blessing, went off to bed. That is how we spent that sad day which I never thought I should have to face. On Wednesday Nannerl went to early mass and in the afternoon we had our shooting.¹ Bullinger won for Sallerl,² for he shot for both her and Mamma. So Mamma has won eleven

¹ One of the favourite recreations of the Mozart family and their friends was "Bölschiessen", i.e., shooting at targets with air-guns. These shooting matches usually took place on Sunday afternoons. The "Schützencompagnie" or company of marksmen, met at different houses, each member in turn providing a pictorial target, which had to be topical in subject and embellished with verses. The company kept a cash-box and members were allowed to shoot for absent relatives and friends.

² Rosalie Joly.

kreutzer, but Wolfgang has lost four. Bullinger and Katherl¹ played with us until six; and that dreadful day ended with the rosary, which I say for you daily. This morning I asked Herr Glatz of Augsburg to come and see me and we agreed that when you are in Augsburg, you should stay at the "Lamm" in the Heiligkreuzgasse, where the tariff is thirty kreutzer for lunch, where the rooms are comfortable and where the most respectable people, both Englishmen and Frenchmen, put up. From there it is quite a short distance to the Heiligkreuzkirche; and my brother, Franz Aloys,² also lives near by in the Jesuitengasse. So you should not say anything to Herr Albert,³ for the "Drei Mohren"⁴ is far too expensive, as the landlord asks an outrageous price for his rooms and every meal works out at about forty-five or even forty-eight kreutzer a head. If you do go to Augsburg, Wolfgang should be taken at once to the organ-builder Stein⁵ who will hardly recognise him, as he has not seen him since he was seven. He can tell him that he has come from Innsbruck with a commission to see his instruments. Glatz tells me that Stein, Bioley and Fingerle are in a position to arrange a very fine concert. You must also call on Christoph von Zabuesnig, a merchant and a scholar, who composed that fine German poem about you

¹ Maria Anna Katharina Gilowsky (1750-1802), daughter of Wenzel Andreä Gilowsky von Urazowa, who held an appointment in the Archbishop's household. She was a great friend of Nannerl's.

² Leopold Mozart's two younger brothers, Joseph Ignaz Mozart^{*} (1725-1796) and Franz Aloys Mozart (1727-1791), were bookbinders in Augsburg. The latter, the more prosperous of the two, was the father of Maria Anna Thekla, the "Bäsele".

³ Albert was the landlord of the "Schwarzer Adler" in the Kaufingerstrasse, Munich. On account of his interest in literature and music he was nicknamed "der gelehrte Wirt".

⁴ The Mozart family, when starting on their European Tour in 1763, had spent a fortnight at this inn at Augsburg, evidently on the recommendation of Herr Albert. See p. 30.

⁵ Johann Andreas Stein (1728-1792), a famous organ-builder and harpsichord maker. See p. 30, n. 3.

when he was in Salzburg.¹ He might get some suitable and flattering notice put into the Augsburg paper. My brother or his daughter will certainly take you to the magistrate Von Langenmantel, to whom you should deliver my very humble regards. Mamma knows that we are old acquaintances, for we travelled together to Salzburg on the occasion when Von Haffner's father² was also with us. When you are at courts you must not wear the cross of your order,³ but in Augsburg you should wear it every day, for there it will win you esteem and respect, as it will in all towns where there is no reigning lord. If you care to visit the monasteries of Heiligkreuz and St. Ulrich, you should do so and try their organs. Stein will probably take you to his organ at the Barfüsserkirche.⁴ *Hülber's*⁵ son is in the monastery of St. Ulrich. By the way, a certain organist and composer is now in Augsburg, of whom they make a great fuss, but whose name I have forgotten. Wherever you stay, you will always, will you not, get the servant to put the boot-trees into your boots?

I intended to get up at nine o'clock this morning, but Glatz found me in bed and then Clessin,⁶ the sergeant-major, came in, so that I could not get up till eleven. They all admire Wolfgang's portrait.⁷ Clessin was under the

¹ For this poem, written in 1769, see Abert, vol. ii. pp. 929-930.

² Sigmund Haffner (1699-1772), a wealthy merchant and burgomaster of Salzburg. Mozart wrote his Haffner serenade (K. 250) for the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Marie Elizabeth in 1776 and his Haffner symphony (K. 385) when his son Sigmund (1756-1787) was granted an honorary title in 1782.

³ The order of the Golden Spur, conferred on Mozart by Pope Clement XIV. See p. 218.

⁴ Stein was organist in this church and had built its organ.

⁵ Joseph Hülber, violinist and flautist in the Salzburg court orchestra.

⁶ Johann Dominicus Clessin von Königsklee, sergeant-major and later captain in the Archbishop's body-guard.

⁷ The so-called Bologna portrait, painted in the summer of 1777 by an unknown artist in Salzburg. The original has disappeared, but the copy sent to Padre Martini is in the Library of the Liceo Musicale, Bologna. Mozart is wearing the cross of his order. See p. 394, n. 3.



ELIZABETH AND THOMAS LINLEY (1768)

From a portrait by Gainsborough
(J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq., New York City)

impression that you were returning very soon, and so was Schiedenhofen, who was with us yesterday evening from five to seven; and indeed so is everybody. If you should leave Munich without being able to let me know, you should send a note to the Post Office saying: *If letters should arrive with the following address: à M. Wolfgang Amadé Mozart, maître de musique, please forward them to Augsburg, c/o Landlord of the Lamm, in the Heiligkreuzgasse.*

You have left behind you the trousers of your pike-grey suit. If I find no other opportunity, I shall give them, together with the music for Andretter,¹ some contredanses, the Adagio and Rondo which you composed for Brunetti,² and anything else I may find, to the messenger who, if he should miss you, can send them on to my brother in Augsburg. I believe that he does not arrive until noon on Monday.

Haydn³ and Kapellmeister Rust⁴ have had a row. The horn concerto, which has been performed once already, was to be rehearsed again after vespers and Ferlendis⁵ and Brunetti had not turned up. Haydn became very angry and said that the rehearsal was quite unnecessary and why should they wait for these Italian asses? Rust maintained that it was for him to give orders and so forth. The service lasted until a quarter to eleven and an Agnus Dei by Haydn was performed again, because Rust was not ready. The sonata was one of Wolfgang's.⁶

¹ K. 185. Cp. p. 342, n. 5.

² Gaetano Brunetti was first violin and soloist in the Salzburg court orchestra. The works referred to are K. 261 and 269, both composed in 1776.

³ Michael Haydn.

⁴ Jakob Rust, who was Kapellmeister in Salzburg during the years 1777-1778.

⁵ Giuseppe Ferlendis was oboist in the Salzburg court orchestra.

⁶ Mozart wrote at least eight organ sonatas during the years 1776 and 1777.

While you are in Munich, do not forget to ask for letters of recommendation, and especially for a letter from the Bishop of Chiemsee.¹ Graf Sensheim could give you one for Würzburg, where his father's brother is bishop. Nannerl and I send greetings to Mamma and we kiss you and her millions of times.

Addio.

MOZART

(209) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE, MUNICH, *September 26th, 1777*

We arrived here on the 24th at half past four in the afternoon. The first piece of news we heard was that we had to drive to the customs house accompanied by a grenadier with a fixed bayonet. And the first acquaintance we met on the way was Signor Consoli,² who recognised me at once and whose joy at seeing me cannot be described. He called on me the very next day. Words fail me to express the delight of Herr Albert, who is indeed a thoroughly honest man and our very good friend. After my arrival I played on the clavier till supper-time, as Herr Albert had not yet come in. But he soon turned up and we went down to supper, where I met Mr. Sfeer and some kind of secretary, a very good friend of his, who both send their greetings to you. We got to bed late and were very tired after our journey; but all the same we got up at seven the next morning, the 25th. My hair, however, was so untidy that I did not reach Count Seeau's until

¹ Count Ferdinand Zeill. Ch. p. 376, n. 1.

² Tommaso Consoli (1735- ?) joined the Munich Kapelle in 1744 and became an excellent male soprano. He sang in Mozart's "Il Rè pastore", which was performed in April 1775 at Salzburg in honour of the visit of the Archduke Maximilian.

half past ten and when I got there I was told that he had already gone out hunting. Patience! I then asked to be taken to Bernad, the choirmaster—but he had gone off with Baron Schmidt to his estates. I found Herr Bellvall, but he was very busy. He gave me 1000 greetings for you. During lunch Rossi made his appearance and at two o'clock Consoli turned up, and at three o'clock Becke and Herr von Bellvall. I called on Frau von Durst who is now living near the Franciscans and at six o'clock I went for a short walk with Becke. There is a certain Professor Huber here (perhaps you will remember him better than I do) who tells me that he saw me during our last visit to Vienna and that he heard me play at young Herr von Mesmer's house. He is neither very tall nor very small, pale, with whitish grey hair, and in features he somewhat resembles our Salzburg Equerry. He is a Vice-Intendant at the theatre; his job is to read through the plays sent in for production, improve, spoil, expand them or cut them down. He comes to Albert's every evening and often has a talk with me. I was at Count Seeau's to-day, Friday the 26th, at half past eight in the morning. This is what happened. I walked into the house and Madame Niesser, the actress, who was just coming out, asked me: "I suppose you want to see the Count?" "Yes", I replied. "Well, he is still in his garden and goodness knows when he will return." I asked her where the garden was. "Well," she said, "I too want to see him, so let us go together." We had hardly passed the lodge gates before the Count came towards us; and when he was about twelve paces from us, he recognised me, addressed me by name, and was extremely polite. He was already acquainted with my story.¹ As we mounted the steps together very slowly, I disclosed to him very briefly the object of my visit. He said that I should ask immediately for an audience with

¹ See p. 394, n. 1.

His Highness the Elector and that if for any reason I was unable to see him, I should put my case before him in writing. I begged him to keep the whole thing secret and he promised me to do so. When I remarked that a first-rate composer was badly needed here, he said: "I am well aware of it". After this I called on the Bishop of Chiemsee and was with him for half an hour. I told him everything and he promised me to do his best in the matter. He was going to Nymphenburg at one o'clock and promised to speak to Her Highness the Electress without fail. The court returns to Munich on Sunday evening. We lunched to-day at Rasco's with Herr von Bellvall. Rasco and his wife, Herr von Cori, Bellvall and Passauer send you their greetings. Then we went to Frau von Durst, who lives three flights up in Burgomaster Schmadl's house, where Herr von Cori lodges on the second floor. Thence Herr Siegl (who has now been married for two months) fetched us and we all went together to Frau von Hofstetten, whose husband is away but will soon return. Franz Dufresne is now Court Chancellor, but up to the present *sine auro*. Afterwards Siegl took Mamma home, for she had promised Becke to go with him to the theatre, and I accompanied Frau von Durst to her lodgings and then on to the theatre, where we all met again. The play was: *Henriette, oder Sie ist schon verheiratet*.¹ This morning at half past eleven Becke and I called on the beautiful Fräulein von Seeau. Fräulein von Tosson has made a very good match. Her husband's name is Hepp and he is said to be extremely rich. Herr Johannes Cröner,² by being amazingly blunt, has been made Vice-Konzert-

¹ A comedy by G. F. W. Grossmann.

² Cröner was the name of a large family of musicians who all served the Electors of Bavaria and were nearly all violinists. The Vice-Konzertmeister to whom Mozart refers was Johannes Nepomuk von Cröner, who after the death of Elector Maximilian III in 1777 was pensioned off and died in 1785.

meister. He produced two symphonies (*Dio mene liberi*)¹ of his own composition. The Elector asked him: "Did you really compose these yourself?" "Yes, Your Highness." "Who taught you then?" "Oh, a schoolmaster in Switzerland. People make such a fuss about composing, but that schoolmaster told me more than all our composers here could tell me." Count Schönborn and his wife, the Archbishop's sister,² arrived here to-day when I happened to be at the theatre. In conversation with them Herr Albert mentioned that I was here and told them that I was no longer in the Archbishop's service. They were both amazed and absolutely refused to believe that (oh, blessed memory!) my whole salary used to be twelve gulden, thirty kreutzer a month.³ They were only changing horses, or they would have been delighted to have had a word with me; as it was, I missed them. Now at last please let me enquire after your health and condition. I hope, and so does Mamma, that you are both quite well. I am always in my very best spirits, for my heart has been as light as a feather ever since I got away from all that humbug; and, what is more, I have become fatter. Herr von Wallau spoke to me at the theatre to-day and I called on Countess La Rosée in her box. Well, I must leave Mamma a little room. Please deliver compliments to the whole worshipful company of marksmen from three of its members, that is, Mamma, myself and M. Novac, who comes to Albert's every day. Meanwhile farewell, my dearest Papa. I kiss your hands countless times and embrace my brute of a sister.

¹ God save me from them.

² Maria Theresa (1744- ?), Princess Colloredo, was the second wife of Eugen Franz Erwein, Count Schönborn (1727-1801).

³ Mozart's annual salary as *Konzertmeister* to the Archbishop was 150 gulden.

(209a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, *September 26th, 1777*¹

Wolfgang has left me no news to tell. I hope that I shall soon get a letter from you and hear with delight that you are well. Thank God, we are in good trim and only wish that you were with us, which, with God's help, will happen some day. Meanwhile do not worry and shake off all your troubles. Everything will come right in the end, when the hooks and eyes have been put on. We lead a most charming life—up early—late to bed, and visitors all day long. Addio, ben mio. Keep well, my love. Into your mouth your arse you'll shove. I wish you good-night, my dear, but first shit in your bed and make it burst. It is long after one o'clock already. Now you can go on rhyming yourself.

MARIA ANNA MOZART

All sorts of messages to

my dear Sallerl, Katherl, Nannerl,
Bimberl.

(210) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *September 27th, 1777*

You will have received my letter. As yet we have had no news of you from Munich, probably because you were not able to write until Saturday. I feel somewhat better, but my cough will not leave me. I have not gone out yet, and shall not do so until to-morrow, when I shall go to the half past ten mass in the Heilige Dreifaltigkeit; but if I do not feel quite well, I shall not stir out. Young Herr von

¹ A postscript to Mozart's letter.

Unhold from Munich has just been to see me, so I had to stop writing and talk to him; and Nannerl had to play a sonata for him. My dear Wolfgang, I beg you not to write any more jokes about our Mufti. Remember that I am in Salzburg and that one of your letters might get lost or find its way into other hands. Herr von Moll spent four hours with me yesterday. He is going home on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week, and is delighted to leave Salzburg, for he has got to hate being here. In the bag containing the trousers you will find a steel button for your green summer suit and various pieces of cloth for patching, all of which I presume you will still receive in Munich, for it is possible that things may go better there than we supposed. You mention something about your diplomas, but I scarcely think that you need them. If any difficulty should arise, I can always send them and I can enclose as well a full account of the whole affair. It does our Prince no credit that he gave you such a poor salary and it does you little honour that you served him so long for that bagatelle. If anyone asks you what pay you received, *it would be better for you to say quite frankly that you only stayed in Salzburg to please your father and until you were a little older, as the pay there is usually only three or four hundred gulden, except in the case of Italians, whom the Prince now remunerates more handsomely.* I trust that you have called on Woschitka¹ and flattered him. You should make friends with everybody. I wrote that sentence in the dark, but now I have a light! Yesterday little Victoria Adlgasser² did Nannerl's hair and this afternoon Katherl combed it out and dressed it. We played in the afternoon with Bullinger, *who always*

¹ Franz Xaver Woschitka (1730- ?), leading cellist in the Munich court orchestra.

² Daughter of Anton Cajetan Adlgasser, court and cathedral organist in Salzburg.

sends you his greetings. Then Seelos,¹ who greets you, came to call on me, and Nannerl took Bimperl, who also greets you, for a walk.

My affair is again on the old footing. What is contained in my diploma, which the Privy Chancery sent to me to-day, is so long that I shall copy it out word for word in my next letter, which I hope to write the day after to-morrow. For I must close now and send off the parcel to-day to be put in to-morrow's mail coach. The reply to my petition is really comical; it is most polite and perfectly ridiculous, for it dodges the point. Mitzerl, Tresel² and all Salzburg send their greetings to you. Nannerl has tidied up everywhere. She sends greetings to you and kisses you and Mamma a million times. And I?—Ah, but you surely know that my whole heart is with you. God keep you in good health! My very life depends on yours. I am your old deserted father and husband

MOZART

My greetings to our good friends in Munich. Provided that both of you are well I am as gay as a lark.

(211) *Leopold Mozart to his Wife and Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, September 28th–29th, 1777

I went out for the first time to-day, and to Mirabell, to hear the last mass, and I sat up in the side oratory. During the service I saw Herr von Gilowsky with Frau von Riedel on his arm and Herr Grenier with Herr von Riedel walking into the courtyard to look at the rooms. So, when mass was over, I crossed the landing and went there to

¹ Jakob Seelos, tenor in the Salzburg court choir.

² Therese, the Mozarts' maid-of-all-work.

greet them. They were very much surprised when I told them that you were both in Munich and had perhaps even left. They promised to come and see us on Monday. After lunch the marksmen came and the Paymaster contributed the target, which Bullinger won. But I won the second and, as I shot for Mamma, I made seven kreutzer for her. Wolfgang, for whom Bullinger shot, has won thirteen. Afterwards Kastl and Katherl played with us until the dress rehearsal of the French play at five o'clock, when they all three went off to the theatre. I then took Bimperl for a walk of about 100 yards from our front door and having brought her home, went on myself to the dress rehearsal. The actors were in full dress, but no other people were allowed in. Five hundred tickets are being distributed for Tuesday. The Archbishop went off to Weidwirth for a few days, but, as Count Guntacker¹ and his wife arrived this morning, he returned this evening. We are having the most lovely, warm weather and to-day, thank God, I am very well and have hardly coughed at all, sometimes not even three times in two hours. But I am still taking medicine to make me perspire and I shall have to speak about my health to Dr. Barisani,² as I have got very thin. I trust that with God's help I shall get well, for now I am more placid than I used to be and I shall take great care of myself in every way. But I beg you, dear Wolfgang, not to indulge in any excesses, for from your youth up you have been used to a regular life. And you must avoid heating drinks, for you know that you soon get hot and that you prefer cold to warmth, which is a clear proof that your blood, which has a tendency to heat, immediately boils up. Strong drinks therefore and too much wine

¹ Count Guntacker Colloredo, brother of the Archbishop of Salzburg.

² Dr. Sylvester von Barisani (1719-1810), born in Padua, was private physician to the Archbishop. His two sons, Franz and Sigmund, became doctors, the one in Salzburg, the other in Vienna.

of any kind are bad for you. Picture to yourself in what unhappiness and distress you would plunge your dear mother in a far distant country, not to mention myself. I have written very circumstantially to M. Duschek,¹ and I have added that on your journey you will find an opportunity of writing to him. Madame Duschek² has replied to my letter and tells me that she too has heard of our worries in Salzburg, that they both sympathise very deeply and long to see our merits rewarded and that Wolfgang, who, she supposes, must now be more of a scamp than ever, should come directly or indirectly to Prague, where he will always be given a very warm welcome. Now I must copy out for you the reply to my petition. You will see how hard they must have worked—if only to put it together.

Ex Decreto Cels^{mi}. Principis, 26 Sept., 1777.

To signify to the petitioner that His Grace desires that there should be real harmony amongst his musicians. In gracious confidence therefore that the petitioner will conduct himself calmly and peaceably with the Kapellmeister and other persons appointed to the court orchestra, His Grace retains him in his employment and graciously commands him to endeavour to render good service both to the Church and to His Grace's person.

Did you ever in your life read such a rigmarole of nonsense? Whoever reads the petition and then the reply will

¹ Franz Xaver Duschek (1736–1799), born at Chotebor in Czechoslovakia, studied music in Prague and later in Vienna under Wagenseil. He settled in Prague as a teacher of music and performer on the clavier, for which he wrote a number of compositions.

² Josepha Duschek (1753–1823), *née* Hambacher, was born in Prague, where she became a pupil of Franz Duschek, whom she married. She became a famous singer and was called “Bohemia's Gabrielli”. She and her husband met Mozart at Salzburg in August 1777, when he wrote for her the scena and aria “Ah, lo previdi” from Paisiello's ‘Andromeda’, K. 272. An interesting account of the Duscheks, who played a praiseworthy part in Mozart's later years, is to be found in Procházka, *Mozart in Prag* (Prague, 1892), chap. i.

be obliged to think that the chancery clerk attached this document to the wrong petition. Fortunately no one but Bullinger has read it, and probably nobody else will do so, for the Paymaster asked me to-day to send for my salary. He did not want to read anything and in any case he would not have objected to sending me the money, as he had not received any definite authority to strike me off his pay-sheet. Last Friday Herr Kolb gave a grand concert to the foreign merchants, at which Ferlendis, Ferrari,¹ Kastl, Stadler,² Pinzger,³ etc. were present. He played on the fiddle your concerto⁴ and your *Nachtmusik*⁵ and, as the music was so much praised and won extraordinary acclamation and applause, he announced "You have been hearing the compositions of a good friend who is no longer with us". Whereupon they all cried out: "What a pity that we have lost him!" The concert took place in Eizenberger's hall. When it was over, they all got drunk and shouldered one another in processions round the room, knocking against the lustres or rather, against the large chandelier which hangs from the middle of the ceiling, so that they smashed the centre bowl and other pieces, which will now have to be sent to Venice to be replaced. I sent off this morning the parcel with the trousers, so I hope that you have received them. If you have not, you should enquire, for parcels often go to the

¹ Cellist in the Salzburg court orchestra.

² Anton Stadler (1753-1812), clarinettist in the Salzburg court orchestra. He became later a member of the National Theatre orchestra in Vienna, where Mozart frequently helped him out of money difficulties. Mozart wrote for Anton Stadler his clarinet quintet (K. 581) and his clarinet concerto (K. 622).

³ Andreas Pinzger (c. 1742-1817) was a violinist in the Salzburg court orchestra.

⁴ During the year 1775 Mozart wrote five violin concertos, i.e. K. 207, 211, 216, 218, 219.

⁵ Probably one of the virtuoso movements from Mozart's Haffner serenade (K. 250), written for performance on the eve of the wedding of Marie Elizabeth Haffner to F. X. Späth, July 22nd, 1776.

customs house. That was why I wrote on mine: *one worn pair of trousers and some music.*

Monday morning, September 29th

I have this moment received your first letter from Munich. Perhaps all will go well. Possibly you could get things working if you could find an opportunity of showing the Elector everything you can do, especially in fugues, canons and counterpoint compositions. You must play up all you can to Count Seeau and tell him what arias and ballets and so forth you are prepared to compose for his theatre, and this without asking for remuneration. You must be excessively polite to the courtiers, for each one has a finger in that pie. Consoli could sing the new scena you wrote for Madame Duschek¹ and you could speak to Count Seeau about her. Perhaps you could give a concert in Count Seeau's garden. If there is a ray of hope in all this, you will have to stay on in Munich. Make good friends with Woschitka, for he can always speak to the Elector and he is in great favour. Should the Elector require you to write a piece for the viol da gamba, Woschitka could tell you what it should be like and could show you the works which he prefers, so that you may get some idea of his taste. If you have not spoken and cannot speak to him and are thus obliged to apply to him in writing, Herr von Bellvall will tell you who ought to draft the letter. In conversation and in writing you may state quite frankly both to the Elector and to Count Seeau that in regard to your knowledge of counterpoint His Highness need only consult Padre Maestro Martini of Bologna and Herr Hasse in Venice and hear what they think. If you really must have them, I will send you your two diplomas which state that when you were only fourteen

¹ K. 272. "Ah, lo previdi", composed in Salzburg, August 1777. See p. 408, n.2.

you were appointed maestro di cappella of the Academies of Bologna and Verona. I am now quite happy; and I am delighted that Mamma, whom I kiss 1000 times, is in good form and I can well believe that you feel light-hearted. The story about Albert (to whom we send greetings) and Countess von Schönborn is really killing. Our greetings to all our friends and acquaintances. So Herr Siegl too has taken the plunge? I congratulate him most cordially! I kiss you both most affectionately and remain the old deserted hermit with his housekeeper

MOZART

I send you herewith the two diplomas and Padre Martini's testimonial.¹ See that the Elector reads them. Count Seeau should read them too and make the Elector do so. What a sensation they will make! I mean, the fact that seven years ago you were made maestro di cappella of both Academies.

(211a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother and Brother*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, September 29th, 1777²

I am delighted to hear that Mamma and Jack Pudding are cheerful and in good spirits. Alas, we poor orphans have to mope for boredom and fiddle away the time somehow or other. That reminds me, Bimperl, please be so good as to send me soon a short preambulum. But write one this time from C into B, so that I may gradually learn it by heart.

I have no good news to send you from home. So I kiss Mamma's hands and to you, you rascal! you villain! I

¹ Nissen, p. 227 f., gives the text of Padre Martini's testimonial, dated October 12th, 1770. In a footnote he adds the remark that "it is not known why this testimonial was ever asked for and granted".

² A postscript to her father's letter.

give a juicy kiss and I remain Mamma's obedient daughter and your sister who is living in hopes—

MARIA ANNA MOZART

Miss Pimpes too is living in hopes, for she stands or sits at the door whole half-hours on end and thinks every minute that you are going to come. All the same she is quite well, eats, drinks, sleeps, shits and pisses.

(212) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, September 29th, 1777

Thank God, we are well and are still here. Wolfgang went to-day to see the Bishop of Chiemsee and to-morrow he is to pay his respects to the Elector. He was not able to do so before. Herr Woschitka had supper with us yesterday and lunched with us to-day and was very civil. We must wait and see how we get on. We have very many good friends who would like us to remain here.

(212a) *Mozart to his Father*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, September 29th–30th, 1777¹

True enough! Any number of good friends, but unfortunately most of them can do little or nothing. I was with Count Seeau yesterday morning at half past ten and found him much more subdued and not so frank as he was the first time. But it was only in appearance. Then to-day I called on Prince Zeill, who said to me in the most polite manner: "I am afraid that we shall not

¹ Mozart's letter is really a continuation of the one begun by his mother.

accomplish very much here. When we were at table at Nymphenburg I had a few words in private with the Elector. He said: 'It is too early yet. He ought to go off, travel to Italy and make a name for himself. I am not refusing him, but it is too soon.' " So there we are! Most of these great lords are downright infatuated with Italy. Zeill advised me, however, to go to the Elector and put my case before him all the same. I had a private talk at table to-day with Woschitka, who told me to call at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, when he will certainly procure an audience for me. We are good friends now. He wanted absolutment to know who the person was,¹ but I just said: "Rest assured that I am your friend and ever will be, and that I too am convinced of your friendship; that must suffice". Now to return to my story. The Bishop of Chiemsee also had a word in private with the Electress, who, however, shrugged her shoulders and said that she would do her best, but was very doubtful. Now to go back to Count Seeau. When Prince Zeill had told him the whole story, he said: "Do you know whether Mozart gets enough money from home to enable him with a small subsidy to remain on here? I should very much like to keep him." "I do not know", replied the Bishop, "but I very much doubt it. However, you have only to ask him." So that was why on the following day he was so thoughtful. I like Munich and I am inclined to think, as many of my friends do, that if only I could stay here for a year or two, I could win both profit and honour by my work and therefore would be sought after by the court instead of having to canvass them. Since my arrival Herr Albert has thought out a scheme, which, I believe, would not be impossible of execution. It amounts to this. He wants to collect ten good friends, each of whom would

¹ Mozart is probably alluding to someone who was trying to disturb the good relations between Woschitka and himself.

fork out one ducat a month, thus making ten ducats or fifty gulden a month, or 600 gulden a year. Then if I could get 200 gulden a year from Count Seeau, I should have 800 gulden. Now what does Papa think of this idea? Is it not a proof of friendship? And should I not accept it, provided, of course, that the proposal is serious? It seems perfectly satisfactory to me. I should be near Salzburg, and if you, my dearest Papa, should feel inclined (as I heartily wish that you may) to leave Salzburg and end your days in Munich, the plan would be delightful and quite simple. For if we have had to live in Salzburg on 504 gulden, surely we could manage in Munich on 600 or 800?

Countess La Rosée has asked me to send you 100000 compliments. What a charming woman she is! and a very good friend of ours. Herr von Dufresne told me the other day that the two of them often squabbled about us with the "Presidentess",¹ Papa is in high favour with the Countess. She says that for a long time she has not met a man of such good sense and that you can see it in his face! I go to her every day. Her brother is not here.

(212b) *Maria Anna Mozart resumes writing*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

We lunched on Friday with Herr Bellvall and then called on Frau von Durst and went to the theatre with her. She sends greetings to you and Nannerl. Herr Becke went off to the country to-day with Countess Seeau. I am quite happy in Munich, but I should like to be able to divide myself, so that I could also be with

¹ Probably Madame la Présidente, a lady of fashion in Munich, whose performance on the harpsichord Burney describes. See Burney: *Present State of Music in Germany, etc.*, 2nd edition, 1775, vol. i. p. 172.

you in Salzburg. Do take care of your health, do not go out until you are quite well again and do not let any gray hairs grow. With God's help, all will come right, as it surely must. Greetings to all my friends, that is, Frau von Moll, Frau von Gerlichs,¹ Mamsell Katherl and especially to my dearest Sallerl and Herr Bullinger, Frau Hagenauer, Jungfer Mitzerl, in a word to all who like to hear from us. I kiss Bimperl on her little tongue; but she will probably have forgotten me. Nannerl ought to look very smart indeed, as she has two lady's maids. Write and tell us all that has happened since in Salzburg. A German operetta is being performed to-morrow and we shall see it, as it is making such a sensation. It is said to be very fine. I send plenty of greetings to Thresel also. She must not feel lonely till I return and she must take out Bimbess regularly and make her perform. My greetings also to the birds. I simply cannot write much, as my pen is wretched and I cannot write at all with my gold pen. So I kiss you both many million times. Live together happily and keep well. I pray for both of you every day. Addio.

MARIA ANNA MOZART

(212c) *Mozart resumes writing*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

At nine o'clock to-day, the 30th, I went as arranged with M. Woschitka to court. Everyone was in hunting dress. Baron Kern was acting chamberlain. I might have gone there yesterday evening, but I did not want to tread on the toes of M. Woschitka, who of his own accord had

¹ Anna Maria von Gerlichs, widow of the Salzburg Privy Councillor Gerhart von Gerlichs, who died in 1763.

offered to procure me an audience with the Elector. At ten o'clock he showed me into a little narrow room through which His Highness was to pass on his way to hear mass before going to hunt. Count Seeau went by and greeted me in the most friendly fashion, saying: "How do you do, my very dear Mozart!" When the Elector came up to me, I said: "Your Highness will allow me to throw myself most humbly at your feet and offer you my services". "So you have left Salzburg for good?" "Yes, your Highness, for good." "How is that? Have you had a row with him?" "Not at all, Your Highness. I only asked him for permission to travel, which he refused. So I was compelled to take this step, though indeed I had long been intending to clear out. For Salzburg is no place for me, I can assure you." "Good Heavens! There's a young man for you! But your father is still in Salzburg?" "Yes, your Highness. He too throws himself most humbly at your feet, and so forth. I have been three times to Italy already, I have written three operas, I am a member of the Bologna Academy, where I had to pass a test, at which many maestri have laboured and sweated for four or five hours, but which I finished in an hour. Let that be a proof that I am competent to serve at any court. My sole wish, however, is to serve your Highness, who himself is such a great——" "Yes, my dear boy, but I have no vacancy. I am sorry. If only there were a vacancy——" "I assure your Highness that I should not fail to do credit to Munich." "I know. But it is no good, for there is no vacancy here." This he said as he walked away. Whereupon I commended myself to his good graces. Herr Woschitka has advised me to put in an appearance at court as often as I can. This afternoon I went to see Count Salern.¹ The Countess, his daughter, is now a

¹ Count Joseph von Salern (1718-?), chief manager of the opera in Munich.

maid of honour. She had gone out hunting with the rest. Ravani and I were in the street when the whole company passed by. The Elector and the Electress greeted me in a most friendly manner. Countess Salern recognised me at once and waved her hand to me repeatedly. Baron Rumling, whom I saw beforehand in the antechamber, has never been so *civil* to me as he was on this occasion. How I got on with Salern I shall tell you in my next letter. It was quite satisfactory. He was very polite—and frank.

P.S. Ma très chère sœur. I shall send you a letter all for yourself very soon. My greetings to A.B.C.M.R. and more letters of the alphabet of that kind. Addio. I do beg you to take great care of your health. I kiss Papa's hands 100000 times and always remain your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Someone built a house here and wrote on it:

To build a house is good fun, 'tis true.
That 'twould cost so much I never knew.

During the night someone scrawled underneath:

That to build a house would cost so much brass
You ought to have known, you silly ass.

(213) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *September 30th–October 2nd, 1777*

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

There was a rehearsal in the theatre this morning. Haydn¹ had to provide entr'acte music for "Zaïre."²

¹ Michael Haydn.

² Incidental music for a performance of Voltaire's "Zaïre".

At nine o'clock already one performer after the other began to turn up; the rehearsal started at ten and they were not finished until about half past eleven. Of course the Turkish music was included and a march too. Countess von Schönborn came to the rehearsal, driven in a chaise by Count Czernin.¹ The music is supposed to suit the action very well and to be very fine. Although it was entirely for stringed and wind-instruments, the court harpsichord had to be brought over and Haydn played on it. On the previous evening Hafeneder's ² Finalmusik was performed at the back of the pages' garden, where Madame Rosa used to live. The Archbishop had supper in Hellbrunn and the play began after half past six. We saw from our window the attendance, which, however, was not so large as I had expected, for almost half the ticket-holders had stayed away.³ People say that it is to be performed very often, so I shall be able to hear the music whenever I like. I have seen the dress rehearsal. The play was already over by half past eight, so that the Prince and all the company had to wait half an hour for their carriages. Half a company of grenadiers were parading in the square and the Prince walked up and down the garden.

October 1st. Is not Baron Dürnitz ⁴ in Munich? Then he is probably on his estates. What is Herr von Dufraisne, the priest, doing? Yesterday I received quite unexpectedly a letter from Mysliwecek, which I am quoting for you.

¹ Count Johann Rudolf Czernin, brother of the Countess Lützow and nephew of the Archbishop.

² Joseph Hafeneder, violinist and composer, was a member of the Salzburg court orchestra.

³ The Mozarts' house in the Makartplatz had a good view of the Salzburg theatre.

⁴ Baron Thaddäus von Dürnitz (? -1803), a well known-patron of music and a good performer on the clavier and the bassoon. He commissioned Mozart after the latter's arrival in Munich in December 1774 to write various works, including the clavier sonata, K. 284, for which, however, he never paid him.

Diversi ordinari sono ch'io ricevei avviso da Napoli che per diversi impegni fortissimi hanno dovuto prendere un certo Maestro Valentini ¹ per l'opera di carnevale, nonostante però s'accorderanno cigliati 100 al Signor figlio per un' opera l'anno venturo. Ma vogliono l'impresario, cioè, il signor *Don Gaetano Santoro*, che V.S. gli scriva che per meno di 100 cigliati non può venire, ma con i 100 d'esser pronto di accettar l'opera che si destinerà. Io sono tanto tormentato da cotesti impresari che assolutamente vogliono ch'io ne scriva due l'anno venturo: e a momenti aspetto la scrittura. Già a me toccheranno gli siti più cattivi, non importa. Io in Napoli sono conosciuto, e ne scrissi sei. Perchè so che vogliono che io scrivessi la prima, e probabilmente la terza. Io consiglio sempre, per maggior sicurezza, l'opera del carnevale. Dio sa, se ci potrò andare, ma già che vogliono così, accetterò la scrittura, se non potrò, la rimanderò. V.S. dunque da me sarà avvisato quali opere me devono toccare. Ed allora potrà Lei scrivere al Signor Don Gaetano Santoro circa il prezzo e circa l'opera addirittura, ovvero mandarmi la lettera, che io l'invierò. Frattanto mille saluti a tutta la stimatissima famiglia e mi do l'onore, etc., etc.²

You see from this letter that I cannot answer it at once,

¹ There were several operatic composers of this name in the latter half of the eighteenth century, chief of whom were Giovanni Valentini and Michael Angelo Valentini.

² Some posts ago I received the news from Naples that owing to several important commitments the authorities have had to engage a certain Maestro Valentini for the carnival opera. Nevertheless they will undertake to pay 100 cigliati to your son for an opera for next year. But the impresario Don Gaetano Santoro would like you to write, refusing to allow your son to go for less than 100 cigliati, but stating that for this sum he will compose whatever opera is allotted to him. Indeed I am worried to death by those impresarios who insist on my writing two operas next year; and at the moment I am awaiting the contract. I shall have the worst of the bargain, but no matter. I am well known in Naples and have written six operas. So I know that they will want me to write the first and probably the third. For greater safety I always advise the carnival opera. Heaven knows whether I shall be able to go to Naples, but as they wish it, I shall accept the contract. If I cannot go, I shall return it. I shall inform you in due course what operas have been allotted to me. Then you may write to Don Gaetano Santoro about the fee and the opera itself, or send me your letter which I shall forward to him. Meanwhile, a thousand greetings to your whole most esteemed family, and I have the honour, etc., etc.

because I still have to wait to hear from him what operas he is going to compose. Moreover, he does not seem to have the faintest idea that you are in Munich. So I am waiting for a letter from you, which I hope to receive to-morrow morning, and then I shall be able to take a decision; for one must be guided by circumstances. The journey to Naples is too far and too expensive, especially if you decide to go beyond Munich. Our object is now quite a different one; and should you have the good fortune, which is hardly likely, to get an appointment in Munich, you could not run away during the first year. But in that case you could draft the letter to Santoro to the effect that the offer brings you honour and ensures a contract for an opera in Naples for some other year, when it would be more convenient and practicable. If in the meantime Mysliwecek hears or has heard that you are in Munich, your excuse, if you do not wish to visit him, will have to be that your Mamma forbids you to do so and that other people have persuaded you, and so forth. It is indeed a pity. But, if he is sensible, he will appreciate the point and will not nourish a grievance against a mother. Even if he does manage to reach Naples, what sort of figure will the poor fellow, who is now without a nose, cut in the theatre? But *propriâ culpâ hæc acciderunt*. Where does the blame lie, but on himself and on the horrible life he has led? What a disgrace he is before the whole world! Everybody must fly from him and loathe him. It is indeed a real misery and one which moreover is self-inflicted.

Thursday, October 2nd. I was at the Thursday service to-day, where I heard that the play is to be repeated on Saturday, and that on Sunday there will be a ball, probably a subscription affair. Haydn's interlude was so good that the Archbishop honoured him by saying at table *that he never would have thought that Haydn was capable of*

composing such music and that instead of beer he ought always to drink burgundy. What kind of talk is this!

After the service I went straight home, as I was expecting a letter from you. But although it is now mid-day, no letter has arrived yet. Meanwhile I must tell you that I feel very much better, but that I still have a slight cough and a stinking expectoration. Moreover, two days ago a slight rheumatism developed in my left shoulder; but I have kept warm and yesterday afternoon I went for a walk with Nannerl and Pimperl in the hot sun. I let it grill me, got some fresh air and felt so well that I longed to be able to get into a coach and clear out of Salzburg. As it is now past four o'clock and too late for your letter to come, I shall close mine and go for a walk with Nannerl and Pimpes! Everybody sends greetings, especially Frau Hagenauer, to whom I have just been talking in the street and who sends us invitations every day or invites herself to our house. Nannerl and I kiss you millions of times, we wish you luck 1000 times and especially good health; and, hoping to receive a letter tomorrow, I am the old grasswidower, bereft of wife and child,

MOZART

If you can perform something before the Elector, you will or you may at least get a present, that is, if there is nothing else for you to do.

(214) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

October 2nd-3rd, 1777

Yesterday, October 1st, I called on Count Salern again and to-day, the 2nd, I actually lunched there. During the last three days I have had quite enough playing, I think, but I have thoroughly enjoyed it. Papa must not suppose

that I like to go to Count Salern's on account of —. Not at all, for unfortunately, she is in service at court and therefore is never at home. But about ten o'clock to-morrow morning I shall go to court with Madame Hepp, née Tosson, and shall then see her. For the court leaves on Saturday and will not return until the 20th. I am lunching to-morrow with Frau and Fräulein De Branca,¹ who is now half my pupil, as Siegl seldom turns up and Becke, who usually accompanies her on the flute, is not here. At Count Salern's during those three days I played several things out of my head, and then the two Cassations I wrote for the Countess² and finally³ the Finalmusik with the Rondo,³ all from memory. You cannot imagine how delighted Count Salern was. But he really understands music, for all the time he kept on shouting "Bravo", where other noblemen would take a pinch of snuff, blow their noses, clear their throats—or start a conversation. I said to him that I only wished that the Elector could be there, for then he might hear something. As it is, he knows nothing whatever about me. He has no idea what I can do. Why do these gentlemen believe what anyone tells them and never try to find out for themselves? Yes, it is always the same. I am willing to submit to a test. Let him get together all the composers in Munich, let him even summon a few from Italy, France, Germany, England and Spain. I undertake to compete with any of them in composition. I told Salern what I had done in Italy and I begged him, whenever the conversation should turn on me, to trot out these facts. He said: "I have very little influence, but what I can do, I will do with my whole heart". He too is strongly of the opinion that if I could

¹ Wife and daughter of Privy Councillor De Branca. Frau De Branca was a Frenchwoman.

² K. 247 and 287, two Divertimenti written in 1776 and 1777 for Countess Antonia Lodron.

³ Probably K. 250, the Haffner serenade, composed in 1776.

stay on here for a time, the problem would solve itself. If I were here alone, it would not be impossible for me to manage somehow, for I should ask for at least 300 gulden from Count Seeau. As for food, I should not have to worry, for I should always be invited out, and whenever I had no invitation, Albert would only be too delighted to have me at table. I eat very little, drink water, just at dessert I take a small glass of wine. I should draw up a contract with Count Seeau (all on the advice of my good friends) on the following lines: to compose every year four German operas, some *buffe*, some *serie*; and to be allowed a *sera* or benefit performance of each for myself, as is the custom here. That alone would bring me in at least 500 gulden, which with my salary would make up 800 gulden. But I should certainly make more, for Reiner,¹ the actor and singer, took in 200 gulden on the occasion of his benefit; and I am *very popular* here. And how much more popular I should be if I could help forward the German national theatre? And with my help it would certainly succeed. For when I heard the German singspiel, I was simply itching to compose. The leading soprano is called Mlle Kaiser.² She is the daughter of a cook by a count here and is a very attractive girl; pretty on the stage, that is; but I have not yet seen her near. She is a native of the town. When I heard her, it was only her third appearance. She has a beautiful voice, not powerful but by no means weak, very pure and her intonation is good. Valesi³ has

¹ Franz von Paula Reiner (1743- ?) lived from 1767 to 1778 in Munich, where he introduced the operetta.

² This singer performed in Munich until 1784 and then moved to Vienna.

³ Johann Evangelist Wallishauser (1735-1811), a Bavarian, had at first great successes as a singer. The Duke of Bavaria sent him to study in Padua, where he adopted the name of Valesi, and in 1771 he sang in opera at Florence, and subsequently in all the leading theatres of Italy. In 1776 he returned to Munich for good, and eventually devoted himself entirely to training singers. Two of his most distinguished pupils were Valentin Adamberger and Carl Maria von Weber.

taught her; and from her singing you can tell that he knows how to sing as well as how to teach. When she sustains her voice for a few bars, I have been astonished at the beauty of her *crescendo* and *decrescendo*. She still takes her trills slowly and I am very glad. They will be all the truer and clearer when later on she wants to trill more rapidly, as it is always easier to do them quickly in any case. People here are delighted with her—and I am delighted with them. Mamma was in the pit. She went in as early as half past four in order to secure a seat; but I did not turn up until half past six, as I have the entrée to all the boxes, for I am so well known. I was in the Brancas' box and I kept my opera-glasses on Mlle Kaiser and she often drew a tear from me. I kept on calling out "Brava, Bravissima", for I could not forget that it was only her third appearance on the stage. The play was "The Fisherm maiden", a very good translation of Piccinni's opera.¹ As yet they have no original plays. They would like to produce a German opera seria soon, and they are very anxious that I should compose it. Professor Huber, whom I have already mentioned, is one of the people who want this. Now I must go to bed, for I have come to an end of my tether. It is ten o'clock sharp.

Baron Rumling paid me a compliment the other day by saying: "I *love* the theatre, good actors and actresses, good singers, and, last but not least, a first-rate composer like yourself". Only words, it is true, and it is very easy to talk. But he has never spoken to me before in such a flattering manner. I wish you good night—to-morrow, God willing, I shall have the honour of talking to you again, my dearest Papa, in writing.

October 2nd. Number four on the second floor.

¹ Piccinni's "La Pescatrice", produced in 1766. Burney saw it in Florence in 1770. See Burney, *Present State of Music in France and Italy*, 2nd edition, 1773, p. 241 ff.

(214a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband**[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]*MUNICH, *October 2nd*, 1777

Wolfgang is lunching to-day with Madame Branca and I have lunched at home; but as soon as three o'clock strikes I am going to Frau von Tosson, who is sending someone to fetch me. Herr von Krimmel¹ turned up again yesterday with Herr von Unhold. He is a good friend of ours and is trying hard to persuade us to go to Memmingen and to give a first-class concert, as he assures us that we shall make more there than at a court. I quite believe it, for, as hardly anybody goes to such a place, the people there are glad when they can get anyone at all. Now how is your health? I am not really satisfied with your letters. I don't like that cough, which is lasting far too long. You ought not to have anything wrong with you at all. I beg you to use the sago soon, and the sooner the better, so that you may regain your strength as quickly as possible. We received the parcel by the mail coach and the other one too by the ordinary post. I send greetings to Nannerl. Please tell her not to get cross with you and to take good care that you have no worries and to help you to pass the time so that you do not get melancholy. Bimperl, I trust, is doing her duty and making up to you, for she is a good and faithful fox terrier. I send greetings to Tresel also and should like you to tell her that it is all one whether I shit the muck or she eats it. But now for something more sensible.

¹ See p. 393.

(214b) *Mozart resumes writing*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

I am writing this on October 3rd. The court is leaving to-morrow and will not return until the 20th. If it had stayed, I should have kept on hammering and I should have stayed on myself for some time. As it is, I hope next Tuesday to continue my journey with Mamma, but the position is this: in the meantime the company, about which I wrote to you the other day, will be formed; so that, when we are tired of travelling, we shall have a safe place to return to. Herr von Krimmel was with the Bishop of Chiemsee to-day; he had a good many things to settle with him, including that matter of the salt. Von Krimmel is a curious fellow. Here they call him "Your Grace", I mean, the flunkies do. He would like nothing better than that I should remain here, and spoke about me very warmly to the Prince.¹ He said to me: "Just leave it to me. I shall talk to the Prince. I know how to deal with him, as I have often been of service to him." The Prince promised him that I would *certainly* be taken into the court service, but added that things could not be done quite so quickly. As soon as the court returns, he will speak most seriously and earnestly to the Elector. At eight o'clock this morning I saw Count Seeau. I was very brief and merely said: "I have come, Your Excellency, solely in order to explain myself and produce my credentials. It has been cast up at me that I ought to travel to Italy. Why, I have spent sixteen months in Italy and, as everyone knows, I have written three operas. My other achievements Your Excellency will learn about from these papers." I then showed him my diplomas and added: "I am showing these to Your Excellency and I am telling you all this so that, if ever

¹ i.e. the Bishop of Chiemsee.

my name is mentioned and any injustice should be done to me, you may be justified in taking my part". He asked me if I was now going to France. I replied that I was staying on in Germany. But he thought I meant Munich and asked with a pleasant smile: "What? So you are staying on here?" "No", I said, "I should have liked to; and, to tell the truth, the only reason why I should have been glad of a subsidy from the Elector is that I might have been able to serve Your Excellency with my compositions and without asking for anything in return. I should have regarded it as a pleasure." At these words he actually raised his skull-cap. At ten o'clock I was at court with the Countess Salern, who has already received the arias. The Robinigs just say, of course, whatever comes into their heads. Afterwards I lunched with the Brancas. Privy Councillor von Branca had been invited to the French Ambassador's, and so was not at home. He is addressed as "Your Excellency". His wife is a Frenchwoman, who hardly knows a word of German, so I spoke French to her all the time, and I talked quite boldly. She told me that I did not speak at all badly and that I had one good habit, that is, of talking slowly, which made it quite easy to understand me. She is an excellent woman with the most charming manners. Her daughter plays quite nicely, but her time is still poor. I thought at first that it was due to her own carelessness or that her ear was at fault, but I can now blame no one but her teacher, who is far too indulgent and is satisfied with anything. I made her play to me to-day. I wager that after two months' lessons from me she would play quite well and accurately. She asked me to send her greetings to you and to the whole Robinig family. She was at the convent at the same time as Fräulein Louise. Later in the day a certain Fräulein Lindner, who is now at Count Salern's as governess to the two young countesses, also requested me to send all sorts of

messages to the Robinigs and to Fräulein Louise von Schiedenhofen, with whom she was at the same convent. At four o'clock I went to Frau von Tosson, where I found Mamma and Frau von Hepp. I played there until eight o'clock and then we went home. About half past nine in the evening a small orchestra of five players, two clarinets, two horns and one bassoon, came up to the house. Herr Albert (whose name-day is to-morrow) had ordered this music in his and my honour. They did not play at all badly together. They were the same people who play in Albert's dining-hall during the meals. But you can tell at once that Fiala¹ has trained them. They played some of his compositions and I must say that they were very pretty and that he has some very good ideas.

To-morrow we are going to have a little scratch-concert among ourselves, but, I should add, on that wretched clavier. Oh! Oh! Oh! Well, I wish you a very restful night and I improve on this good wish by hearing to hope soon that Papa is well quite. I forgiveness your crave for my disgraceful handwriting, but ink, haste, sleep, dreams and all the rest. . . . I Papa your, my hands kiss, a thousand times dearest, and my embrace, the heart, sister I with all my brute of a, and remain, now and for ever, amen,

WOLFGANG most obedient your

AMADÉ MOZART son

Munich, October 3rd, 1777.

To all good friends, to all bad friends, good friends, bad friends, all sorts of messages.

¹ Joseph Fiala, oboist, who had been a member of the Salzburg court orchestra, had joined the Munich orchestra in August 1777.

(215) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

SALZBURG, *October 4th, 1777*

I have no great hopes of anything happening in Munich. Unless there is a vacancy, the Elector is bound to refuse to take anyone and, moreover, there are always secret enemies about, whose fears would prevent your getting an appointment. Herr Albert's scheme is indeed a proof of the greatest friendship imaginable. Yet, however possible it may seem to you to find ten persons, each of whom will give you a ducat a month, to me it is quite inconceivable. For who are these philanthropists or these music-lovers? And what sort of undertaking or what kind of service will they require from you in return? To me it seems far more likely that Count Seeau may contribute something. But unless he does, what you may expect from Albert would only be a mere trifle. If he could make the arrangement even for a year—that is all I will say for the moment—then you could accept an offer from Count Seeau. But what would he demand?—perhaps all the work which Herr Michl¹ has been doing? Running about and training singers! That would be a dog's life and quite out of the question! In short, I cannot see where these ten charming friends are to come from. Further, Albert may not be able to see them at once, as some of them are perhaps out of town. Moreover, I should prefer merchants or other honest persons to these courtiers, for a great deal would depend on whether they would keep their word and for

¹ Joseph Michl (1745–1810), a nephew of another Bavarian composer of the same name, was educated and trained in Munich. In 1776 he became composer of chamber music to the Bavarian court, but lost this appointment after the Elector's death in 1770. He wrote a great many compositions solely for performance in Munich. Burney heard one of his works performed in 1772. See Burney, *Present State of Music in Germany, etc.*, 2nd edition, 1775, vol. i. p. 172.

how long. *If the arrangement is immediately practicable, well and good, and you ought to accept it.* But if it cannot be made at once, then you simply must not lounge about, use up your money and waste your time, for in spite of all the compliments and shows of friendship which you are receiving, you cannot hope to make a farthing in Munich. So, if the whole scheme cannot be set going now, then let Albert and our other good friends continue their efforts and do you continue your journey and wait until you hear from him. For the stage for these Italians does not extend very much further than Munich and practically comes to an end there. In Mannheim, for instance, everyone except a few castrati is already German, and in Trier at the court of His Royal Highness the Elector, Prince Clement of Saxony, you will only find Maestro Sales; all the rest are Germans. In Mainz they are all Germans, and in Würzburg I only know of Fracassini,¹ a violinist, who is now Konzertmeister, I think, or perhaps Kapellmeister. But these posts he obtained through his German wife, a singer and a native of Würzburg. At the courts of all the less important Protestant Princes you will not find a single Italian. I am writing in haste, for Herr Lotter wants to take my letter. I am enclosing the chorale melodies, which here or there you may find useful and perhaps even necessary, for one should aim at knowing everything. I have just been to see the Chief Steward, who is paying me a special visit one of these days in order that I may tell him everything in detail. For there is no peace at his house; someone is always being announced or else his Countess comes rushing in. He loves you with his whole heart. Before he heard our story, he had already

¹ Aloisio Lodovico Fracassini (1733-1798), a pupil of Tartini, became solo violinist to the Bishop of Bamberg in 1757. The Bishop's court was sometimes in Würzburg and sometimes in Bamberg. In 1764, two years after his marriage to the soprano singer of the Würzburg Hofkapelle, Anna Katharina Boyer, Fracassini became Konzertmeister in Würzburg.

bought four horses and was looking forward to the pleasure he would give you by turning up with one of them for you to ride on. When, however, he heard about our affair, he simply could not express his annoyance. He was paying his respects one day to the Archbishop, who said to him: "*Now we have one man less in the orchestra*". Firmian replied: "*Your Grace has lost a great virtuoso*". "*Why?*" asked the Prince. The reply was: "*Mozart is the greatest player on the clavier whom I have ever heard in my life; on the violin he rendered very good services to Your Grace; and he is a first-rate composer*". The Archbishop was silent, for he had nothing to say. Now I must close because I have no more room. When writing you should at least mention *whether you have had such and such a letter*. You must surely have received by now the parcel containing the roll with the diplomas and Padre Martini's testimonial. We kiss you millions of times and I am your old

MOZART

Be careful not to lose Padre Martini's testimonial.

(215a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother and Brother*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, October 4th, 1777¹

DEAREST MAMMA AND DEAREST BROTHER!

I am very glad that you are both well and in good trim. Since you left I have not yet sent you an account of my daily routine; so I shall begin to-day. The day you left, September 23rd, I spent chiefly in bed, for I was vomiting and had a horrible headache. On the 24th, at half past seven I went to early mass in Holy Trinity.

¹ A postscript to her father's letter.

In the afternoon we had a shooting match. Papa will have told you who won.

On the 25th I went to the half past ten mass. Herr Glatz and Herr Clessin came to see us in the morning and Herr Bullinger in the afternoon.

On the 26th little Victoria Adlgasser dressed my hair in the morning and Barbara Eberlin was with us. I went to the half past ten mass and in the afternoon from four to five I took Pimperl for a walk. Then Herr Moll spent the evening with us and stayed until nine o'clock.

On the 27th I went to the half past eleven mass in Mirabell and in the afternoon I went to market with Katherl Gilowsky. Afterwards we played cards until four o'clock with Abbé Bullinger. Then Katherl combed my hair and I took Pimperl for a walk. Later in the day Herr Unhold came to see us and delivered messages from you.¹

To-day, October 4th, Victoria did my hair. I went to the half past ten mass and now I shall take Pimperl for a walk and then go to the play with Papa. Keep well. I kiss Mamma's hands and I beg you not to forget me.

MARIA ANNA MOZART

(216) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

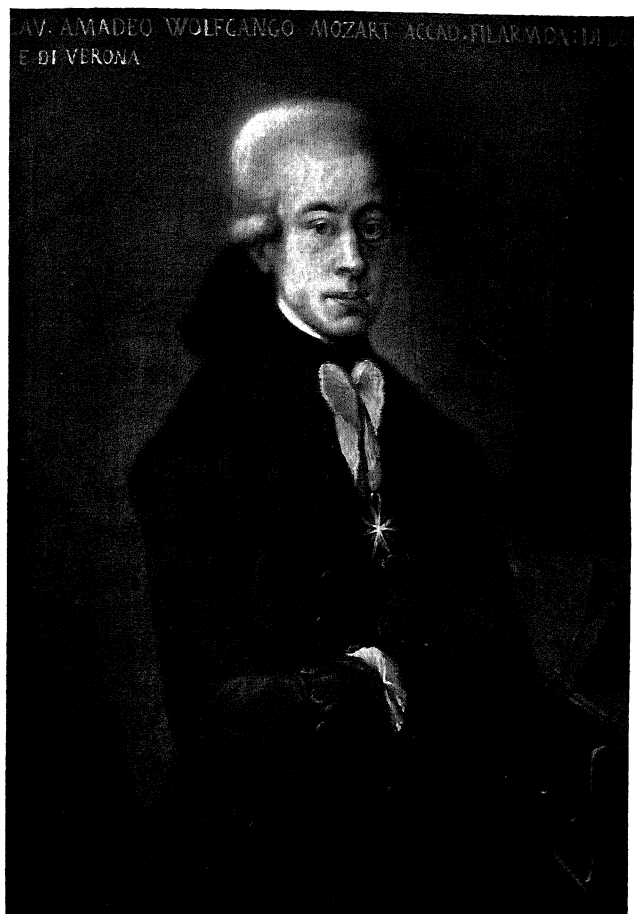
[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *October 5th, 1777*

I received your letter of October 3rd at a quarter to ten this morning, while I was still in bed, as we were at the ball last night until half past twelve. I quite agree that if you were alone, you could live in Munich. But it would do you no honour, and how the Archbishop would laugh! *You can live in that way anywhere, not*

¹ Nannerl continues this diary up to October 4th. For lack of space it has had to be omitted. Cp. p. 381, n. 2.



MOZART, WEARING THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN SPUR (1777)

From a portrait by an unknown artist
(Liceo Musicale, Bologna)

only in Munich. You must not make yourself so cheap and throw yourself away in this manner, for indeed we have not yet come to that. Mamma must make her mind easy, for I am much better and this afternoon I am going to take some sago, which has just been got ready. I went to the ball for the sake of some recreation and got a great deal of fun out of it, as nobody recognised me and I quizzed people most dreadfully. With God's help you will now continue your journey. When you reach Augsburg, stay at the "Lamm" in the Heiligkreuzgasse, which all the merchants from that town have recommended so highly. Everything else I have already written to you. If anything further should occur to you which you would like to have, I can still send it to Augsburg, as it is not too far. I understand that the Bishop of Chiemsee is to be here to-morrow evening. He will therefore be leaving Munich this evening. He has to take a confirmation in Werfen and it is impossible to say whether he will return to Munich in the immediate future, for the Archbishop does not like him to be there. On Saturday I was at the play. As there was a French epilogue, Brunetti had to play a concerto while the actors were changing dresses, and he played your Strassburg concerto¹ most excellently. But in the two Allegros he played wrong notes occasionally and once nearly came to grief in a cadenza. Haydn's intermezzi² are really beautiful. After the first act there was an Arioso with variations for violoncello, flute, oboe and so forth; and incidentally, preceding a variation which was piano, there was one on the Turkish music, which was so sudden and unexpected that all the women looked terrified and the

¹ Mozart's violin concerto in D major (K. 218), composed in 1775, the last movement of which has a theme reminiscent of a Strassburg dance. See Köchel, pp. 300-301.

² The incidental music which Michael Haydn wrote for Voltaire's "Zaïre". See p. 417, n. 2.

audience burst out laughing. Between the third and fourth acts there was a cantabile movement with a continuous recitative for the cor anglais. Then the Arioso came in again, which, together with the preceding sad scene with Zaïre and the following act, affected us very much. I must add that the orchestra performed your concerto amazingly well. I hear that one more oboist is coming from Italy as secundarius, but nothing more is being said about the castrato. The Chief Steward has had to tell Meisner, who could not sing on one or two occasions because of a cold, that he must sing and perform regularly in the church services or else he will be dismissed. Such is the great favourite's reward! I kiss you both millions of times, with my whole heart I am ever with you, and I remain your old husband and father

MOZART

You say nothing about Mysliwecek, as though he were not in Munich. How then am I to reply to his letter? I suppose that he will have heard that you are there. *Please give Herr Albert my most cordial and sincere greetings and my thanks for all his kindnesses to you, for his friendly support, his interest and his efforts. Indeed I urge him most insistently to care as a true friend for your welfare. Basta! He is one of the most honest men and the lover of mankind which I have always thought him to be.* What grieves me now and then is that I no longer hear you playing on the clavier or the violin; and whenever I enter our house a slight feeling of melancholy comes over me, for, as I approach the door, I think that I ought to be hearing you play.

Our maid Tresel finds it extraordinarily funny that Nannerl should be for ever poking her nose into the kitchen and scolding her daily about its dirty condition. For Nannerl does not overlook the least thing; and when

Tresel tells a lie, Nannerl at once points out to her that it is an untruth. In short, Tresel's eyes are getting wider and wider, for Nannerl says everything to her without mincing matters, though indeed she becomes quite calm again after it is all over.

Addio, keep well! But do take care of your health, for illness would be the worst thing that could befall you. And save as much money as you can, for travelling is expensive.

(216a) *Nannerl Mozart to her Mother and Brother*

[*Extract*]

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

SALZBURG, *October 5th, 1777*¹

To-day, October 5th, we had shooting in our house. Papa supplied the target. I shot for Mamma, who has lost nine kreutzer. Katherl shot for you and won the most. Barbara Eberlin is with me at the moment and sends you her greetings. She wants to take me off to her garden. So farewell. I kiss Mamma's hands and am

your old grandmother

MARIA ANNA MOZART

It would not do you any credit to stay on in Munich without an appointment. It would do us far more honour if you could succeed in obtaining a post under some other great lord. You will surely find one.

(217) *Mozart to his Father*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MON TRÈS CHER PÈRE

MUNICH, *October 6th, 1777*

Mamma cannot begin this letter; firstly, because she won't be bothered; and secondly, because she has a

¹ A postscript to her father's letter.

headache! So I have to rise to the occasion. I shall be going off in a moment with Professor Huber to call on Mlle Kaiser. Yesterday, Sunday, October 5th, we had an ecclesiastical wedding or *altum tempus ecclesiasticum* in this house and there was dancing. I only danced four minuets and by eleven o'clock I was back in my room, for among fifty ladies there was only one who could keep in time; and that was Mlle Käser, a sister of the secretary of that Count Perusa who was once in Salzburg. The Professor has been kind enough to let me down. So I have not been able to go to Mlle Kaiser, as I do not know her address.

(217a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

MUNICH, October 6th, 1777

Herr Lotter brought us your letter to-day and assured us that you are well, news which greatly delighted us. We have received safely all your letters and the parcels. This I wrote in my last letter. I don't know whether we shall stay on here for the rest of the week, but we shall know this in three or four days' time. Herr Albert is making great efforts and he hopes to arrange something, if he can only get the people together. He has eight subscribers already. Every week, that is, every Saturday, there is a concert in his hall. Herr von Düssen has also put in an appearance and some other good people. They all want us to stay on for the winter at least, and Prince Zeill would also like it. The latter is going off to Salzburg the day after to-morrow, but he will only stay there for a day. He too is taking an interest in Wolfgang and has already spoken to Count Sensheim and Count Bergheim, who have promised him to do their very best. He is

exceptionally popular here and can do a great deal. One must just be a little bit patient. That is why Herr Albert thinks that if we could only hold out for this winter, we should not have to spend our capital; for the concerts begin next month, on November 1st, and go on until May. So far he is not at all anxious, for all his friends have not yet turned up. I send greetings to Nannerl and by the next post I shall send her the silks. My compliments to Sallerl and to Herr Bullinger, Frau Hagenauer and Herr Gött and other good friends, Mlle Katherl, Tresel, Pimperl and so forth.

I remain your miserable grass widow

MARIA ANNA MOZART

(217b) *Mozart resumes writing*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

The day before yesterday, Saturday the 4th, on the solemn festival of the name-day of His Royal Highness Archduke Albert¹ we had a little concert here, which began at half past three and finished at about eight. M. Dupreille,² whom Papa will probably remember, was also present. He was a pupil of Tartini. In the morning he was giving a violin lesson to Albert's youngest son Carl, when I happened to come in. I had never thought much of Dupreille, but I saw that he was taking great pains over the lesson, and when we started to talk of the fiddle as a solo and orchestral instrument, he made quite sensible remarks and always agreed with me, so that I went back on my former opinion and was convinced that I should find in him an excellent performer and a reliable orchestral player. I asked him therefore to be so

¹ i.e. the landlord of the "Schwarzer Adler". See p. 397, n. 3.

² Charles Albert Dupreille (1728-1796), violinist in the Munich court orchestra.

good as to come to our little concert in the afternoon. We first played Haydn's two quintets,¹ but to my dismay I found that I could hardly hear him. He could not play four bars in succession without going wrong. He could not find his fingering and he knew nothing whatever about short rests. The best one can say about him is that he was very polite and praised the quintets; apart from that—Well, I said nothing at all, but he kept on exclaiming: "I beg your pardon. I have lost my place again! It's ticklish stuff, but very fine." I kept on replying: "Do not worry. We are just among ourselves." I then played my concertos in C, B^b and E^b,² and after that my trio.³ There indeed I had a fine accompaniment! In the Adagio I had to play his part for six bars. As a finale I played my last Cassation in B^b.⁴ They all opened their eyes! I played as though I were the finest fiddler in all Europe. On the following Sunday at three o'clock we called on a certain Herr von Hamm. I have simply no time to write more, otherwise Herr von Kleinmayr⁵ will not be able to take the letter. The Bishop of Chiemsee left to-day for Salzburg. I send my sister herewith six duets for clavicembalo and violin by Schuster,⁶ which I have often played here. They are not bad. If I stay on I shall write six myself in the same style, as they are very

¹ Probably quintets by Michael Haydn.

² K. 246, 238, 271. The first two clavier concertos were composed in 1776, the third in 1777.

³ K. 254, a clavier trio, composed in 1776.

⁴ K. 287. Cp. p. 422, n. 2.

⁵ Johann Franz Thaddäus von Kleinmayr (1733–1805), Secretary to the Salzburg Court Council.

⁶ Joseph Schuster (1748–1812), Kapellmeister to the Dresden court. In 1765 he and his friend Seydelmann went with Naumann to Italy to study composition, and remained there until 1768. In 1772 both were appointed church composers to the Elector of Saxony. Schuster wrote several Italian and German operas, oratorios, symphonies and chamber music. It has not yet been discovered to which works of Schuster Mozart is referring. See Köchel, pp. 360 and 861.

popular here.¹ My main object in sending them to you is that you may amuse yourselves à deux. Addio. I kiss your hands 1000 times. And I beg you, Nannerl, to wait patiently a little longer.²

I am your most obedient son

WOLFGANG AMADÉ MOZART

Munich, October 6th, 1777.³

(218) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

SALZBURG, October 9th, 1777

As I assume that you have now left Munich, I am writing to Augsburg and am enclosing a letter for Herr Stein, in which I urge him very strongly to arrange one or two concerts and tell him that you will inform him in person of the atrocious treatment which we have been receiving in Salzburg.⁴ Do yourself credit on his organ, for he values it very highly; and, moreover, it is a good one. Write and tell me *what instruments he has*. When you were in Munich, you probably did not practise the violin at all? But I should be sorry to hear this. Brunetti now praises you to the skies! And when I was saying the other day that after all you played the violin *passabilmente*, he burst out: "Cosa? Cazzo! Se suonava tutto! Questo era del Principe un puntiglio mal inteso, col suo

¹ Mozart carried out his intention at Mannheim, where he composed the five sonatas for violin and clavier, K. 296, 301-303, 305. Abert, vol. i. pp. 623-626, points out how greatly Mozart's sonatas show the influence of Schuster's. See also Saint-Foix, vol. iii. p. 38 ff.

² Mozart is referring to the composition she had asked for. See p. 411.

³ The autograph of this letter has the following postscript by the Munich musician Siegl, first published in *MM*, Nov. 1920, p. 32: "I, Siegl, now a thoroughly trained husband, send my most humble greetings to the Papa of the cher fils!"

⁴ Leopold Mozart is referring to their strained relations with the Archbishop.

proprio danno.”¹ Herr Glatz will bring you a pair of white silk stockings, which I have picked out for you. I put them on for the ball and found them far too tight. You will find too a book of small music paper, which I have put in, in case you should care to write a preambulum for your sister, as this kind of paper is thinner and more convenient for enclosing in a letter. When you talk to Herr Stein, you must not mention our instruments from Gera, for he is jealous of Friederici. But if this is impossible, you should say that I took over the instruments belonging to Colonel Count Prank, who left Salzburg on account of his epilepsy. You should add that you know nothing about the other instruments, as you were too young to notice such things. The Archbishop goes off to Lauffen to-day and will be away for about a fortnight. Countess Schönborn has left and has taken with her the present for your sonatas. I am still finding one or two little things which you need, so you will be glad when you are further away, for if I am always sending you something, your luggage will become more and more bulky. There is a whole music score for the wind-instruments of the court orchestra and the score of the Adagio you wrote specially for Brunetti, because he found the other one too artificial.² Perhaps I shall copy it out on small paper and send it bit by bit. I do not know whether you will be able to arrange more than one concert in Augsburg, for the natives there have had an overdose of them. I read in a paper the other day that Baumgartner, the 'cellist,³ and four other musicians gave a concert there together. When you perform something,

¹ What? Nonsense! Why, he could play anything! That was a mistaken idea the Prince persisted in, to his own loss. Cp. p. 639 f.

² K. 261, an Adagio written in 1776 to replace the original Adagio of K. 219, Mozart's violin concerto in A major, composed in 1775.

³ Johann Baptist Baumgartner (? -1782), born in Augsburg, was a member of the Stockholm court orchestra in 1775.

I not to see him, to speak to him? Impossible! So I resolved to go and see him. But on the previous day I went to the Governor of the Ducal Hospital and asked him whether he could not arrange for me to talk to Mysliwecek in the garden, since, although everyone, even the doctors had assured me that there was no longer any danger of infection, I did not want to go to his room, as it was very small and smelt rather strongly. The Governor said that I was perfectly right and told me that Mysliwecek usually took a walk in the garden between eleven and twelve and that if I did not find him there, I was to ask whether he would not come down. I went therefore on the following day with Herr von Hamm, Secretary for War, (about whom I shall have something to say later on) and with Mamma to the hospital. Mamma went into the church and we walked into the garden. Mysliwecek was not there; so we sent him a message. I saw him coming across the garden towards us and recognised him at once by his walk. I should say here that he had already sent me his compliments through Herr Heller,¹ the 'cellist, and had begged me to be so kind as to visit him before my departure. When he came up to me, we shook hands in the most friendly fashion. "You see", he said, "how unfortunate I am!" These words and his appearance, which Papa already knows about, as it has been described to him, so wrung my heart that all I could say half sobbing was: "With my whole heart I pity you". "*My dear friend*", he said, for he saw that I was moved and began at once to speak more cheerfully, "*do tell me what you are doing. I was told that you were here, but I could hardly believe it. Was it possible that Mozart was in Munich and had not visited me all this time?*" I replied:

¹ Gaudenz Heller (1750- ?), born at Politz in Czechoslovakia, became a famous 'cellist. He first held an appointment under the Bavarian Elector, and in 1780 settled in Bonn.

"Indeed I must crave your forgiveness. I have had so many calls to pay. I have so many true friends here." "*I am sure that you have very true friends here, but none so true as I, that I can assure you.*" He asked me whether I had not heard from Papa about a letter—"Yes", I interrupted, "he wrote to me (I was so distracted and trembled so in every limb that I could hardly speak), but not in detail." Mysliwecek then told me that Signor Gaetano Santoro, the Naples impresario, had been obliged owing to *impegni* and *protezione* to give the carnival opera this season to a certain Maestro Valentini, but that next year he would have three to distribute, one of which would be at his disposal. "So", said Mysliwecek, "*as I have already composed six times for Naples, I have not the slightest objection to taking on the less important opera and giving you the better one, I mean, the one for the carnival. God knows whether I shall be able to travel. If I cannot, then I shall just return the scrittura. The cast for next year is excellent; they are all singers whom I have recommended. My credit in Naples, you see, is so high that when I say, 'Engage this man', they engage him at once.*" The primo uomo is Marchesi,¹ whom he praises very highly and so does the whole of Munich. Then there is Marchiani, a good prima donna, and, further, a tenor, whose name I have forgotten, but who, as Mysliwecek says, is now the best tenor in Italy. "*I implore you*", he urged, "*go to Italy. There one is really esteemed and valued.*" And I am sure he is right. When I think it over carefully, I have to admit that in no country have I received so many honours, nowhere have I been so esteemed as in Italy; and certainly it is a real

¹ Ludovico Marchesi (1755-1829), of Milan, was a famous male soprano. He made his début in Rome in 1774 and two years later entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria. After the latter's death in 1777 Marchesi returned to Italy, had a two years' engagement at the Teatro San Carlo in Naples, and continued to sing until 1806.

distinction to have written operas in Italy, especially for Naples. He told me that he would draft a letter to Santoro for me, and that I was to come to him on the morrow and copy it. But I could not possibly bring myself to go to his room; and yet if I wanted to copy it, I should have to do so, for I could not write in the garden. So I promised him to call without fail. But on the following day I wrote to him in Italian saying, *quite frankly*, that it was impossible for me to come to him, that I had eaten nothing and had only slept for three hours, and in the morning felt like a man who had lost his reason, that he was continually before my eyes, and so forth—all statements which are as true as that the sun can shine. He sent me the following reply:

Lei è troppo sensibile al mio male. Io la ringrazio del suo buon cuore. Se parte per Praga, gli farò una lettera per il Conte Pachta.¹ Non si pigli tanto a cuore la mia disgrazia. Il principio fu d'una ribaltata di calesse, poi sono capitato nelle mani dei dottori ignoranti. Pazienza Ci sarà quel che Dio vorrà.²

He has sent me the following draft of a letter to Santoro:

La brama ch'ebbi già da tanto tempo di servire V.S. Ill. e codesto rispettabilissimo pubblico di Napoli, colle mie debolezze di produrmi in codesto Real Teatro, è il motivo ch'io (non riguardando il lungo e dispendioso viaggio) condiscendo e mi contento di scriver l'anno venturo in

¹ Count Johann Pachta belonged to the Prague nobility, and was a devoted lover of music. During his first visit to Prague in 1787 Mozart was commissioned by him to compose some country dances, and wrote for him six German dances (K. 509).

² You feel my suffering too keenly. I am grateful for your good heart. If you go to Prague, I shall give you a letter for Count Pachta. Do not take my misfortune so much to heart. My illness began as the result of a carriage accident and then I fell into the hands of ignorant doctors. Patience, God's will will be done.

codesto Regio Teatro una opera per 100 cigliati, pregandola però se possibile fosse che mi fosse confidata l'ultima, cioè, quella del carnevale, perchè i miei interessi non mi permetteranno di poter accettare una opera prima di quel tempo. Già tanto spero dalla sua grazia ed, avendo l'approvazione Reale per me, prego di mandar la scrittura al Maestro Mysliwecek, che così mi sarà sicuramente ricapitata. Frattanto anzioso d'imparar a conoscere persona di tanto merito, mi do l'onore di protestarmi per sempre etc.¹

Mysliwecek showed me too some letters in which my name was frequently mentioned. I am told that he has expressed great surprise when people here have talked about Beecke² or other clavier-players of the same kind, and has always exclaimed: "Make no mistake. No one can play like Mozart. In Italy, where the greatest masters are to be found, they talk of no one but Mozart. When he is mentioned, everyone is silent." I can now write the letter to Naples when I choose, but the sooner the better. First, however, I should like to have the opinion of that very wise Court Kapellmeister, Herr von Mozart!

I have an inexpressible longing to write another opera. It is a long way to go, it is true, but it would be a long time before I should have to write it. Many things may happen before then. But I think that I ought to accept it. If in the meantime I fail to secure an appointment, eh bien, then I

¹ The longing I have had for a considerable time to serve your illustrious person and that most worthy public of Naples by appearing with my humble works in your Royal Theatre, is the reason why (disregarding the long and expensive journey) I agree and am willing to compose an opera next year for the Royal Theatre for 100 cigliati. But, if possible, I should like to have the contract for the last one, I mean, the carnival opera, because my interests will not allow me to accept a commission before that time. I trust that you will be so gracious as to agree and that, when you have received the Royal approval, you will send the written contract to Maestro Mysliwecek, through whom I shall safely receive it. Meanwhile, longing to make the acquaintance of such a distinguished person, I have the honour to assure you that I am ever, etc.

² Ignaz von Beecke (1733-1803) was adjutant and Kapellmeister to Prince Kraft Ernst von Öttingen-Wallerstein. He was an excellent pianist and composed several works for the clavier.

can fall back on Italy. I shall still have my certain 100 ducats at the carnival and once I have composed for Naples, I shall be in demand everywhere. Moreover, as Papa is well aware, there are also *opere buffe* here and there in the spring, summer and autumn, which one can write for practice and for something to do. I should not make very much, it is true, but, all the same, it would be something; and they would bring me more honour and credit than if I were to give a hundred concerts in Germany. And I am happier when I have something to compose, for that, after all, is my sole delight and passion. And if I secure an appointment or if I have hopes of settling down somewhere, then the *scrittura* will be an excellent recommendation, will give me prestige and greatly enhance my value. But all this is only talk—talk out of the fulness of my heart. If Papa can prove conclusively that I am wrong, well, then I shall acquiesce, although unwillingly. For I have only to hear an opera discussed, I have only to sit in a theatre, hear the orchestra tuning their instruments—oh, I am quite beside myself at once.

To-morrow Mamma and I are taking leave of Mysliwecek in the garden. For only the other day, when he heard me say that I had to fetch my mother in the church, he said: "If only I were not such a sight, I should very much like to meet the mother of such a great virtuoso". I implore you, my dearest Papa, to reply to Mysliwecek. Write to him as often as you have time. You can give him no greater pleasure. For the man is completely deserted and often no one goes to see him for a whole week. "I assure you", he said, "it seems very strange that so few people come to see me. In Italy I had company every day." If it were not for his face, he would be the same old Mysliwecek, full of fire, spirit and life, a little thin, of course, but otherwise the same excellent, cheerful fellow. All Munich is talking about his oratorio

"Abramo ed Isacco", which he produced here.¹ He has now finished, except for a few arias, a cantata or serenata for Lent. When his illness was at its worst he composed an opera for Padua.² But nothing can help him. Even here they all say that the Munich doctors and surgeons have done for him. He has a fearful cancer of the bone. The surgeon Caco, that ass, burnt away his nose. Imagine what agony he must have suffered. Herr Heller has just been to see him. When I wrote that letter to him yesterday, I sent him my serenata which I composed in Salzburg for Archduke Maximilian;³ and Heller gave it to him with the letter.

Now for something else.

(219a) *Maria Anna Mozart to her Husband*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, October 10th-11th, 1777

There is a Secretary for War here, Herr von Hamm by name, about whom Wolfgang has already written to you. He has a daughter who plays the clavier but who has not been well taught. He would like to send her to you in Salzburg for a year in order that she might perfect her playing. She is thirteen and, as she is an only child, she has been brought up rather indulgently. He is spending a lot of money on her. He is going to write to you himself, so we have had to give him your address. He is the most honest man in the world. He is completely wrapt up in his daughter. I have only written this to you so that you may know about it in advance and decide what you want to

¹ It was written in 1775 for Florence.

² Possibly his "Atide", produced at Padua in 1774.

³ "Il Rè pastore", composed in 1775 on the occasion of a visit of the Archduke Maximilian, Maria Theresa's youngest son.

do. We are travelling from here to Augsburg to-morrow, October 11th, so I am busy packing, and this gives me a great deal of trouble, for I am doing it all by myself, as Wolfgang cannot help me the least little bit. He and I were with Mysliwecek to-day from eleven until half past twelve. He is indeed to be pitied. I talked to him as if I had known him all my life. He is a true friend to Wolfgang and has said the kindest things about him everywhere. Everyone has told us so.

(219b) *Mozart resumes writing*

[*Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg*]

Herr von Hamm's address is as follows:

A Monsieur de Hamm, secrétaire de guerre de
S.A.E. Sérénissime de Bavière, à Munic.

Immediately after lunch yesterday I went with Mamma to a coffee party at the two Fräulein Freysingers'. Mamma, however, drank no coffee, but had two bottles of Tyrolese wine instead. She went home at three o'clock to put a few things together for our journey. I went with the two young ladies to the said Herr von Hamm, where the three ladies each played a concerto and I played one of Eichner's¹ at sight and then went on improvising. Miss Simplicity von Hamm's teacher is a certain clergyman of the name of Schreier. He is a good organist, but no cembalist. He kept on staring at me through his spectacles the whole time. He is a dry sort of fellow, who does not say much: but he tapped me on the shoulder, sighed and said: "Yes—you are—you know—yes—that is true—

¹ Ernst Eichner (1740-1777), born in Mannheim, became a distinguished bassoon and oboe player. He lived for a time in Paris and in London and then went to Potsdam, where he entered the service of the Prussian Crown Prince. His compositions are typical of the Mannheim school.



JOSEPH MYSLIWECEK

From an engraving by A. Widerhofer
(Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, Vienna)

you are first-rate". A propos. Does Papa not recall the name Freysinger? The Papa of the two beautiful young ladies whom I have mentioned says that he knows Papa quite well, and was a student with him. He still remembers particularly Wessobrunn, where Papa (this was news to me) played on the organ amazingly well. "*It was quite terrifying*", he said, "*to see how rapid your Papa was with his feet and hands. Indeed he was absolutely amazing. Ah, he was a great fellow. My father thought the world of him. And how he fooled the clerics to the top of their bent about becoming a priest!*"¹ *You are the very image of him, as he then was, absolutely the very image. But when I knew him, he was just a little shorter.*" A propos. Now for something else. A certain Court Councillor, Öfele by name, who is one of the best Court Councillors here, sends his most humble greetings to Papa. He could have been Chancellor long ago, but for one thing—his love of the bottle. When I first saw him at Albert's, I thought, and so did Mamma, "Goodness me, what a superlative idiot!" Just picture him, a very tall fellow, strongly built, rather corpulent, with a perfectly absurd face. When he crosses the room to go to another table, he places both hands on his stomach, bends over them and hoists his belly aloft, nods his head and then draws back his right foot with great rapidity. And he performs the same trick afresh for every person in turn. He says he knows Papa infinitely well. I am now off to the theatre for a while. Later on I shall write more. I simply cannot do so now, for my fingers are aching horribly.

¹ Leopold Mozart was intended for the Church, but after two years' study at the University of Salzburg he decided to take up music as a profession.

(219c) *Maria Anna Mozart resumes writing*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, October 10th-11th, 1777

And I am sweating so that the water is pouring down my face, simply from the fag of packing. The devil take all travelling. I feel that I could shove my feet into my mug, I am so exhausted. I hope that you and Nannerl are well. I send most cordial greetings to my dear Sallerl and Monsieur Bullinger. Please tell Nannerl not to give Bimperl too much to eat, lest she should get too fat. I send greetings to Thresel. Addio. I kiss you both millions of times.

MARIA ANNA MOZART

Munich, October 11th, at eight o'clock in the evening, 1777.

(219d) *Mozart resumes writing*

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

MUNICH, October 11th, 1777

I am writing this at a quarter to twelve at night. I have just been to the Lipperl Theatre.¹ I only went to see the ballet, or rather pantomime, which I had not yet seen. It was called: *Das von der für girigari-canarimanarischaribari verfertigte Ei*. It was excellent and very good fun. We are off to Augsburg to-morrow, as Prince Taxis is not at Regensburg, but at Dischingen. At the moment, it is true, he is at one of his summer residences, but it is not more than an hour from Dischingen. In Augsburg I shall follow Papa's instructions to the letter. I think it would be best if Papa were now to write

¹ Probably the Kasperle-Theater, a popular playhouse near the Isartor.

to us at Augsburg and direct his letters to be delivered at the "Lamm". I shall write again as soon as we decide to move on. What a clever suggestion that is, isn't it? Herr von Bellvall, who came to see us this evening at Albert's, sends 100000 greetings to Papa and to my sister. I enclose four praeambula¹ for her. She will see and hear for herself into what keys they lead. I hope that you received the Schuster duets. My greetings to all my good friends, especially to young Count Arco,² to Miss Sallerl, and to my best friend Herr Bullinger, whom I will get you to ask to be so good as to make at the eleven o'clock concert next Sunday an authoritative pronouncement in my name, presenting my compliments to all the members of the orchestra and exhorting them to be diligent, lest I be proved a liar one of these days. For I have praised up these concerts everywhere and shall continue to do so. I kiss Papa's hands and I am his most obedient son

WOLFGANG MOZART

(220) *Leopold Mozart to his Son*

[Extract]

[Autograph in the Mozarteum, Salzburg]

SALZBURG, October 12th-13th, 1777

MON TRÈS CHER FILS!

I hope that both you and Mamma are very well and that you have received the letter which I enclosed to my brother Franz Aloys. Thank God, we are both in excellent health. As the weather is fine, we take an early walk every day with our faithful Bimperl, who is in splendid trim and only becomes very sad and obviously most anxious when we are both out of the house, for then she

¹ There is no trace of these works.

² Count Leopold Arco, son of Count Georg Anton Felix von Arco, Chief Chamberlain at the Salzburg Court. Abbé Bullinger had been his tutor.

thinks that because she has lost you two, she is now going to lose us as well. So when we went to the ball and she saw us masked, she refused to leave Mitzerl, and, when we got home, she was so overjoyed that I thought she would choke. Moreover, when we were out, she would not stay on her bed in the room, but remained lying on the ground outside the porter's door. She would not sleep, but kept on moaning, wondering, I suppose, whether we should ever return.

People here are gossiping and saying that you have got such a handsome present from the Elector that you have enough money with which to travel for a whole year and that as soon as there is a vacancy he will take you into his service. Well, I prefer that people should say something amiable and flattering rather than something unpleasant—especially on account of the Archbishop! I suppose that the Bishop of Chiemsee's household have been spreading rumours of this kind in order to spite the Archbishop. How I hope that the weather will remain as fine as it is for your journey.

October 13th

We received, not, as we had hoped, from Augsburg, but once more from Munich, your letter which says that you were going to Augsburg on Saturday the 11th; and by mistake you both dated your letter the 11th instead of, as it should have been, the evening of the 10th. But by Heaven, if you stayed so long, almost three weeks, in Munich, where you could not hope to make a farthing, you will indeed get on well in this world! That Prince Taxis is at Dischingen and not at Regensburg was no news to me. But you must find out at the Head Post Office

in Augsburg, where my brother's daughter ¹ is very well known, how long he is staying at Dischingen, for to go off to Regensburg would mean a very considerable détour. He will probably return to Regensburg after All Saints'; so you should arrange your stay at Augsburg accordingly. Not far from Dischingen and close to Donauwörth is the famous Imperial Monastery of Kaysersheim,² whose Abbot, I hear, is a great patron of virtuosi and where you will receive all kinds of honours. But you must do yourself credit and set a high price on your talent. You will find out all this in Augsburg and Herr Stein will be an excellent guide and will obtain letters for you to various places. I do not know whether you would do better to go first to Wallerstein or to Kaysersheim; I mean, of course, after you have been to Prince Taxis. Kaysersheim lies to the right and Wallerstein to the left, so I think you should go first to Kaysersheim and then the Abbot could let his horses take you to Wallerstein. Prince von Öttingen-Wallerstein will perhaps be in his castle at Hohenaltheim, which is close to Wallerstein. You can find all this out in Augsburg and later on in Dischingen. You will remember that *the Prince, who was that handsome young gentleman in Naples, invited you to visit him*; and you can make this the reason why you are paying him your respects. It used to be possible to get work at the Margrave's in Anspach and with the Commandant at Mergentheim or Mergenthal. Thus your journey to Würzburg should be so arranged as to take in Anspach and Mergentheim on your way. You will easily ascertain whether these places are still good for your purpose. But you must not believe every ass, for even if here

¹ Maria Anna Thekla (1758–1841), the only surviving child of Leopold Mozart's brother, Franz Aloys. Cp. p. 397, n. 2. For an account of Mozart's "Bäsele", see *MMB*, March 1904, p. 245 ff., and Abert, vol. ii. pp. 959–975.

² Kaysersheim (now Kaisheim), a Cistercian monastery, founded in 1132 by Count Heinrich von Lechsmünd.

and there many people are not very highly esteemed and have therefore become discontented, yet great virtuosi are regarded quite differently. If at some particular place the whole orchestra, I say, *the whole orchestra* have been dismissed, that, I admit, is a sign that no more money is to be made there, and if you can find no players to accompany you, of course it would be impossible to perform. From Würzburg to Mannheim you go through Heidelberg. Other places worth visiting are Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Mainz and Coblenz. Now that it occurs to me, I must remind you (as you pay little attention to these things) that the Pope, who conferred that order on you, was the famous Pope Ganganeli, Clement XIV. You must wear your cross in Kaysersheim. What you write about the opera in Naples *I myself thought of long ago*. Did Mysliwecek give you Don Santoro's address? You may now send him the letter from Augsburg or enclose it to me; it does not matter, provided it is written clearly and intelligibly. If you have not got his address, then you must send me the letter. I shall correspond with Mysliwecek and set things going; but everything depends on the address. Meanwhile what could I have written to Mysliwecek when I did not know whether you had seen him or not? Moreover, I could not send you my opinion upon the matter, as I did not know what might lie behind it, for I was convinced that Mysliwecek knew that you were in Munich, since you both arrived there on the 22nd and he did not write to me until the 28th. About the whole history of his illness I shall write more fully some other time. He is indeed to be pitied! Only too well do I understand your fright and your terror, when you saw him. I should have felt exactly the same. You know how tender-hearted I am!

Mamma writes about the daughter of War Secretary von Hamm. It is quite possible that he may write to me;

and, if he does, I shall be exceedingly embarrassed. First of all, you know that we live very frugally and that these people are used to good living. But that is not the main reason. You both say that she has had a very stupid upbringing. So I presume that she has little talent for music, and, if this is so, she would not do me any credit. The wrong position of her hands is not very important, for that can be remedied. But if she has no ear and therefore no sense of time, then I must humbly refuse the honour. In order to find this out, you should give her a short test, which would be quickly done. You have only to play two simple bars to her and see whether she can play them *a tempo*, that is, whether, once she knows the notes of the two bars, she can imitate the time also. So write by the next post and say whether she has any ear or not; for at present it is very difficult for me to decide. It is quite true that Herr Freisinger was a fellow-student of mine; but I never knew that he heard me play the organ so admirably in Wessobrunn monastery. So nothing can be kept secret. You know how often I have said to you: *Murder will out*. You ask whether I know Court Councillor Öfele? Do I not? He was married to the handsome daughter of Lepin, a merchant, in the Abbot's chapel and by the Abbot himself, and I, being then a descanter in the monastery of St. Ulrich, sang a cantata at the nuptial mass. His wife not only sang well but was a good performer on the harpsichord and she brought him a dowry of 30,000 gulden. I saw him afterwards in Munich quite frequently when he had become Court Councillor. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Drink has been the ruin of him. His excessive devotion to music has undoubtedly contributed to it.

I well believe that dear Mamma finds packing a troublesome job. Oh, how gladly would I do it for her and relieve her. I kiss her many million times and wish her health and patience. It is more difficult for me to be

patient. Nannerl thanks you for the praeambula. The whole company of marksmen, Hagenauer, Schiedenhofen and so forth, Mitzerl and all Salzburg send their greetings. We kiss you both most cordially and I am your old

MOZART

You ask whether we received Schuster's duets? Not a trace of them! Could you not have added "which I sent by Tom, Dick or Harry"? Where are we to make enquiries? Who was to deliver them? Indeed I must say that you are sometimes very slap-dash!

END OF VOL. I

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